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THEATRICAL BUDGET;

OR,

The Actor's Multum in Parvo:

CONTAINING ALL THE

WHIM, FROLIC, AND ECCENTRICITY

IN HIS

MAIL COACH ADVENTURES,

WITH A NUMBER OF

POPULAR INTRODUCTORY SONGS,

LIKEWISE A STORE OF WIT FROM HIS

TRIP TO PARIS,

AND MANY MUSICAL TREATS ATTACHED TO THE SAME.

HIS HIGHLY APPROVED

Travels in Air, on Earth, and on Water,

AND THE NECESSARY SONGS TO THE SAME.

ALSO

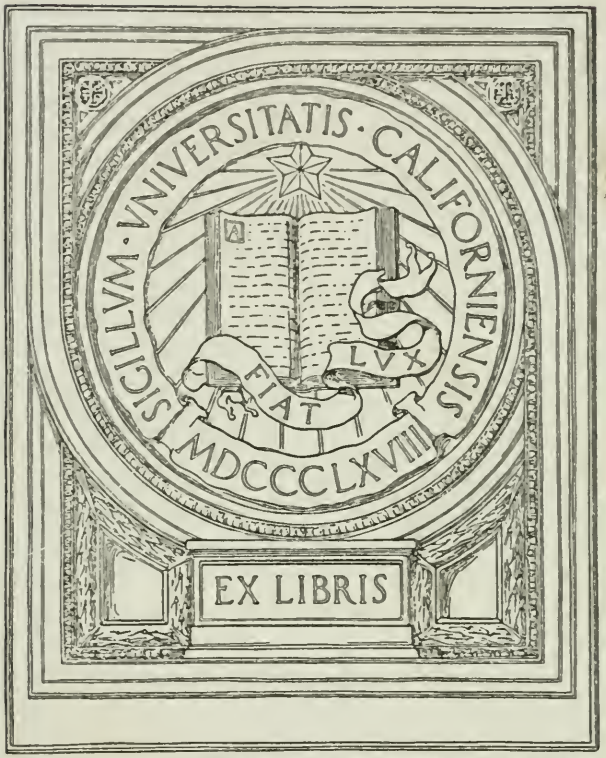
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

HUMOROUS SONGS,

ATTRIBUTED TO

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

London:
PRINTED BY AND FOR HODGSON & CO.
No. 10, NEWGATE-STREET.



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Frontis
by G. Cruikshank

Scarce

Mons. Poudre Meneur.
Old Scotchwoman.
Ventriloquial Valet and little Tommy.
Jemmy Boots.
Hoezekiah Hulk Esq.r of Size Lane.
Miss Evelina Evergreen.
Conducteur of the Diligence.
The Lecturer on Craniology.
Daniel O'Rourke.
Mr. Tulip.
Mons. Jeu singe.
Isaac Tabinett.
Theophilus Tulip.
Major Longbow.
Ap. Llwelyn Ap. Llwyd Esq.r
Monsieur Zephyr.
Mr. Mark Magnum
Tate Wilkinson
Judge trying the case of Grim v Lapstone.

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1823
MAIN

MAIL COACH ADVENTURES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE popularity which the above production has attained throughout the three kingdoms makes it almost unnecessary to comment thereon, performed by Mr. Mathews in most of the country towns of England, and upon every occasion receiving the most rapturous applause. The Publisher of the present Work has collected such matter as will be found amusing in the closet as well as on the stage and where the materials of our modern Aristophanes will be found encompassed in the sheets of one Pocket Volume. If public admiration, if public attention, and if public applause has done so much for Mr. Mathews, the conductor of the present selection imagines he may look at least for a portion of attention while endeavouring to gratify the curiosity of those who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful and prepossessing exertions of a man, whose talent is acknowledged

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to be without its equal; and, at the same time, to give a fair chance to those who may delight in the perusal of Adventures arranged, so as to bind us for ever to the individual; whose mind, whose powers, and whose assiduity, make him at once the Object of Attraction and the Magnet of Fashion.

It is well known that Mr. Mathews for a long time (after his introduction from the country) held a most respectable situation in some of our Theatres Royal, much esteemed by private friends, and highly valued as a public performer.

During the summer recess, he has generally travelled through some parts of England, giving an Entertainment in some respects similar to Bannister's Budget—but latterly, entitled, "MAIL COACH ADVENTURES," and from experience, Mr. Mathews became wiser, and found that an audience could receive his exertions for one night with as much satisfaction as if he had been a whole company still he kept to the country, and never entertained the idea of trying his fortune in that way with a London Audience.

But Mr. Arnold, of the Theatre Royal, English Opera, one day put on his spectacles and began to consider why the Theatres Royal should attempt to keep open against his interest—and more particularly why his property should thus be remaining

idle. "I'll have Mathews," says he "Mathews shall be my Lecturer," says Arnold. "Mathews shall be my George Alexander Stevens," whereupon he saw Mathews—but Mathews was diffident.—"Will you be my Lecturer?" says Arnold. "No, no, I cannot upon my soul," says Mathews: "I cannot indeed!—I am too tall for the part; this crooked mouth wont do; and then I'm so d——d ugly—I'm more fit for a Mail Coachman than any thing of the sort."

"Happy thought!" a Mail Coachman was the idea!—"You shall be my Mail Coachman Mathews," exclaimed Arnold, "and you shall recount your Adventures."—Upon which the treaty was signed. Mathews mounted the box, and drove in fine style for Forty Nights at the above Theatre; where every seat was taken long before he commenced his business of pleasure.

That one man should have it in his power to please for Forty Nights successively is almost incredible. Still it is no more strange than true: one Scene alone embellished his performance, with a Piano and a Gentleman to accompany his Songs, a table with lights, and a chair with a few articles of apparel, occasinally to dress, or show the peculiarities of character attached to certain individuals brought into public notice.

In fact to praise Mr. Mathews would be to deceive those who have not seen him; and while we advise the Public not to lose sight of Mr. Mathews, we trust the compilation which he gives effect to will be found acceptable to all the admirers of genuine Talent.

THE

MAIL COACH ADVENTURES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Appearing before you in this novel way, it will naturally be expected that I should give some explanation of the motive that has induced me to make so bold an attempt as that of offering you a whole evening's entertainment by my own individual exertions.—It is simply this: public approbation has long since flattered me into the belief that I have some pretensions to the title of a *Comic Actor*. The vanity of mankind is easily roused by the encouragement of popular applause: and I am not aware, that actors, though proverbially modest, are more exempt from vanity than patriots and statesmen. Fully gratified in this particular, it has therefore been my highest ambition to appear before you in the legitimate shape of a regular comedian. Circumstances, however, which I could neither control nor account for, have deprived me of the opportunity of so doing: in the mean time I have frequently been urged by my friends to attempt an entertainment by myself, and reminded with what success the celebrated Dibdin had, during several winters, kept audiences together by his single exertions; still I preferred the exercise of my profession as a member of the National Theatre; and could I have been indulged in the first wish of my heart, that of appearing frequently before you in characters of legitimate Comedy, in that capacity I should probably have remained to the end of my days, without ever attempting to exhibit that little knack

for distinct mimickry to which I since have unfortunately been exclusively doomed. In the latter part of my last Winter's Engagements, it became evident to me, that all hopes of attaining my favourite object was at an end. I scarcely ever had the opportunity of appearing before you but in a character solely devoted to the peculiarities of mimickry; the press, perhaps unconsciously, took its tone from the managers, and a part of it (I do not say the whole, for I should be ungrateful if I did) but a part fell into the habit of designating me a mere mimic and no actor; it will, however, be observed, that the best authorities have characterized the drama by the title of the mimic art, and I humbly conceive, that without mimickry, there can be no acting, it is the very essence of personation; and he who cannot personate a character imagined by an author, can never be an actor. If this argument which I have presumed to advance be admitted, it is surely a strange deduction, that a man ceases to be an actor because he personates half a dozen characters in a drama instead of one; be this as it may, such has been the opinion given in my particular case. The public naturally supposed the peculiarities of my cast of characters to be my own taste, I therefore hope I shall be excused for taking this, my only opportunity of avowing my firm attachment to that legitimate drama of the country, which I devoutly hope may one day be restored to us. I trust it is clearly understood, that I have spoken not of motives, but of effects; I have not the slightest disposition to attribute my treatment to any illiberal feeling, it was probably accidental, but the facts are undeniable, and the results to me the same as if they had been premeditated. During the last season, which consisted of 239 Nights, I had only the opportunity of appearing 46, and not once in a character in a comedy; it is true that 12 Nights of those 46 I rode one of the finest horses the stud of the Theatre could afford, but even this, though I certainly was exalted by it, did not satisfy my ambition. During the rest of the time, to make use of a Theatrical term, I was laid upon the shelf; but I was too fond of my profession and public applause to lie quietly there: I grew restless and fidgety, and like a good soldier, who feels he has not yet half done his duty, whenever I peeped from my uneasy quarters, and saw a muster of the Dramatic Corps,

"my soul was in arms and eager for the fray," in which I might prove my zeal and my devotion in your service, but this was not permitted. At length I suspected my services were not required at all, and therefore, like a well bred dog, who walks quietly down stairs when he sees violent preparations on foot for kicking him into the street, I followed the example of my betters, and resigned rather than run the risk of staying to be turned out. I retired; it was my own act, I complain of no one, I only assert my right to make use of whatever talent may have been bestowed on me to the best advantage to myself; for, if I can only be allowed to exhibit those talents in a National Theatre, which I once wished to be confined to the amusement of my private friends, if I cannot be allowed my chance, like other actors, in the usual way; if the regular practitioners will drive me to quackery, why I will sell my medicines on my own account, and they shall call me mountebank if they like, but if such I am, like one, I will have a stage to myself. My vanity, if they please, has led me to make the attempt; it is a bold one, but the encouragement is in your hands. If I can stand single-handed against the host of superior entertainment by which I am surrounded, it will be a feather in my cap; it is in your power to place the feather there; and if it is once planted, be assured it shall be worn gratefully as well as triumphantly. I feel, however, considerable anxiety for the result, and unaffectedly acknowledge my fearful diffidence of my own abilities, the difficulties of my task are so numerous and obvious, that were I a stranger in the land, I should abandon it with despair; but when I look around me and reflect on the numerous instances of kindness I have received, gratitude for the past favours, and zeal to merit new ones, conspire to banish those apprehensions which an undertaking like mine had so naturally excited, and I enter on my task without more apology or further adding to a preface, which I fear has already too long encroached upon your patience.

After resigning, I resolved to travel, and in order to make my journey as profitable as possible, it was my determination to make such observations as might ultimately amuse my friends, and let them know, that in making a Tour through my native country, it was not only for my own personal gratification, but under the more pleasing

idea of gaining a small tribute of applause from the friends who have upon the present occasion thought proper to surround me.

Every thing being prepared; such as packing up a few necessary articles in my trunk, and supplying myself with a necessary portion of the most valuable of all valuables, (money,) I called a hackney coach, and told the coachman to drive me to the White-horse, Piccadilly.

My wife of course was very sorry to lose so good a husband, and my children show'd much sorrow, as papa popp'd into the conveyance which was prepared for his reception.

We had not passed through the first street, when the coachman was hailed by a young gentleman, who enquired if he could drive him to Piccadilly as it was raining, and there was not a coach on the stand.—I assented, and the gentleman was admitted, but I found him so confoundedly modest, that he was full ten minutes before he opened his mouth to speak to me.

Being nuturally of a talkative disposition, I addressed him thus—"Pray, sir, is there any thing the matter with you?—Are you ill, sir?—It is but a poor compliment to pay you, sir, but really you must have something upon your mind, or you are very, very ill."

He stared at me with a certain degree of bashful astonithment and thus proceeded:—

"I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear: but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

"My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity shool; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy; *viz.* a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

"You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University, and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs; *viz.* my father's death and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

"This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness.

"While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

"I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood, and when you reflect on my prentage and uncouth manner,

you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters: from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and, though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homewards, resolving to try again tomorrow.

"However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a-year, estate joining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I was. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close to my heels,

to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the Baronet's opininion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and I suppose willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop it progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

"In walking through the hall and space of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face has been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for

accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

"I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

"I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and all the ladies compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed, to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide

her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I *feel* on the occasion, they will spare a *bashful man*, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire."

The conclusion of this story brought us to the White Horse Cellar, where lords, ladies, porters, coachmen, orange-boys, oyster-wenches, mechanics, soldiers, sailors, crooked, tall, bandy, and all were assembled; among newsmen, pickpockets, and pamphlet-hawkers; some for gain, and some for travelling; while others roll'd up in great coats, and warm neckcloths, anticipated the satisfaction of once more reaching their native homes; or seeing such sights out of the great metropolis which they had never seen in it.

But, as my motive is to amuse my friends by a recital of my Mail coach Adventures, I will endeavour to commence with a Song, in which the commencement of my journey will be properly explained:—

THE MAIL COACH.

TUNE.—The Country Club.

Come listen to my story:
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day:
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
Get a snack before we go—
Bring me a leg of mutton,
I'm as hungry as a glutton—
Some gravy soup—hollo!

(*Spoken in different voices.*)—Why, waiter! — Coming, sir.—Where is my gravy soup?—Just took off the grid-iron.—Make haste, I shall lose my place.—I hope your honour will remember the poor ostler.—Are the beef-steaks ready?—No, but your chops are.—What a concourse of people are going in these coaches!—All fast behind. Hip! (*Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.*)

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches!
What work for man and beast!
We must have a little drop, sir—
Then we'll gallop till we stop, sir—
And afterwards make haste.
I mount—the whip I crack now,
All bustle—what a pack now
On every side approach!
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places,
They cry—I've lost the coach.

(Spoken in various voices.)—How's this?—Im sure my name was booked.—No such thing, ma'am.—A lady and a parrot in a cage.—That fare can't go inside, one parrot's enough at a time.—No room for two ladies?—None at all for females; this is a *mail coach.*—Set me down at the butcher's shop; I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach.—Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.—Yes; good bye, grandpappa; give my love to grandmamma.—Hip! *(Imitates the horn.)*

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

Four-in hand from Piccadilly,
Snugly seated in the dilly,
Away we scamper all:
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors.
Begin to sing and bawl.
From every place we start, sir,
Some company depart, sir,
And others come, no doubt;
For plenty there's of room, now,
If they will only come now,
Four inside and one out.

(Spoken in different voices.)—Are my boxes all safe?—You have put my trunk in a wrong coach.—Never fear, ma'am, we shall overtake it.—What a figure you cut in that Welch wig?—Hold your tongue, sirrah, you've woke me out of a comfortable nap.—Keep the windows shut; I have got a cold, and a stiff neck—my little girl isn't well.—Keep your feet in; you've got your leg between mine.—I don't mind it, if the gentleman don't.—Hip! *(Imitates the horn.)*

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle
Crack whip, and dash away.

We rattled along in good style, while the whip crack'd and the merry horn sounded; and what with the novelty of the surrounding scenery, and the few stories we could collect among the passengers, time seemed to pass pretty merrily.

Among the rest a French gentleman, anxious to enter into conversation with a London lady, broke in upon a comfortable chit-chat, in which she was engaged with a fat gentleman, who sat in the opposite corner of the coach.

"Madam," says the Frenchman, "Do you like the Belle Lettres?"

The lady was too attentively engaged, to heed what fell from mounsieur, and still kept on chit-chat with the old gentleman, who seemed to think it an encroachment on the part of a foreigner thus to interrupt them. But perseverance does every thing, and the Parisian gained his point by addressing the lady loudly in the following manner:—

"Pray, madam, may I take de liberty to repeat what I ask you before?"—"Certainly, sir." "Pray, madam, do you like de Belle Lettres?"—"Oh! sir, I perfectly understand you now; do you know I've been thinking sometime, and at last I've found out what you mean; I like them, particularly on Valentine's Day." The old gentleman, who had not opened his mouth for some time, could no longer contain himself at this misconception; he said, and not in the civilist tone in the world, "Pray, madam, what may you understand by the Belles Lettres?"—"Oh! sir, its very simple to understand: every day in London the postman goes round with a bell and a bag, you give him a penny and those are called the *Bell Lettres!*" The Frenchman, finding however that the old gentleman had a tongue, was determined to address his conversation entirely to him: he said, sare, allow me to congratulate you to found your tongue; I am very glad you have break de ice; if you please, sir, ve'll talk a little bit." The conversasion now turned on Theatricals; he was a great admirer of what is called the old school of acting, and would scarce allow merit to any living performer; but what seemed chiefly to annoy him was the enormous size of our present winter Theatres, which he said (and with some good sense), were the entire ruin and utter destruction of all good and chaste acting. He was also a great admirer of the late celebrated

Mr. Garrick; and I found out, among other peculiarities, he had a very great aversion to punning, or any thing like a pun;—I was therefore mischievous enough to interrupt him occasionally with a pun, in order to divert the rest of the company. He said, "I recollect the immortal Garrick; his figure was small, but his countenance highly expressive and intelligent; his voice, particularly in humble tones and whispers, capable of harrowing up the soul? and he had an eye, (oh! what an eye that was) to make use of a very far fetch'd expression that I once heard a friend of mine say, he had an eye that would look through a deal board; "then, sir," said I, "that must have been a *gimblet* eye." "That's a pun, sir; and I must premise to you, sir, that I have a most inveterate antipathy to any thing like a pun." I promised to *pun*-ish him no more, and he proceeded:—Sir, I beg to say, that the subject is a serious one, inasmuch as it concerns the national taste. I was speaking of the qualifications of that great actor; to put an extreme case, if he could be permitted to appear once more on our present enormous stage, what part could he possibly assume.—"Why, sir," said I, "I know of no part a *dead actor*, could possibly assume but *Posthumous*," "That's another pun, sir; and allow me, sir, to say, a vile one. I agree with Dr. Johnson, that a man who would make a pun, would pick a pocket if he dare."—"I must beg of you to pay some little attention, or I cannot proceed." "Sir," said I, "I'll pay you as *little* attention as possible.—"That, sir, smacks of another; but, however, never mind, we'll go on.—Why, sir, as I was saying, his figure would certainly be lost, and as to his eye it must be the ox eye of Homer's Juno, or he need have none at all; and as to his humble tones and whispers, they would be employed exclusively for the benefit of the orchestra; and what, sir, is the cause of this unnatural distension of the stage's mouth? Thalia is obliged to squall, Melpomone to bawl, and Terpsichore to sprawl upon the stage, to the entire confusion and utter destruction of the regular drama; and, sir, if this unnatural taste continues, I should not be surprised at some distant period, if some country manager was to hire Salisbury Plain for a Theatre, and subpœna Gog and Magog from Guildhall to enact the parts of Rolla and Pizarro.—The lisping lady seemed quite delighted to find a

subject started which she thought herself perfectly *aufait* in; she said, "I am glad to find you talk about playhouses, for that is my favourite pursuit. I hav'n't been lately to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and therefore I hav'nt seen either of those ladies you mentioned; I suppose they are new ones, who are they—Mrs. Pommine? I don't know her. I like tragedy tho': I go to Sadler's Wells *very* often because I live *contageous* to it." She now inundated the poor old gentleman's ears with a bundle of the most ridiculous truisms which were not at all worth repeating, only as they related to what the old gentleman said in return.

Lady I'm *very* fond of Tragedys.

Gent. Are you, madam.

Lady. They are *very* dull tho'

Gent. Modern ones I grant you, madam.

Lady. I mean with respect to the *catastropheys* of them; I like Comedies.

Gent. Do you, ma'am.

Lady. Because they make one laugh.

Gent. Doubtless, madam, that is their intent.

Lady. Do you like *Pantomines?*

Gent No, madam.

Lady. I dont ike them, because there's no talking in them, I like talking.

Gent. I perceive it, madam.

Lady. Its a very fine day.

Gent. Very true, madam.

Lady. The sun shines.

Gent. Yes, madam.

Lady. Its much pleasanter than when it rains.

Gent. Certainly, madam.

Lady. But the rain lays the dust tho'.

Gent. Very true, ma'am.

Lady. It does good for the gardens.

Gent Upon my word it is impossible to controul such self-evident axioms as these. Have you finished, madam, because in return for the valuable information you have been pleased to give me, I feel a strong desire to offer you some of my loose thoughts that I've put together for the benefit of the rising generation, thoughts that have occupied me many and many an hour after midnight, and consumed many tons of midnight oil. He now drew from his pocket

a paper, containing a collection of the most absurd truisms which were meant as a satire on what the old lady said; it would be tedious to enumerate them all. Suppose we extract the essence and serve them up in shape of a song.

SONG.

I'm Simon Bore, jut come from college,
  My studies I've pursued so far—
I'm called, for my surprising knowledge,
  The walking Cyclopedia;
Though some perhaps may call me quiz,
  Their jeers I value not a jot,
In art and nature, all that is,
  I'll tell you—aye, and all that's not.

  So you must all acknowledge, O!
  I've made good use of college, O!
  Whilst I was there, completely bare,
  I stripp'd the tree of knowledge, O?

Hay is brought to town in carts,
  Ham sandwiches ar'n't made of tin;
They don't feed cows on apple tarts,
  Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin;
Bullock's don't wear Opera hats,
  Fiddles are not made of cheese;
Nor pigeon pies of water rats—
  Boil'd salmon does not grow on trees,

Putty is not good to eat,
  Frying pans ar'n't made of gauze;
Penny rolls are made of wheat,
  Straw bonnets, too, are made of straws;
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,
  The Thames is not mock turtle soup;
A child can't eat an iron hoop,
  And pigs don't play the German flute.

Kittens are but little cats,
  Mousetraps are not county jails—
Whales are full as large as sprats,
  They don't stuff geese with copper nails;

A German waltz is not a hymn,
  The Prench are mostly born in France;
Fishes ar'n't afraid to swim,
  And turkies seldom learn to dance.

Twenty turnips make a score,
  Dustmen rarely drink champaign;
A cow's tail seldom grows before,
  They don't make wigs of bamboo cane;
Dutchmen sometimes lie in beds,
  A cabbage cannot dance a jig;
Grass does not grow on ladies heads,
  A bull dog need not wear a wig.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap,
  Weigh more than twent-five of cheese;
An oyster cannot chew a rope,
  Poor people have a right to sneeze;
Pigs dont read the Morning Post,
  Watch chains are not roasting jacks,
They dont make boots of butter'd toast,
  Red herrings dont pay powder tax,

So you all must acknowledge, &c.

This created a laugh among the passengers, except the London lady, who declared it was a pity to laugh at such a song, for she never heard any thing half so true in all her life—only there were one or two things in it which she doubted, and one was about the pig, for she know'd there was a pig once, and it could play the Garman flute; and she remembered a cow that she saw once in town, whose tail grew out of its forehead.

Our conversation was put a stop to by the breaking of one of the springs, which created such a sudden concussion, that the poor Frenchman conveyed about an ounce of rappee into his mouth instead of his nostrils; in this dilemma we were obliged to alight in the middle of the town of Highgate; and, as it would take nearly an hour to repair our accident, I prevailed on a friend of mine to depart a little way out of the high road, in order to pay a visit to

a celebrated vender of beef and mutton in that town, known by the name of the Historical Butcher. This man was very ostentatious of his knowledge of the History of England, a book he was constantly reading from morning till night, and which he so admired that he never served a customer but he related a part of the subject he had been reading in the course of the day. You'll suppose a customer to be standing *there*, and a friend seated with him behind the counter *here*, which will account for the following curious jumble:—"What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy—well, how are you?—how do you do? I am *wery* glad to see you; this is *wery* kind to call in this *here* way. I've been a reading as usual all this *here* blessed morning, that favourite book of mine, *Hume's History in England;* what a book *that are* is! how *hinstructive and hentertaining. Hume's History in England is*—10*d.* per pound, ma'am. I have been reading the *forth Wolum*, its *a wery* thick un, *wery* thick, indeed—make nice soup, ma'am, Queen Mary—make nice Scotch collops, ma'am. Sir Isaac Newton was a great man, he knew all about the *pole-axe* of the *fixed stars*, and how long it would take a man to go in a tax'd cart to the moon. Queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's on a pillion—that saddle of mutton's just your weight, ma'am. King Charles hid himself in a tree in St. James's Park; no, it warn't St. James's Park, *war* it? however, I know it was some park; but the wicked rascals caught him and cut off his head—make a capital hash, with parsley garnish, ma'am. Cardinal *Wulsey's* father was a butcher, so am I; there's a curious coincidence, an't it? and Henry the Eight married Queen Elizabeth;—no, he didn't though, for *she war* his mother;—no, that couldn't be—but she was some relation. King Henry the Eight—that's a nice fat bit, ma'am; take it wi' you." This was the learned oration that issued from this Socrates of the Shambles, and drew a pretty numerous audience round his shop. The guard now "blew a blast, so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe," which summoned the vagrants to the refitted vehicle.

The old fat gentleman was a little hurt, and declared he would prosecute the coachman for daring to break one of the springs. "The scoundrel," says he, "to dare to attempt to suffer a spring to break while I'm in his coach;

I'll be revenged, I'll never suffer him to escape without a just, a summary punishment. I'll go to law with the careless villain—I'll go to law with him, that I will as sure as ever he's a coachman."

I smiled at the old gentleman, and endeavoured to calm his enraged feelings, but all in vain, he was resolved and no advice of mine could dissuade him from his pnrpose.

"Sir," says he, "I will prosecute him—I will annihilate the careless dog, and teach him that the lives of his majesty's liege subjects are not to be put in jeopardy through the negligence of a brandy-drinking, dissipated, whip-cracking coachman, and on that very account I'll have him before the Court of King's Bench; and let the dog know what punishment is in store for a rascal who has not sense enough to drive without breaking the springs of his coach."

"But dont go to law, sir," says I.

"I will go to law, sir," says he.

"If you will, sir, you must, sir, but I should advise you not, sir; for there is danger and expense in it. But since you are so determined sir—hear me and I will explain.

"We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the Statutes declare, "considerandi, considerando, considerandum;" and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand them. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders; except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in manslaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate; now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—The first, is the beginning, or insipiendum; the second, the uncertainty, or dubitendum; the third, delay, or puzzleendum; fourthly, replication without endum; and fifthly, nostrum and horrendum. All which are exemplified in the following case:

Daniel *v.* Dishclout.

Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cookmaid; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping

pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid, the pleadings of which were as follows:—the first person who spoke was Serjeant Snuffle: He began saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose and not anywise relating to the matter in hand; I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan, therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now, in Broughton's reports, Slack *v.* Smallwood, it is said, that "primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus est provokos;" now, who gave the primus strocus? who gave the first offence? why, the cook; she brought the dripping pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping pan had not been there for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled down into the dripping pan." The next counsel on the same side, began with, "My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblicus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is homo duplicans, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, "profecto ipse he," but as he should not be, "defecto tipse he,"

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the tyes of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My lud, and you

gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant, therefore my lud, I shall not flourish away in words, words are no more than fillagree works; some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment; but. my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong, for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises, a kitchen is not a warehouse nor a wash-house, a brewhouse, nor a bake-house, an outhouse nor an in-house, nor a dwelling-house, nor any house; no, my lud, 'tis absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, "camera necessaria pro usus cookaree; cum sauce pannis, scullero, dressero, coalholo, stovis, smoakjacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum pudding-andum-mixandum, pro turtule soupos, calves headhashibus, cum calipee et calipashabus. But we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook maid; now, my lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial, for as they have curtailed our name, from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the Court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do, for when the law don't find mistakes it is the business of the law to make them, therefore the Court allowed them the liberty of a new trial, for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law,

This was all very well—the old gentleman appeared satisfied with every thing, and as I endeavoured to humour him, we soon managed very well together. Therefore, after giving him liberty to go to law, he entered into a lively expression of feeling, and declared that England was the greatest nation in the world, and he only regretted that he was not in London when the foreign potentates were there, and sorry he was that he knew little or nothing about it.

Anxious to allay his enmity against the coachman, I told him I knew all about the affair, and would give him as concise a history of it as possible in the shape of a song,

SONG,

There were four-and-twenty Visitors all of a row,
Four-and-twenty Royal Visitors all of a row.

There was the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, princes, field-marshals, generals, aides-de-camps, pretty girls, prime ministers, jostling and squeezing, drums playing, all huzzaing, cutting such a swell at the Pultney Hotel, while the sweethearts and the duchesses and the goddesses, and all the nonsuches, condescended to nod at the Piccadilly mob, Down below.

'Twas for the Royal Visitors, therefore they would be merry.

There were four-and-twenty Yorkshiremen all of a row,
Four-and-twenty Yorkshire tykes all of a row.

There was Davy Dumpling of Doncaster, Lubin Lobchops, of Leeds, Timothy Long, of Goose-green, Harry Handleflail, tag-rag and bob-tail. "I say, John, didst ever see sich a sight as this, lad?" "Nay, I'm sure I never did, for it beats horse-racing, cock-fighting, York Minster and judges coming down to 'sizes to hang folk." "I say, lad, what'll thee tell 'em when thee gets yam?" "Why, I'll tell all about what I've seed, but, damn me, if I think I can recollect hauf that I seed; I seed the Green Park alt in the dark, and folk emptied my pockets while I lick'd all the rockets; and then up went a great air balloon up to the moon, and took with it

The Emperor of Russia, &c. &c.
Down below.
'Twas for the Royal Visitors, &c. &c.

There were four and twenty Germans all of a row—Dere was Baron Von Dunderdunk, Mr. Von Schlachen, Mrs. Von Schlachen, and all de little Schlachens and great Schlachens, and great men of great families. "Oh, if the Emperor of Garmany vas here, I should fetch out my great big horse and take von little de canter among de crowd; who vou'd ever have taut so grand a sight, as for

all de Allies to meet upon von little spot; I should be glad to know who vas the greatest hero of the day,

Why, it were Davy Dumpling, &c. &c.
Down below.
'Twas for the Royal Visitors, &c. &c.

There were four-and-twenty Irishmen all of a row,
Four-and-twenty paddies all of a row.

All hail to their outlandish majesties there, and long may they reign, and then they will have hail and rain as long as ever they live. Arrah, now, Judy, ease yourself up a top of my shoulder, and take a peep at the thick skulls and the crown'd heads; isn't that the Emperor of Russia there in company with

Baron Von Dunderdunk, &c. &c.
Down below,
'Twas for the Royal, Visitors, &c. &c.

There were four-and-twenty Frenchmen all of a row,
There were four-and-twenty Frenchmen all of a row.

There was "Vive le Roi," "Vive le Bourbons," "Vive le Jean Bull." "Vive le Jacky Bull," de roast beef and all de little Bulls de Angleterre.

Oh long life to their outlandish majesties, &c. &c,
Down below.
'Twas the Royal Visitors. &c. &c.

There were four-and-twenty Actors all of a row,
Four-and-twenty Actors all of a row.

There was Kemble and Young in the midst of the throng, and the *great* little Kean, shoving his nose in between; then there was the beautiful Miss O'Neill, who'd melt a heart made of steel.

With Vive le Roi, &c.
Down below.
'Twas for the Royal Visitors, &c. &c.

Having thus given my fellow passengers a small idea of the bustle attending the sojourn of the Royal Visitors in London, I discovered that my fat friend was not one of

those men who could easily forget an injury, for at the end of every verse he would slip in a word expressive of his desire to punish coachey.

The unconscious coachman whipt his horses and never dreamt that he was followed by so great and desperate an enemy.

Looking out of the coach window I perceived at some distance an immense concourse of people, and every person expressed the greatest anxiety to know what was the subject of the meeting. The coachman did not feel less anxious than the company inside and out, and whipping with all his might, we soon came near the spot, and a dead stop was the consequence ; for whether the coachman did it to please himself or the passengers, you'll be best able to judge from the following fact :—

The Guard said to the Coachman ; I say Bill, we'll stay and see this here fun out, and let the old tabbies wait half an hour longer for their letters, if they like. The cause of this laudable resolution was as follows :—

A quack doctor and his mountebank associate were haranguing the populace from a stage near the market-cross of a country town, in order to sell their quack medicines ; he said—Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Puff Stuff, the physician, to the great and mighty Kow Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas ; I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country and came to this here, which may be reckon'd the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never to be matched medicines : the first is called the grand Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Wandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should happen to have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out, like mushrooms from a hot bed ; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberanae called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops. I'm also very celebrated in the cure of the eyes ; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a catarach—I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a par-

ticular glutinous *happlication*, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his majesty's *wision*, but made him dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I have eyes from different *hanimals*, to suit all your different faces and professions. This *here* bottle which I *holds* in my hand, is called the grand eliptical, asiatical, panticurical nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, because the man who talks of himself is a *Hegotist*, but this I will venture to say of myself, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me; if you knew the benefit so many people have received from my grand eliptical asiatical panticurical nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick: I'll just read you one or two *(reads several letters)*.—Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed-oil mill; cured with one bottle.—Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap manufactory; cured with one bottle.—Sir, I was cut in half in a saw pit; cured with half a bottle.—Now comes the most wonderful of all.

Sir,—Venturing too near the Powder Mill at Faversham, I was by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident, I was rendered unfit for my business (a banker's clerk)—but hearing of your grand eliptical, asiatical, panticurical nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles, the second animated my shattered frame, the third effected a radical cure, the fourth sent me home to Lombard-street to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand eliptical asiatical panticurical nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity.

Not a soul seem'd to repent this delay—all agreed that it was well worth the time, and a hearty laugh was the consequence, as we once more pursued our journey.

A gentleman who had been asleep some time, now began to make himself visible, and from every appearance we ex-

pected the recital of a pleasant dream, after so many hours spent in the arms of Morpheus.

Being a fine summer's evening, we perceived at a distance a gentleman with a large blue military coat, cap, and enormous whiskers, strutting along the pathway with as much ease as if he had conquered every thing, and had nothing to look for.

Our sleepy friend having once more come to life, viewed the figure, and with much astonishment, exclaimed—"I know him—I know him—he wears false whiskers—he's not an Englishman—he's a foreigner—he comes from distant parts, and if you please ladies and gentlemen I'll tell you a story about him.

He is a Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose company has been cashiered, upon which he determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife; and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very justly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet hectoring blade might readily be applied: he is nearly six feet high, with a long sword, and fiercely cocked hat; add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he had belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his forefinger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful enquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three and twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His

tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms: and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawed away. He, who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an overdone mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step aud steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love; she, after little hesitation, addressed him thus:—

"The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."—

"Tell me, immaculate angel," cried our son of gunpowder: "Tell me what it is; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? to catch the phœnix? or draw your chariot to church with unicorns? what is the impossible act I will not undertake?"

"No, captain," replied the fair one: "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, madam," returned he, "wrong not your slave thus: deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests: speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle; only to cut off your whiskers, captain; that's all.

"Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment)—"My whiskers!—cut off my whiskers!—excuse me!—cut off my whiskers!—madam!—any thing else—any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, a hair at a time, and it's done, but, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there."

"And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?"

"A trifle, madam?—my whiskers a trifle! no, madam, no—my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whisker'd like me, I myself would be the grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers."

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine the Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so good morning to you."

Had all the young ladies in like circumstances equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers, and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off,

We all reprobated his folly, and commended the lady for her sensibility—at the same time thanking the gentleman for his entertaining story, and requesting him of possible to oblige us with any thing in the shape of Song, Recitation, or information that his experience had taught him, or that his good sense might dictate—upon which he proceeded to give us the description of a Club to which he once belonged.

SONG.

The Nightingale Club in a village was held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears,
Where the singers, do doubt, would have greatly excelled,
But for want of taste, voices, and ears:
Still between every toast, with his gills mighty red,
Mr. President thus with great eloquence said:

(Spoken) 'Gentlemen of the Nightingale Club,—you all know the Rules and Regulations of this Society; and if any Gentleman present is not aware of them, if he will look over the fire-place he will find them chalked up:—That every Gentleman must sing a Volunteer Song, whether he can or no, or drink a pint of salt and water. Therefore, to make a beginning of this evening's harmony, I shall call upon Mr. Snuffle.'—'Sir—I have an extreme bad cold, but with your permission I'll try to do my best.'—'Sir, that's all we wish; for if you do your best, the best can do no more.'—'Permit me to blow my nose first, and I'll begin directly."——*(Singing, Snuffling.)*

Master I have, and I am his man,
Gall-up o' dreary dun,
Master I have, and I am his man,
He'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With his haily, gaily, gall-bo-rayly,
Higetty, pigetty, gigetty, nigetty,
Galloping dreary dun.
Bravo! Bravo! very well sung,
Jolly companions every one.

Thus the Nightingale Club nightly kept up their clamour,
And are nightly knock'd down with the President's hammer.

When Snuffle had finish'd a man of excise,
Whose squint was prodigiously fine,
Sung, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.'

After which, Mr. Tug, who draws teeth for all parties,
Roar'd a sea song, whose burthen was,

'Pull away, pull away, my hearties!
'Pull—pull away, pull away, my hearties!

(Spoken.) Mr. Drinkall, we shall be happy to hear your song, sir.'—*(Drunk)*—'Pon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot sing.'—'Waiter, bring Mr. Drinkall a glass of salt and water.'—'No, no, Mr. President, sooner than swallow that dose, I'll try one.'——Bravo! silence!

A lass is good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
The world it is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.
A song is a good thing when it's very well sung,
But some people they always stick in it,—

(Spoken.) 'Pon my soul, Mr. President, I cannot sing any more.

Bravo! Bravo! very well sung, &c.

Mr. Drybones sung next, who was turn'd of three-score,
And melodiously warbled away,—
'She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
'And yet we are too young, they say.
Then a little Jew Grocer, who wore a bob wig,
Struck up 'Billy Pringle had von very leetel pig,
'Not very leetel, nor very big,
'But when alive, him live in clover,
'But now him dead, and dat's all over.'

(Spoken) 'Mr. President, I think it's time we had a toast or sentiment.'—'Certainly; whose turn is it to give one?—'Mr. Mangle, the Surgeon.'—'Sir, I'll give you Success to the man that draws blood for the good of his country!—'And now, Mr. Dismal, we'll thank you for a song.'—'Sir, I shall give you something sprightly.

'Merry are the bells, and merry do they ring,
'Merry is myself, and merry will I sing.'

Bravo! Bravo! very well sung, &c.

Billy Piper, (some members call'd Breach of the Peace,
Because all his notes were so shrill,)
Shriek'd out, like the wheel of a cart that wants grease,
'Deeper and deeper still.'

Mr. Max, who drinks gin, wish'd to coo like a dove,
Murmur'd sweetly, 'Oh! listen to the voice of love,
'Which calls my Daphne to the grove.'

(Spoken) Mr. Double-lungs, the butcher, was next called on, who had a kind of a duetto voice, something like a penny trumpet and a kettle drum.—'Mr. Double-lungs, we wish to hear your song.'—'Sir, I'll sing with all my heart, liver, and lights; I'll sing you the Echo song out of Comus, with my own accompaniments, for when a man echoes himself, he's sure to do it in the right key.

'Sweet echo! Sweet echo!'

Bravo! Bravo! very well sung, &c.

When the song was ended the company were silent for a few moments, but he re-commenced the action by saying—

That persons of every profession must undoubtedly have heard of Mr. Jeremy Stitchclose, the celebrated tailor, who resides near the court-end of the town. He fits the human body on anatomical principles, with those garments that give so much grace and elegance to the person, and are the universal admiration of the fashionable loungers of Bond Street and Rotten Row. Had Richard the Third come under the hands of this skilful artist he would have made him look like a perfect Adonis, in spite of a crook'd back, withered arm, and bow legs; for it is a well known fact, that when the famed Hottentot Venus visited the gallery of the House of Commons, disguised in male attire, that every article of her apparel was the production of this man of genius, and, notwithstanding the enormous bulk and rotundity of her nether part, the lady's breeches were so artfully fashioned that she was universally received as a delicate young gentleman! Mr. Stitchclose was one day seated in his parlour taking his wine after dinner, when Tim Measure-well, the foreman—vulgo, the cutter—ushered in a French gentleman, who appeared to be in want of some of their

ommodities, but had vainly endeavoured to make himself understood. He says something about his waist, whispered the foreman. Yes; vest, ce'st ca, veste.—Oh, I comprehend, a waistcoat is the article the gentleman is in want of. Oui; yes, sare, waiste-cottes; and de coloure—de coloure—blanc—dat is vite. White, yes, sir; and of what material would you be pleased to have it?—Ah, de material, dites moi; tell me de name of de different fabriques donc vous faites vos waiste-cottes? Marseilla?—Non. Cassimere?—Non. Cloth?—Non. Toilinette?—Non. Dimity?—Non. Jane?—Non. Sarcenet?—Non. Silk?—Non. Shag?—Non. Plush?—Non. Corderoy?—Non. Patent Cord?—Non. Flannel?—Non. Still it was—dat is no dat, non, non, non. Mr. Stitchclose shrugged up his shoulders; Tim scratched his pole; Monsieur was all animation, the Strabsurgh paid frequent visits to his nostrils. Diable aidez moi—ah, oui, cest bien—vat you call de Diable—de Devil in your tongue? The Devil, sir, is the general appellation we give him. Ah, oui, vraiment; but you have many more names for the Devil, comme nous? Oh, yes, sir, he's a character well known in London; we call him Belzebub.—Non. Lucifer?—A shake of the head. Old Nick?—The same. Infernal spirit?—Enfer—dat is de Devil's locaitaire—non, non. Serpent?—Dat did seduce Eve—non. Appolyon, Davy Jones, Dragon, Babel, Satan, Demon, monster of the bottomless pit. Asmodeus—oui, oui, oui, c'est dat—c'est Satan, fabriques de Satan dat I require for my waistcottes.—A satin waistcoat, sir; I shall be proud to serve you.

My friends, when you see a courtier adorned with a waistcoat of the Devil's name do not ungraciously presume to think that, although the wearer may be hankering after the loaves and fishes, and the candle-ends and cheeseparings of office, that he is in the slightest degree a worshipper of his Satannic Majesty, although he wears his court livery.

Our friend proved a valuable acquisition to us, and having amused us thus far, we all began to set our wits to work to collect something for the amusement of each other.

I therefore thought the recital of a Theatrical Correspondence might not be unacceptable, and commenced by reading the following letters:—

"Dear Rantall,

"Can you accommodate us with about a dozen flashes of lightning, a shower of rain and some wind for the Tempest to-night; and if you can lend me two or three virgins for the farce, you will essentially serve me, as two of ours are lying in, and the other two so far advanced towards that honourable state, that we cannot impose them upon the audience as a thing of the kind. Our call-man has met with a severe accident, in running a spike into his mouth, by which, from the most talkative, he is become the most silent man in the world, and totally incapable of his business. Have you any person of that description you could lend us? If you can you will eternally oblige,

"Your's, truly,

"Necessitus."

P. S.—The lady you sent me to play Juliet, had a drop from some cause or other, for she fell off the bier at the mouth of the tomb, and rolled among the musicians.

(ANSWER.)

"Dear Necessitus,

"You know our readiness on all occasions to oblige you; but you could not have wanted one thing we are more scantily provided with than virgins. However, I have mustered you two, which will very much distress us, unless they are returned the first thing in the morning. I have sent lightning, wind, hail, and rain, by the bearer, in a hamper—the virgins will come clean and neat after tea, and time enough for the farce. With respect to your call-man, we cannot accommodate you exactly with one of that description; but our property man can talk enough for any two theatres, and if you are very much distress'd we will share him with you; but in that case, I hope you wont suffer him to be laughed at for any errors in his language or orthography, both which are peculiar to himself. I shall want for Saturday a moon, a serene sky, a calm sea, a wheelbarrow, a Mount Vesuvius, and a coffin.

"Your's, ever,

"Rantall."

(ANSWER.)

"DEAR RANTALL,

"I feel much indebted to you for your virgins; I returned them last night, and hope they got safe to your hands, as well as the other combustibles you were good enough to send me. I am much afraid your property-man, would be too much for us; therefore, (without disparagement to his abilities) will make shift without him. Your lightning was exhausted before the three peals of thunder; but the rain, wind, hail, a great crash, a gong, &c. made us I think sufficiently dreadful. All you want will be ready, except Mount Vesuvius, which was destroyed by the last explosion. "Your's, &c.

"NECESSITUS."

(LETTER.)

"DEAR NECESSITUS,

"How many devils have you got in your company, male and female?—And have you a good dancing one? The man I had fixed on to play the devil here, has left us, and I'm sorry to say, our company is so angelic, that we cannot muster infernals enough for the last scene but one in our Pantomime, consequently cannot come to the established conclusion. Do let me have as tall a Devil as you can spare; and let him bring his cloven feet, and a shower of fire in his pocket, or we shall be damn'd.

"Your's, &c.

"RANTALL."

(LETTER.)

"DEAR RANTALL,

"Send me two genteel assassins, and let them come clean shaved.—Have you a Cupid you could lend us! ours has got the small-pox. We will give him eighteen-pence a-night, but he must find his own wings.

"Your's, ever,

"NECESSITUS."

The Cupid was sent, and that puts an end to the correspondence.

The drowsy, reeling, unwilling passengers now alighted to take their supper in the town of Ware, and I question if ever a Flemish Tarboldolt, or a Congress at Rhapstadt displayed such a miscellaneous assemblage as the room into which we were ushered. Here were passengers from three different coaches in the same room, stopped for the same purpose. In one corner of the room was a Miss, who declared it was the *wery* height of *wulgarity* to eat suppers. In another was an elderly lady and little boy, who were regaling themselves with biscuits and brandy and water, and an old man with a large hat, tied under his chin with a blue and white pocket handkerchief. The guard of one of the coaches came in to announce the expiration of the time. Oh, for the pen of a Fielding, or the pencil of Hogarth, to describe the scene that ensued.—*(Horn)*—Come, ladies and gemmen, we're all ready."—" All ready, sir; what do you mean by all ready?"—*(pulling out his watch.)* " *Vy*," said a gentleman, " we hav'nt been here ten minutes. Where's the bill?"—" Four shillings."—" *Vell*, that's laying it on pretty thick: *vat* four shillings for that *are* little bit of *weal*, and that *Foxall* slice of ham? I never seed such a *himposition* in all my life: you treat people in stage coaches more like convicts than gentlefolks. If ever I come by these here coaches again, I'll bring my supper in my pocket, that's what I'll do."—" Waiter, where's my cane I laid in this chair?"—"Talking of canes, where's that snuff-box I put down on this table?—And waiter, where's the fishing-rod I put in that window?"

In this confusion, a figure, which attracted all their attention—a huge farmer, with his wig tied the hind part before, a pipe in one hand and a glass in the other—entered the room, and stared at us all for some time with perfect stupidity and amazement. It is said the Romans gave annual permission to their slaves to get intoxicated, in order to shew their masters the odiousness of the practice. I hope the following imitation may be construed to be introduced by me with the same moral view.—*Imitates a druken farmer, and after staggering repeatedly and endeavouring to light his pipe, putting out one of the candles, and making efforts to relight it, he proceeds as follows)—(laughs)*—What do I laugh at? What a fool a man is to laugh, when he don't know what may happen to him the next minute. I'm a

very happy man in my family, I've two of the finest children that any body—ever stuck a knife in;—I've a boy who writes two hands, one that he can't read himself, and one that nobody else can read; and he is such a sensible creature, he put his hand on a red hot poker the other day, and took it away again without any body telling him. I wish you all good night—I shall go to bed now. If any body has any objection to my going to bed I hope he'll say so—I don't mean to offend no gentleman.—But, where shall I hide my money to-night—my wife always searches my pockets—oh! I know, I'll put it into the Bible, she never looks in that.—*(Pointing to the door)*—I see the door—there it is—I know my way. Betty, bring me a candle, I want to go to bed. That woman goes up stairs forty times a day, and never comes down again. I wish you all a good night *(then he walks away)*.

After he had gone, Zachary Flail, the farmer's man, came in, and feeling inclined to pass a joke upon him, he said, "Don'tee be too deep, sir, for Ize been to Lunnun, and if you doubt, just pay attention and I'll convince you that I am telling the truth.

SONG.

Full half of the town over they keep digging traps,
To catch, like live rabbits, us poor country chaps;
They say they be laying down pipes, but what then?
That there be no reason for laying down men.
Gee ho Dobbin, &c.

From Tower-hill summit I saw the new Mint,
But says I to the showman, now take a fool's hint—
You've shown me the Mint, and it makes a fine dash,
But I'd thank you the next time to show me the cash.
Gee ho, Dobbin,

The streets from St. Giles's to Hanover square,
Are lit up wi gas, O my stars what a glare!
But it makes such a deuce of a smell, I suppose
Its the fashion in London to see through the nose.
Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

From Pall-mall to Wapping, the beaux of all ranks,
Wrap up in large trowsers their long spindle shanks ;
Which flapping beneath their lac'd up skinny backs,
Makes 'em look like an hour-glass walking in sacks.
Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

But one place I saw was past all endurance,
Was a place in the city, for London assurance;
An office in London for that is by goles,
Like sending to Newcastle a chaldron of coals.
Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

When wives take to scolding, their husbands to vex,
They sell them in Smithfield with ropes round their necks ;
I don't wonder that husbands should sell'em not I,
But its a wonder they get any body to buy,
Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

The ladies at Whitbey in veils walk about,
But the ladies in London beat them out and out;
They wear such large bonnets a poking out thus,
That nought but a donkey can give them a buss.
Gee ho, Dobbin, &c.

This proved to me that Zachary knew as much of the metropolis as myself, and I was very glad to drop the discourse—but the guard prevented any thing farther from occurring by announcing to us that the horses were put to, and that all were ready to start. I very naturally took my seat in the coach, and in a very few moments not only forgot the drunken farmer, but his comical man, the knowing Zachary Flail.

I had not been long in the coach when methought I insensibly fell asleep, and mimic Fancy, ever busy, presented before me the following farce :—

Methought I saw his worship, Mr. Augustus Peus, sitting in an elbow chair at the head of a long table, with a book, pen, ink, and paper lying thereon ; a group of people attending at the lower end thereof, when his worship bade a boy step to the stable, and tell John Scrubb to come im-

mediately. John, with his short cropt hair and dirty frock, presently came in, took his seat by his worship and laid hold of the pen and ink. Then Mr. Augustus, with great solemnity, began with—"Master Constable, what *defence*, has been committed, and what crime has been disturbed, and how has his Majesty's *peas* been broken and *windercated?*"

Const. An' please your honor's worship and glory, here's one Mary Blabtruth hath lost a *shiftes*, and says as how she is sartain that Dorothy Lightfinger have nibbled it; and so, and please your glorious worship, I have made them both *toddle* here.

Mr. A. A shiftes stolen! why that's downright *forjury* by law. Bring the *complainant*, Dorothy Lightfinger before me.

Const. This is the woman, an' please your worship.

Mr. A. Hussy, hussy; how came you to have the *fire* of God *afore* your eyes and steal the woman's *shiftes?* You are an *equitious* baggage, and you shall be hanged, you hussy, you shall.

1*st Wom.* An' please your worship, I did not steal her *shiftes.*

Mr. A. Why, how now? here's a saucy slut—the woman *confesses* she did not steal the *shiftes.* Where's the *defendant* Mary Blabtruth?

Const. Here, I say, Moll—mind and tell his worship the truth, d'ye hear? Here she is, and please your honor's worship and glory.

Mr. A. How came you to *discharge* this *here* woman with stealing your *shiftes*, for she *denies her innocence of it?*

2*nd Wom.* An' please your worship, my *shiftes* was hanging on a gooseberry bush in the garden, and I seed her take it off with my own eyes.

1*st Wom.* An' please your worship, there's no belief in what she says, for——

Mr. A. Peas, woman, *peas;* I *forbids* you to hold your tongue.

2*nd Wom.* Indeed, an please your worship, what I say is true. I looked through the kitchin window and there I sawd her take it, for I was at that very time frying bacon for my husband's dinner.

Mr. A. What! frying bacon! Woman, was you frying bacon?

2nd. Wom. Yes, and please your worship, and some cabbage, for my husband's dinner, because as how he desired me.

Mr. A. Aye, aye; where is this woman's husband?

Man. Here I be, an' please your worship.

Mr. A. Did you desire your wife to fry bacon for your dinner?

Man. Yes, I did, an' please your worship; because I like it with some nice cabbage.

Mr. A. Here's a plot found out! here's a *miscovery!* Vhy, frying bacon is a *misdammer* by law, and you shall both go to the *galhouse* and be hanged. Master Constable, take them into *cursetoday;* and do you, John Scrubb, make out their *mittimous,* for they shall both go to *gaol* this *instance.*

Const. What would your honour's worship and glory please to have done with Doroty Lightfinger?

Mr. A. Oh, *charge her,* and let her go about her *baseness.*

I thought John made out their mittimus, the constable carried off the bacon-friers, and the rest of the company were sent away; and while I was wondering what his worship could mean by committing the man and his wife for frying bacon, presently the scene changed, and a court of justice, with all its formalities, presented itself. The judge was sitting on the bench, and a numerous body of black gowns and others attending, when Mr. Augustus Peas came into Court and seated himself not far from his lordship, when the trial of Thomas and Mary Blabtruth, for frying bacon, was called. "For frying bacon," says the judge, "why what's the meaning of this; I never heard that frying bacon was a crime, or against law before. Who committed those people?"

Mr. A. I committed them, my lord; it is against all law, and a high *misdammer.*

Judge. Pray, Mr. Justice, be so good as to show me that law, for I never heard of such a one in all my life.

Mr. A. "Here is the book, my lord, and here is the place," giving the book to his lordship. The judge having cast his eyes upon the page, burst out into a loud laugh, and with much ado for laughing, acquainted the Court that the law which Mr. Augustus had taken to be against *frying bacon,* was that against *firing a beacon,* which put the whole Court into such a loud laugh that I awoke.

And although this was but a mere dream, it presents an excellent picture to the sensitive mind; for how many are the instances we have had of magistrates converting the law into a vehicle for the completion of their ambitious and revengeful desires, or as a mirror wherein the world has had an opportunity of discovering that vice and ignorance are generally united to oppress the honest and degrade the man who is bold and honourable enough to oppose them in its progress.

The law has been abused, and it is a pity:—the law meant to guard us asleep and awake, and shield our homes from danger.

What a profound study is the law, and how difficult to fathom; "Your son follows the law, Sir Thomas," said Mrs. Sprightly to'ther day—"Yes, ma'am, but I'm afraid he'll never overtake it; a person following the law, and making nothing of it, is like two boys running round a table—he follows the law, and the law follows him. If you take away the whereofs, moreovers, forthwiths, aforesaids, and notwithstandings, the whole mystery vanishes; the law is then like Macheath without any song—it's like a suit of clothes, you must pay well for them before you can get into them; it's also like a pair of spectacles, you must pay for it through the nose.—I shall now proceed to relate a sketch of a trial which took place in a town, which for obvious reasons shall be nameless: Goody Grim inhabited an almshouse, No. 2; Will Lapstone, a superannuated old Cobler, No. 3, and a Jew Pedlar who was travelling along the road where these almshouses happened to be erected, thought of nothing else but No. 1. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, when the animal disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold, and run through the semicircular legs of the aforesaid Jew, knock'd him into the mud, ran back again into Will Lapstone's the cobler, upset a quart bottle full of Holland's gin, belonging to said Lapstone, and took refuge in Crispin's state bed. The parties being of course in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law; the result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone for the loss of her pig with a curly, tail; and Lapstone, to bring an action against Goody for the loss of a quart bottle full of Holland's gin: and Mor-

decai, to bring an action against them both, for the loss of an ivory tetotum that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered briefs to counsel before it suggested itself to them they were all parties and no witnesses; but Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery, and was determined to bring her action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai to give evidence. The indictment set forth, that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruin sauce, did on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib, divers—to wit, 5000 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, and did secret the said 5000 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in his, said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity.

MORDECAI *examined by* SERGEANT PUZZLE.

Serg. Well, sir, what are you?

Mor. I sell old clothes, sealing-wax, and puckles:

Serg. I didn't ask you what you sold, I ask you what you are?

Mor. I am about five-and-forty.

Serg. Man, I didn't ask your age, I ask you what you are?

Mor. I am a Jew.

Serg. Well, why couldn't you say so at first; then, if you're a Jew, tell me all you know of this affair.

Mor. As I vas a valking along.

Serg. Man, I don't want to know where you were walking.

Mor. Vel, as I was valking along.

Serg. So you will walk in spite of all I can say.

Mor. Blesh my heart, you vil frighten me out of my vits—I was valking along, I seed the unclean animal coming at towards me, and so, says I, Oh, Father Abraham, says I—

Serg. Father Abraham man's no evidence.

Mor. You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I cannot tell it at all; as I vas valking along I seed the unclean animal acoming attowards me, and, Oh, Father, Abraham, says I, here comes the unclean animal, so he run'd between my legs and upset me in the mud.

Serg. Now, do you mean to say on your oath that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud?

Mor. I will take my oath he upset me in the mud.

Serg. Pray, sir, on which side did you fall?

Mor. On the muddy side.

Serg. I mean on which of your own sides did you fall?

Mor. I fell on my left side.

Serg, Now, on your oath, sir, was it your left side.

Mor. I will take my oath it was my left side.

Serg. And pray, what did you do when you fell down?

Mor. I did get up again.

Serg. Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?

Mor. I'll take my oath it had a curly tail like my peard.

Serg. And pray where was you going when this happened?

Mor. I was going to the sign of the Cock and Bottle.

Serg. Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle?

Mor. I don't know; but it was the sign of the house, and all more I know of this affair is, that I lost an ivory tetotum out of my pocket.

Serj. Oh, you lost a tetotum out of your pocket, did you? I thought I should bring you to something at last.—My lord (turning to the Judge) I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence; he does not come into Court with clean hands.

Mor. How the devil should I, when I have been polishing my goods all the morning.

Serg. Now, my lord, your lordship is aware that tetotum is derived from the Latin terms *te* and *tutum*, which means, keep yourself safe; and this man, but for my profound sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, let the cat out of the bag.

Mor. I will take my oath I had no cat in my bag.

Serg. My lord, by his own confession he was about to vend a tetotum. Now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you that a tetotum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purposes of gambling, or as the law books more elegantly express it—*tetotum est macheni voria, cum letteress perpurcipus gamblendi.* Now, your lordship is aware that the

Act, commonly known by the name of the Little Go Act, expressly forbids all games of chance whatever, whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, tetotum, chuck-farthing, dumps, or what not; and, therefore, I do contend, that this man's evidence is *contra bonus mores*, and he is, consequently, *non compos testamonia.*

Serg. Botherum. My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my worthy friend, Puzzle, has in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew Merchant, and I do contend, that he who buys and sells is bona fide inducted into all the mysteries of merchandize; *ergo*, he who merchandizes, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. The learned Sergeant, in the twisting and twining his argument in handling the tetotum, can only be called *obito dictum*—he is playing, my lord, a losing game. Gentlemen of the Jury, he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of tetotum, nay more, he has quoted authority to back his argument; but the learned sergeant, gentlemen, has forgot to tell you what the great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject in a case exactly similar to this. In the two hundred and thirty-fourth volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes, page one thousand three hundred and forty-nine, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard versus Blacklegs—*gamblendum consistit enactam gamblendi, sed non avendum macheni placendi.* My lord, I beg leave to say, that if I prove that my client was in the act of selling, and not playing with said instrument, tetotum, I humbly presume all my learned friend has said falls to the ground.

Judge. Certainly, brother Botherum. There's no doubt the learned Serjeant is incorrect; the law does not put a man *extra legium* for merely spinning a tetotum: it's entirely out of the question.

Serg. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon, Mr. Giblett, one of the gentlemen of the jury, has fallen down in a swoon.

Judge. Then somebody must twig him by the nose, for he cannot leave the Court.

Puzzle. My lord, one of the witnesses has sworn that the pig had a curly tail; now, my lord, I presume, if I prove that this pig had a straight tail, I consider this objection must be fatal.

Judge, Certainly. Order the pig into Court.—(Here the pig was accordingly brought into Court, and on examination was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial.)—*Judge.* Gentlemen of the jury—it is really unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence, for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action; and, notwithstanding the ancient statue, which says, *sirum pigum, et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum*, there is irrefragable proof, by occular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and, therefore, the prisoner must be acquitted; and really, gentlemen, if the time of the Court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be entirely frustrated, and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary way, but with the utmost rigour and severity of the law.—The affair has since been thrown into Chancery, and is expected to be settled about the year one thousand nine hundred and fifty-four.

But whatever other folks may think, I have my doubts, and think the counsellors will be set at work again when the expected time arrives, for there is so much improbability in the law, that it is impossible for man, woman, or child, to place any dependance upon it. And since I at all times detest any thing improbable, I shall probably give you a little real truth in a short song written upon three physicians of London, who went to Yorkshire to physic a gouty earl.

SONG.

TUNE—Derry Down.

Three Physicians of London, for Yorkshire set out,
Where an Earl's noble stomach was storm'd by the gout;
And to guard the good Peer from all future assault,
Ecod, they jallap'd him into his family vault.
Derry down.

Well paid by the heir, they departed for town,
Saying we'll travel up, since my Lord's travell'd down;
And at Newark we'll sup, where let each down his throttle,
Pour a large dose of port, without shaking the bottle.
Derry down.

At the inn, two roast fowls Doctor Calomel chose,
Which fat Doctor Fingerfee did not oppose;
And Isaacs bawl'd out, though he was a Jew,
Pray garnish dem fowls with a sausage or two.
Derry down.

Tho' the wine was as thick as the three Doctor's heads,
They fuddled their noses, then call'd for their beds;
Molly Chambermaid stared, when with looks mighty grand,
Doctor Calomel bid her pull off his right hand.
Derry down.

When Calomel's hand was pull'd off to put by,
Fat Fingerfee roar'd, hussey take out my eye;
But Isaacs, more mild, cried wrap dem dere tings in towels,
And mind not to touch dem my dear, dere my bowels.
Derry down.

In the pantry, the chambermaid stow'd all the articles,
Of the three learned doctors, profound in catharticles;
But a hound, whilst they slept, and ne'er dreamt of the matter,
Gobbl'd up all the property out of the platter.
Derry down.

Invention arose 'midst the chambermaid's crosses,
And bid her repair, not weep o'er her losses;
A blind thief hangs up on a gibbet hard by,
I can there get a hand, but then how get an eye.
Derry down.

By chance a tom cat had expired in the night,
Whose eye served for Fingerfee's lost orb of sight;
Then a hog had been butcher'd, a porker well grown,
Whose chitterlings, e'en Jews might mistake for their own.
Derry down.

Doctor Calomel rose, in this farce the first actor,
And clap'd on the hand of the blind malefactor;
Next Fingerfee rose, drew his purse from his pocket,
Tipt Molly, then popt the cat's eye in his socket.
Derry down.

Isaacs tuck'd in the bowels—all three left the inn;
I've cheated two Christians, thought Moll with a grin,
And how mad the Jew Doctor wou'd be, did he know,
That half his inside was hogs liver and crow.
Derry down.

Soon a dame, grown with Plethora red in the face,
Call'd the three Doctors in to consult on her case,
They withdrew with great pomp, and said, damn it, let's cup her—
But what news since we all met at Newark at supper.
Derry down.

Doctor Calomel whisper'd I can't understand,
Since we came from the North, what can ail my right hand,
Not content with its fee, as I walk in the street,
Ecod it dives into the pockets of all that I meet.
Derry down.

My disorder, cries Fingerfee, claims more remark,
I never can close my right eye in the dark,
And so watchful I grow, that last night in my house,
I jumpt out of bed from my wife at a mouse.
Derry down.

Cries Isaacs, dear friends, dis don't matter von dam,
You see, my dear brothers, how dirty I am,
'Tis a vonderful ting dat I cant pass a slough,
But I rolls myself in it just like an old sow.
Derry down.

Drink success to the Learned of fam'd Warwick Lane,
Lest they think that their skill by this joke was profane;
Doctors' great hands and eyes are good emblems well taken,
And hogs liver and crow very oft save our bacon.
Derry down.

But returning to the old fat gentleman, you must know that the merry party about him roused him from a sort of lethargy, which the breaking of the spring had thrown him into, and his countenance began to brighten up.—"Ha, ha, ha!" says he, "very droll! very good! very funny! I like

a good joke as well as any body, and I'll amuse you a little as the day-light is coming on, for I'll pull out my book shortly, and if I don't make you laugh heartily at my cross readings say I'm as dull as a post, and so he was, for he no sooner pull'd the book out than he fell into a profound sleep.

But talking of cross-reading, reminds me of a singular character I once met with in the north of England, particularly at York, well known by the name of Fond Barney, who used to gain his bread by the double occupation of calling the prisoners at the Assizes and the horses at the race time; but an additional cup, in which he was very fond of indulging, weakening the little reason he possessed, he used to jumble Judges and Jockeys, horses and prisoners together, making it a jail delivery in order to win a heat, and flogging a horse by order of a bench of Justices; and when he was intoxicated, could not very well recollect what the paper in his hand alluded to, which accounts for the following curious jumble:—Here's the true and particular account of all the running horses, all the running horses—that's now confined in Owsebury Jail, with the names of the horses and the colours of the riders.—Here's the list of all the pris'ners in the castle—with my Lord Judges charge to the Grand Jury—and how they come in these three days. Here's an account of the celebrated horse, Cock-fighter, how he run over the Newmarket course in three minutes and a half—and how he is to be hung in chains on Monday, pursuant to his sentence. Here's an account of the celebrated horse Hambletonian, who beat Diamond over the Newmarket course—with the copy of a letter he wrote his wife the night before his execution.

As we passed along, a mean looking barn met our view, with a temporary staircase leading to a sort of loft, over which was written *Theatre*, and here I understood from the coachman, a company of Comedians had been surprising the natives—and the appearance of this establishment was the cause of changing the conversation entirely to theatricals; so while we were talking of Macklin, Garrick, Weston, Quin, Foot, Ross, and Woodward; a shabby genteel looking man came up and put a written bill into the coach-window with' 'Arrah my masters, won't you come and have a peep at the play to-night—and sure there's a note at the

bottom of the bill, which says, if you can't read it—that I'll be after doing it for you." We perceived in an instant that he was an Hibernian, and well I remembered him—I knew him in Ireland where he was an actor; but on account of his extreme popensity for drinking he was never entrusted with more than a message. He was one day in a public-house enjoying himself, when the prompter's boy brought him a part written as follows:—

Act I.—Scene II.—At "behold he comes—go on to the king, P.S. shake head and come off." The actor thought he could certainly do that, though he should be never so drunk, as there was nothing to say. He attended at the side—heard his cue—then ran on the stage to the king—catched him by the collar—shook the king's head, until his hat and wig fell off, and then retired. The actor following, could not smother his laughter. The prompter abused him for his error, but he conteded he was right according to the words of the part; "for," said he, "as it only expressed *shake head*, I surely had a right to my choice, which head I should make use of."

This turned the jest completely upon Irishmen and Irishisms, in which our former sleepy friend and the fat old gentleman played first fiddle, till we were interrupted by the French gentleman, who declared that he did not think we were so much more great as de Irish, for we never did translate at all vell, but lose, and lose, and turn every thing into nonsense absolute.

I, for civilities sake, gave him his own way, and told him he was perfectly right, and in order to convince him that he was so, I would show him in what manner the French would translate the song of "A cobbler there was and he lived in a Stall" into English, he thanked me most politely, and I proceeded thus:—

A COBLB,ER THERE WAS.

A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlour, house, kitchen, and every
thing else;
Without any money, he did'nt care a farthing,
For he was not very proud, for he kept no servant at all.
Derry down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and the low,
That sport at the peasant, as well as de fine gentleman.
By gar he shot the poor cobbler right through de heart,
I wish in my soul he hit him any where else.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar the archer did play,
Where a beautiful damsel lay fast asleep;
Her eyes were so bright when she got up in de morning,
She shot the poor cobbler on de other side of de way.
Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs, as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a jew or an infidel;
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would flee
Which drove the poor cobbler right to destruction.
Derry down, &c.

So he took every ting up he had in de world,
To make an end of himself he was determined;
He pierced through the body as well as de soul,
So the poor cobbler died, and the bell ring at de church.
Derry down, &c.

So now in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning at this poor cobbler's misfortune,
Keep your hearts out of love, for you see what has happen'd,
Death brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, &c.

Monsieur was in a passion, and said, "Sair, you ridicule de great nation, by your say dat ve do translate bad English into good—you wrong-a-me, and I would challenge you to fight, but vat, I must go see my wife and family, dat are now at Paris; but you stop here till I come back, and I will shoot you dead, bang all to pieces, and not leave no bit of you, dat shall be in one piece at all!"

Luckily this business was put a stop to, for a Yorkshireman saluted the guard of the coach with "I say, Mr.

Guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?"—"How should I know," said the guard: "Well," said he, "I am ganging about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside, if you please, and then I can find him out mysen." On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the person opposite him, and said, "Pray, sir, ayn't you for Lunnun?"—"Yes," said the gentleman. "Pray, sir, ayn't you summut at singing line?"—"What makes you ask?" said the gentleman. "I hope no defence," said he.—"Why, sir, you must know, I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I mean to have a sort of house-warming, and as we are very musical in our parts, I play on fiddle at church mysen, and my brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg, painted, with a piece of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit; and as we have a vast of music meetings, and those sort of things, I should like to open my mill with an oratorio, and wanted to ax you to come and sing at it." He then related a family anecdote:—"You must know, sir, said he, "that my father died all of a sudden like, and never gave any body notice he was going to die, and he left his family in complete *profusion*, and when I found he was dead, and as I was eldest son, I thought I had right to have all the money. I told neighbour so; but he said, that though I was eldest son I had no right to all th' brass; but I said that I was not only eldest, but handsomest into the bargain; for you never seed five such ugly, carroty-headed devils among any litter of pigs as my five brothers and sisters; and as I found they wanted to diddle me out of my *internal* estate, I was determined to take the law at top of the regicides. "And you applied to counsel, no doubt," said the gentleman.—"Na I didn't," said he, "for I don't know him. I went to one lawyer Lattitat, and paid him six and eight-pence all in good half-pence, who wrote me down my *distructions*." The gentleman read his *distructions* as he called them, which ran as follows:—"You must go to the Temple and apply to a civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without a will; that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself; and that you have come to know if you can't be his executor." "Well," said the gentleman, "what did you do?"—"Why, sir," said he, "I went to Temple and knock'd at

door, and the gentleman cum'd out at door himsen; and I said—Pray, sir, arn't you a *silly villain*? and he ax'd me if I war cum'd to insult him; and I said yes, I partly *cum'd* on purpose. I cume to *insult* you to know what I am to do, for my feyther has died *detested* and *against* his *will*, he has left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I've cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*."

As time was flying fast, and every one began to feel a disposition for refreshment, the greatest anxiety prevailed to reach that spot where hot rolls, boiled eggs, beef, ham, tea, coffee, and the &c.'s were upon the table crying come and eat me.

When the coach stopp'd at the inn where we were to breakfast and change horses, a little dialogue passed between the guard and ostler, on the state of the weather; when the guard said, "Well, Dick, how do you get on?" "I don't know," said the ostler, "I'm *tarnation* bad; I'm quite out of all heart about the weather—*tarnation* sight of wet weather we do have in these parts." "Why, I don't suppose you have more than other people." "I don't know how much other people have, but we have a *tarnation* sight here—we never have no fine days, never; I've had a wet jacket every day, I do declare, as I have been changing these horses—we arn't had a fine day this two years; no, I'll take my Bible oath we arn't had a fine day this two years." "Well," said the guard, "can you tell the cause of it?"—"No," said he, "I can't tell, it's as much as I can do to guess; but I recollect hearing a curious thing two gentlemen said on the coach yesterday—I can't rightly tell what it meant, but well know what they said; one was out-side and t'other in-side: so, one said to the other, 'what a *nation* sight of wet weather we do have; I'm quite wet through to the skin, can you tell the cause of it?'—'Yes,' said the other, 'you must know, that the North Pole be broken, and that we have sent out an *exhibition* to mend it; and, until that North Pole be mended, we shan't have any more fine weather, you may depend upon it.'

At this inn I met several of my old friends of Theatrical notoriety, one of whom I will endeavour to introduce to you, whose fame as an actor is for ever stamp'd on the heart and mind of every admirer of the art he so justly has chosen. And believe, diffident as I am in imitating him (if I can at

all do so—and show half the nature he does whenever he is call'd into action) I shall be liberally rewarded for my pains.

IN IMITATION OF A CELEBRATD PERFORMER. (KNIGHT.)

As I wur ganging last Sat'day neet to buy half-a-pound o'bakon, who shou'd I meet but my old sweetheart, Betty Hunt, un she said, "aye, Richard, be that thou," un I said, "ees, sure it be," un she said, "Richard, wudn't thee be ganging to Hickleton Vair at morrow?" and I said, "I nowd'nt not, haply I mought," and Betty la'aught; and I said, "I wou'd," and I did, and I went to Hickleton Vair. And so in the morning I gotten up and putten on my best shoen, cloggen shoen ware out at fashion then, and I went clink ma clank, clink ma clank all t'way to townend, and vurst I seed were Betty standing at her Vather's door, wi' two chaps hanging on either haarm, un I felt all over in sike a conflagration, all ma blood gotten into ma knuckles—oh, I'd a nation good mind to gi'en a bat o' t' chops, for Betty took na notice of me; so I stared at her, but she minded not I—so I nudged her at elbow, un she said, "aye, Richard, be that thou?" and I said, "ees, sure it be;" and she said, "Richard, woudn't the come int' house," and I said "ees, I wou'd," and I did, and I went int' house; and there were a vary many people, vary many indeed, and Betty said, "Richard, wou'dn't thee have a drap o' sum'mat t' drink?" and I said, "ees, I would." and I did, and I had a drap o' summit t' drink, and I la'-af'd, and wur vary merry, vary merry indeed: and Betty said, "Richard, wou'dn't thee sing us a song?" and I said, "ees, I would," and I did, and chaunted a steave—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
But the morn came on as grey as a rat;
The cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
Grunting pigs, too, had left their stye.
Down in a vale,
Carrying a pail,
Cicely was met by her true love Harry;
Vurst they kiss't,
Then shook fist,
And look'd like two fools just going to marry.

Aye, I remember vary weel that wur the vurst song I ever sung Betty Hunt, and she said, "thee'd sing us another song, wou'dn't thee?" and I said, "ees, I wou'd," and I did, and I sang'd another song—aye, I remember vary weel that wur the last song I ever sung poor Betty; un at last I said, "I must be ganging, Betty," and she said, "well, when thee wo't, Richard, when thee wo't;" and I said, "thee'd cum and see ma sum'at way whoam," and she said she would, and she did, and she see'd me a bit'ut way—all the way to townend; and I said Betty, "thee'd gi' us a buss, wou'dn't thee," and she said, ees, she wou'd, and she did, and she giv'd me a buss. "Weel, Betty, thee't let me cum and see thee at morrow nee't," and she said, "an thee wo't, Richard: so I gang mysen whoam and gotten to bed, and went at morrow neet to meet Betty—eight o'clock and na Betty—nine o'clock, ten o'clock and na Betty—eleven, twelve o'clock, and na Betty; so I tho't I'd gang mysen whoam; so in the morning I were told poor Betty wur vary badly, vary badly indeed, and she had sent to see ma; so I went to see poor Betty, and she said, "Richard, if I shou'd dee, thee'd goo to ma burying, wou'dn't thee?" and I said, I now'dnt not, haply I mought, so I said I wou'd, and I did, and I went to her burying, for poor Betty deed; and I ne'er goo through Hickleton churchyard without droping a tear to the memory of poor Betty Hunt.

The breakfast being over, and the horses being once more put-to, we rattled through a town where preparations were being made for the annual fair; this, in the country, is generally a scene of merriment as well as convenience: our Bartholomew fair in London is a scene of merriment, but what can be said for its convenience—at that merry time, when London and its purlieus, high and low, rich and poor, flock away to the carnival at Smithfield; what would a grave German ambassador, or sanctified field preacher say, were he to pass through one of these scenes of riot and confusion, to have his ears saluted with the following variety of sounds:—

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR O!

Come bustle neighbour Sprig,
Buckle on your hat and wig ;
In our Sunday clothes so gaily,
Let us strut up the Old Bailey;
O the Devil take the rain,
We may never go again,
See the shows have begun, O rare, O!

How full's the Fair,—Lord Mayor,
All is flurry,—Hurry skurry,
Girls squalling,—Showmen bawling,
Cats throwing,—Trumpets blowing,
Rattles springing,—Monkies grinning,
Rope dancing,—Horses prancing,
Sausage frying,—Children crying,
Dogs of Knowledge,—Come from College,
Slack wire,—Eating fire,
Learned Pigs,—Rum rigs,
Mutton Pies,—Of pigmy size,
Funny Clowns,—Ups-and-downs
Round-about,—All-out,
What a throng,—Push along,
Just in time,—That's prime !

(*Spoken*)—Valk up, valk up, Ladies and Gentlemen; here is the vonderful birds and beastesses just arrived from Bengal in the Vest Ingies—only look Marm at this here beautiful hanimal, no less than two hundred spots on his body, no two of them his alike, and every one of them his different; it would puzzle any limner or painter to describe this wonderful hanimal :—measures only 12 feet from the snout to the tail, and 15 feet from the tail to the snout;—stir him up with a long pole, keeper.

Hey down, &c, &c.

When the Fair is at the full,
In gallops a mad bull,
Put's the rabble to the rout,
Lets all the Lions out ;

Down falls Mrs. Snip,
With a Monkey on her hip.
We shall all be swallowed up, I declare, O!
Roaring boys,—Gilded Toys,
Lollipops,—Shilling hops,
Tumble in,—Just begin,
Cups and balls,—Wooden walls,
Gin and bitters,—Apple fritters,
Pudding nice,—Penny a slice,
Shins of beef,—Stop thief,
Lost hats,—Squalling brats,
Lost shoes,—Kangaroos,
O Polly,—Where's Molly,
Bow wow,—What a row!

(*Spoken.*)—Here, here, valk up, Ladies and Gentlemen; here is the vonderful Kangaroo just arrived from Bottomly Bay!—Here is the vonderful large monkey that played at leap frog vith the celebrated Muster Barrington. Here's the vonderful Eagle of the Sun, the hotter it is, the higher he flies; there's the vonderful Cow, that can't live alive in the land, and dies in the vater.—I suppose you think that animal alive, but he's no more alive than you.—Walk up and see the wonderful Elephant; this is what the vulgar call a trunk, but what we calls the preposterance.

Hey down, &c.

Now the Beast with hungry tooth,
In anger 'tacks the booth;
Away affrighted run
Birds and Eagles of the Sun;
Down tumbles trot legged Rolla,
Who tipps 'em the hue hollo,
Poor Cora's in the mud, O rare O!

(*Spoken*)—Walk up and see the great Yorkshire Giant who measures seven feet eight inches high—grows three inches every year, and it is supposed he never will come to his full growth.—Walk up and see the Wooden Roscius, the celebrated Mr. Punch; how do you do Mr. Punch?—Hallorbeala, &c. (*imitates Punch.*)

Hey down &c.

MR. MATHEWS'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Mr. Mathews concluded his novel undertaking on the 16th of June, after having for forty nights drawn together more than 60,000 persons, to witness his performance.

After his imitations, Mr. Mathews came forward, and the tumultuous applause with which he was greeted having somewhat subsided, he addressed the audience in the following manner:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I now come to the only painful part of my exertions—that of bidding you farewell. So entirely have the great patent theatres exhausted the language of self-commendation, that they have left me no choice of terms that can express my gratitude for 'overflowing and brilliant audiences;' 'rapturous, unanimous, and unbounded applause;' 'roars of laughter;' 'unqualified approbation;' and 'unprecedented success.' I must therefore content myself with offering in less pompous, but not less sincere, phraseology, the humble tribute of my heartfelt thanks. Accept, Ladies and Gentlemen, this homely but genuine expression of my feelings, and believe that it will be the proudest recollection of my life, that during the course of forty evenings' entertainments, I have been honoured not only with full houses, but also by your approbation and applause. The question, whether I had done wisely in leaving the boards of what are called the regular theatres, and which was some time problematical, is now decided, and I may say (without more vanity than your encouragement will fully justfy) is decided in my favour. I now, therefore, quit the metropolis with the cheering and flattering hope that I shall be again welcomed on my return next spring, with new matter and new subjects for your amusement.

"I am aware, Ladies and Gentlemen, and it is fit you should be aware also, that very serious efforts have been made by the proprietors and managers of the winter theatres to drive me from this asylum; and, as I had declined to eat their bread, for which I had lost all relish, they wished to deprive me of the means of eating any

bread at all, at least, so it appears. At all events, they have certainly envied, and endeavoured to prevent my reaping that plentiful harvest, which has ripened in the sunshine of your favour. But this I beg to state distinctly, that while I am advised that my performances are within the strict letter of the law, no fear shall deter me from proceeding; and that I will resist strenuously and firmly any measures that may be pursued to support an unjust monopoly to my injury; and that I shall double all the energies of my resistance, from the recollection that I am contending in the cause of the public, who ought not to be curtailed of their lawful amusements, or to be told by patentees, 'if you won't come and laugh with us, you shall not go to laugh elsewhere.' That I shall make you laugh again and again, I sincerely hope, and though I must choose a merrier subject than patent theatres and monopoly, I do not doubt that I shall have the cordial satisfaction of meeting again next year as many smiling faces as have graced this theatre for the last forty nights that I have had the honour and happiness of receiving you 'AT HOME.' With feelings of the most heartfelt gratitude, I respectfully take my leave."

TRIP TO PARIS.

INTRODUCTION.

This Entertainment, prepared for public attention, at a period when "France" was all the rage, was sufficient to stamp it a favourite with the public, and amply repaid Mr. Mathews for the trouble he had taken to gratify them.

With the same sort of properties, the table, lamps, piano, and a few trifling necessaries, the performance commenced before a crowded audience, and continued to do so during the time that Mr. Mathews had the honour of opening the Theatre Royal English Opera House, for public patronage and support.

REASONS FOR QUITTING LONDON.

It is the plan of tourists, in general, to arrange their observations on their travels, under the several heads of history, character, religion, politics, law, minerals, fossils, birds, beasts, fish, rivers, nature, plants, amusements, &c. &c. I own I like this, it has an imposing appearance, and has sold many lumbering quartos; and the system is not so much damaged, but it may perhaps also serve me. My visitors may naturally expect to go home something wiser than they came; yet, after all, it is most likely that those I see before me, came more for amusement than instruction; taking this for granted, I shall thin down the list most

amazingly, as I never travelled to find whether a certain inaccessible mountain was a few inches higher, or a few feet lower than is generally believed, or whether a certain earth within four leagues of the kingdom of Quinkham Quankum Quibo, in South America, is of a blueish green, or of a greenish blue ; but, I generally found, that whatever pains were taken to ascertain, it was allowed on all hands to be not worth more than three-pence a cart-load. More humble in my enterprizes, I determined on a TRIP TO PARIS, and shall, therefore, proceed to relate what I gleaned by the way of character and anecdote on my adventures and mis-adventures, that occurred to me personal and impersonal, in the course of my tour, and hope to be able to give an hour or two's amusement to my friends I find here at home :—

Passing along Piccadilly, I saw my old acquaintance Mrs. Dory, the fishmonger's wife, who, with a green flower-pot in her red fist was complimenting divers oysters, muscles, eels, brills, &c. with a refreshing shower-bath. "Good morning, Mrs. Dory ; how goes trade ?"—"Good morning, sir," says she ; "want any fish to-day ?" at the same time catching up a fine large black lobster, by the nape of the neck, to the no small annoyance of a young screaming female passenger. "There, sir, there's a beauty, that's what I call prime."—"Prime, indeed, I should not like to attack his claws, Mrs. Dory."—"Yes, sir, that's a beauty ; that's as fine a lobster as ever flap'd his tail on a slab of marble."—"Is it, Mrs. Dory ?"—"Yes, sir, I begs pardon, but I should think you are not aware of our new honours."—"No, what is it—what has happened since I saw you last ?"—"Why, sir, you must know my husband has been newly knighted, and he is now Sir Dogberry Dory, knight, citizen, and fishmonger ; and I am Lady Dory, sir, at your service."—"Indeed ! I give you joy."—"Yes, sir, I don't know how they did it ; but there was a whole phalanx of them went up from Fishmongers' Hall, to St. James's, and my husband he carried up —— " "What, a sturgeon!"—"No, an address ; and there he was made a *Night* on." "Indeed ! I wish all honours were as meritoriously earned. Well, to speak corrected, how is the knight, is he well ?"—"Yes, sir, charmingly thankee ; he was very well, when I heard from him last."—"Heard

from him last, is he out of town?"—"Bless you, no; he's out of the country, he's gone to Paris, and when he comes back, then I goes, for its all the go, and nobody thinks nothing of any body unless they goes among the Mounseers and larne to Parlivoo a little."

"I have been to Brighton, I have been to Worthing, to Hastings, to Bath, to Bristol, and I don't know where else besides—but I've never been to that dear little France, where they fought the battle of Waterloo, before Bonaparte was sent to Elba—but I will go—that I will—for I very much wants to see foreign outlandish parts, and learn how to gabble French among the Fishmongers. Pray, sir, can you inform me if there is any salt water in France—or, whether Paris is any thing at all like Margate—I suppose, sir, you've been to Margate?"

I replied, "Certainly, madam, I have, and with permission I'll give you a description of my voyage thither:—

SONG.

Standing one summer's day on the tower slip,
  Careless how I my time should employ,
It popp'd in my head that I'd take a trip
  A board of a Margate Hoy.

I took a few slops, such as shirts and a coat,
  For of prog I knew well they'd be stor'd
When I hail'd a pair of oars, shov'd off my boat,
  And away I dash'd a-board.

(Spoken.) Ah, Commodore, who thought of seeing you. "What, Mrs. Garbage, how is the Alderman?"—"There is my husband, sir,"—"Pon my word, and Dickey, I declare. Give me leave, commodore to introduce you to my friends. Mr. Sadrach, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Mr. Shadrach."—"Very much at your sharvice, sir."—Miss Minikin, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Miss Minikin."—"Very happy to have the pleasure of

knowing you, sir."—Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson; Commodore Kelson, Dr. Quibus, Capt Squash, Sir Phelim O'Drogeda."—"Hallo there! Cast off the painter—sit still ladies and gentlemen.

Then off we went with a flowing jibb,
Full of meriment and joy,
The Alderman munching and pratling his rib,
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
On board of a Margate Hoy.

Then such glee and humour, our joy to prolong,
Pervaded us fore and aft;
Some were telling a story, some whistling a song,
As we turned in and out 'mongst the craft;
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
Then how we'd astonish the folks,
When at Margate arrived, then cut out of our way,
To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

"Ho, the ship a-hoy."—"Ay, ay."—"Pray have you one Wiseman aboard.'—"No, no,"—"Then you are all fools, hey." Ha, ha, ha, went Miss Minnikin. "Dat is very coot chokes," said the Jew.—"Why, I say, Moses," said the man that was affronted, "are you a bull or bear, damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey. And you Miss Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your perriwig, and clap a stopper on your muzzle, clue up the plaits in your jaw bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. About ship, Helm's a-lee, here she comes."

So we made t'other tack and lay gunnel-to,
Which soon gave a damp to our joy,
Miss Minnikin squalled, mine cot, cried the Jew,
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
On board of a Margate Hoy.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tatlers not moving so quick,
Scarce right a-head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the Alderman began to be sick:

Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster smack,
  The wind stretching towards the Nore,
Then stretching too far on the larboard tack,
  By and by we came bump ashore.

"Ah we shall all be cast away, my poor dear pattern cap cashed away. What shall I do to be shaved?"—"Why faith," said I, "I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate." "Yes, sir," said the doctor, "not that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose."—"How do you do, Sir Phelim."—"Arrah, I should be well enough if I was not cursedly sick." She rights, she rights.

Next a gale coming on we did preciously kick,
  Which finished completely our joy,
'Twas, madam, how do you do?—Oh I am monstrous sick.
    Sing who so blithe as we,
    Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

And now 'twould have made a philosopher grin,
  To have seen a concourse of nuns,
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
  For it came on to blow great guns:
Spoilt cloathes and provisions, now clogg'd up the way,
  In a dreary boisterous night:
While apparently dead every passenger lay,
  With the sickness, but more with the fright.

(*Spoken*) Oh, oh, I wish I was at home in my bed!"—"Oh that I was a hundred miles off."—"Massby upon my shins!"—"Oh, oh, will nobody throw me overboard."—"Avast there!"—"Ah my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond."—"Oh my soul, what a devil of a sickness."—"Arrah stop the ship—sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup?" Land, land, upon the starboard bow.

At last after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights soon restored all our joy;
The men found their stomachs, the women their clacks,
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

Having thus gratified the old lady with an account of my adventures to Margate, I wished her a good day—hoped her husband might return safe and stroll'd along Piccadilly, in order to find out if any thing fresh was stirring.

I had not walked far before I met an old schoolfellow, whose appearance did not bespeak him in the most exalted state; still he approached me with the greatest familiarity, took me by the hand, and told me he was devilish glad to see me.

"How now, Harry," says I, "Is any thing the matter?"

"Poor! Poor! my dear fellow! very poor!—Can't help it—then I thought I could face any thing, but I can't—I am the most unfortunate dog on the face of the earth—had a good opportunity offered me of entering life and still I am ruined in my hopes—lost for ever—I'll tell you all about it.

"I am naturally of an impudent and brazen disposition, but a considerable portion of my confidence is owing partly, as I conceive, to my associating with fifth-rate actors, who visit the O. P. the Harp, the Coal Hole, and many other places of famous Theatrical resort; yet, notwithstanding these superior advantages, I still find that there's nothing so distressing to a young man, as his first introduction to polished society. I remember well the torments I suffered, the confusion I underwent, the first time I sat at the table of the great; there every question threw me into disorder, and every answer covered me with blushes. Oh! the delight of dining off alamode-beef, in a garret, where, if I accidentally spilt the salt, I care not for the invidious looks of stiff-rump'd Abigails of quality; and if, unexpectedly, my platter falls into my lap, I feel no confusion at the oleaginous moisture that saturates my lower extremities.

"Last summer a cousin of mine, a lady of the most accomplished manners, came to London, at the pressing invitation of several persons of distinction. I escorted her all day about the town, and in the evening attended her to the mansion of Sir Blubber Spindleshanks, at the west end of the metropolis. At her desire, I gave a thundering rap at the door, which was immediately opened by a smart dapper fellow, in a rich livery, who conducted us into the great hall, where there was in waiting five or six more of his party-coloured brethren, who made several low bows as we passed by them. Unused to the formalities of high life, I returned their courtesy with all the civility imaginable, bending my body politely to my knee; but as I was making my last and best bow, the cook unexpectedly crossed the hall behind me, with a large tureen full of soup; and, as my head was bent very much forward, my posteriors gave him such an unlucky drive, as made him measure his length, tureen and all, on the ground. This accident, you may be sure, occasioned a general roar. I stood transfixed, substituting a thousand grimaces for apologies. At length, my cousin, who was confoundedly vexed at the ignorance of my behaviour, took me forcibly by my sleeve, towards the great stair-case, I had not proceeded above half-way, when my ears were saluted with, 'Sir, will you leave your hat in the hall?' To tell you the truth, I was ashamed of my hat, it was so confoundedly shabby, for I have had it three years come next Michaelmas. I thought I should have had an opportunity of putting it unperceived beneath the great dining table. However, as there was no alternative, I gave it him with the like timidity as a person offers a shilling that he knows to be bad. He received it as if the touch was offensive, at the same time giving it a significant twirl, said, he would take *particular* care of it for me. I felt the keenness of the satire, for it is the curse of poverty to be the jest of footmen and chambermaids. I thought I had now fairly got rid of him, but he had another demand to make, which overwhelmed me at once with confusion and blushes —by Saint Paul, he requested my gaiters (alledging it was a dinner party)—my gaiters that covered my darned and dirty stockings, how could I comply! I thought I should have died, and actually should have given up the ghost,

had not my cousin interposed, who, no doubt, suspected the truth, said it was unnecessary, as our visit would not be of long duration. At length our names were announced, and we entered the dining room. There was a large party sitting down to dinner; my cousin went round the most of them with that degree of familiarity, which always accompanies good breeding, and a long acquaintance with the great. For my part, I stood transfixed, like the figure of Procris, in the painted cloth, for there was not the least notice taken of me, till my cousin had paid her round of compliments. When I was asked to sit down, and pick a little bit, I complid with this long wished-for request, and was glad of an opportunity to hide my gaiters, and satisfy my ravenous appetite. I therefore took my seat between Sir Blubber Spindleshanks and his lady, who kindly helped me to a leg of goose, and asked me if it was to my palate. I did not like to say no; but to tell you the truth, I'd as leave be d——d as pick a bone in company. However, I fell-to with a very good appetite; but, as I was cutting a nice bit of brown, which I am remarkably fond of, at the extremity of the bone, my fork gave it an unlucky twist, right into the boot of Sir Blubber Spindleshanks, and the contents of my plate into the lap of his lady; that could I have found an opportunity, I would have rush'd out of the room with pleasure, for I was petrified at this unexpected disaster. The whole company was in confusion. Sir Blubber was amazed—his lady almost in a swoon at spoiling her dress, because nobody had a pattern like it; and my cousin was shocked at the stolidity of my behaviour. After the first tumult my awkwardness had thrown the company into had subsided, they enquired, and hoped Sir Blubber and his lady were not hurt? "Oh no?" said Spindleshanks, who was a very fat man, with thin legs; indeed, they resembled two straws dangling about in a chimney pot. "Hurt! by no means: though I have got all in my boot."—"Have you," rejoined his lady; "then it will help to fill out your calves, you know. Besides, my dear, you wanted a leg." This well timed raillery restored good humour to the company; and I was very likely to finish my meal very agreeably had not the devil, on purpose to torment, given me a most excruciating pain in my bowels,

which caused me to leave the room under the most disagreeable circumstances—resolving never to enter high life again. But, my dear friend, having a little money left, I am resolved to visit France."

I asked him what he meant to do there?

"Do there?—Why, polished society here will not acknowledge me because I have nothing French about me, I shall therefore get an order for one of the steam packets from one of my friends—go to Margate—from Margate to Dover; and from Dover I'll sail to France, visit Paris and then return to surprise the natives of my own country, good morning! good morning!"

When he had left me—I met a noble lord, who invited me to dine with him at his house in Grosvenor square, where I met his amiable wife, the lady Elinor—the principal topic was upon travelling, and the point "France! France! France!" nothing but France—Dover and Calais were repeated a thousand times over, and from the Drawing-room to the cobbler's stall, Paris, lovely Paris, seemed to be considered as the metropolis of the world.

SONG.

Where shall we go for the season, Lady Elinor!
Pray now, do decide, for really I don't know;
Babs all for Brighton, but that, as I've been telling her,
Brighton, tho' so high, is now exceeding low:
Margate and Ramsgate are full of the city folk,
Hastings and Rye are getting quite as bad:
Weymouth and Scarboro' are guzzl'd by the witty folks,
Go where we will the vulgar drives us mad.

(*Spoken*) "O, shocking! I wish my lord, you would bring in a bill."—"Bring in a bill my lady, for what?"—"To prevent the vulgar from following us every where; it really is quite intolerable; its very hard they will intrude, it almost drives one mad; we shall not have a place shorty, to hide our heads in; yet I always contrive not to leave town for the summer season, until the winter sets in.—I've an uncommon good idea."—"What is it?"—"To spend the summer months at Birmingham."—"What do you think of Harrowgate."—"O shocking! last season I was almost elbow'd out of the room by Sir Jeremy Treacle

and his fat wife."—"Cheltenham?"—"Worse! it's always full, and nobody there."—"Brighton?"—"Oh, horrid! I decidedly object to Brighton; you might almost as well be at Bagnigge Wells on a Sunday."—"Aye, I recollect when I was a young man, Brighton used to be about seventy miles from town; but now, what with the plaguy short cuts, and modern improvements, it is now about fifty-four."—"Well, then, suppose we all go to Paris."—"Pray, Sir Larry, can you tell me how far it is from the coast to the capital?"—"No, upon my conscience, that I cannot; you might as well ask me how far it is from the capital to the coast."—"O! you creature, you know you can, you have been there you know."—"Yes, madam, that was before the revolution, and I am told things are plaguily altered since."—"But you can't speak the language."—"O, leave me alone for that, I have two bows to my string: I'll try 'em with Irish."—"You had better try them with Spanish; that, all ranks comprehend."

Hey, then away, for Paris is the only place,
This very day with spirits light and gay.

Where shall we go for the season, Sir Jeremy?
Alderman Crump, I see, is setting off for Rye;
So, if you think across the Thames to ferry me,
I vow and declare that at Cripplegate I'll die;
Surely the villa at Putney does well I *wow;*
Yes, once on a time, but now you are a knight,
If that's the case, the villa I'll sell I *wow*,
Margate, indeed! you'll kill me with affright.

(*Spoken.*)—"Margate, indeed! I wonder you have not more regard for one's quality than mixing and associating with the sparrowgrasses and such low people."—"Why, my lady, you used to be very fond of Margate."—"Yes, Sir Jeremy, that was before you was made a knight of."—"Good morning, Lady Shortdip." "I *takes* this here *wisit wery* kind of you, *wery* kind indeed; and how is Sir Christopher, now he is one of us nobility?"—"He's very well, thankee, but he don't go out to-day; this is melting day, and the knight's up to his elbows in tallow."—"Indeed, then all the lights he makes now will be *night* lights, I suppose."—"What do you think of

Margate, Lady Shortdip?"—"Now, what's the use of teasing about our family affairs."—"Why, I was going to Hastings, but I understands your friend Mrs. Maggotts is there."—"My friend! she's no friend of mine; we do condescend to *sarve* them with grocery, but we don't wisit, I can assure you. No! no! her husband's a rank *demagog*, and now I am a man of title, of course I am an *aristagog*." "The Duchess of Trumps is at the Isle of White."—"Indeed! then she is the only one of us that is there, for we are all gone to Paris."—"What's the use of going to Paris, spending a mint of money; besides, we don't understand their lingo."—"But we can have Dick home from school to interpret for us."—"Aye; but what's to be seen there, ay?"—"Why, there's the King and Mounseer, and the Duchess of Angoulemme, and the goblins and gullotine, and grapes for a penny a pound, and champagne instead of small beer."—"Indeed, is there, why,

Hey, then away, for Paris is the only place,
This very day with spirits light and gay."

"Where shall we go for the season, Mr. Sparrowgrass,
This is the season for getting out of town;"—
"Hampstead my dear, to see your Uncle Narrowgrass,
Inside the stage, you're there for half-a-crown,"—
"Hampstead, indeed! there's Mrs. Crisps the Baker's wife,
Goes every year a dipping in the sea;
Even Mrs. Muxe the vulgar Undertaker's wife,
All go a pleasuring but me."

(*Spoken*)—"I wish you'd mind your business, and go on shelling the peas, we have no time for pleasure."—"We might go out sometimes, I think, as well as one's betters." "Go on shelling the peas, I tell you, and let your betters alone."—"O, What you throw that in my dish, do you; but you want me to be as vulgar as Mrs. Grits, that low-life woman, that keeps the chandler's shop next door."—"Nice French beans, ma'am; talking of French beans ma'am, are you going to France?"—"Mind the shop, I tell you, and perhaps at the end of the season we may have a sail up the river to Gravesend."—"I think I see myself sailing to Gravesend when every-body's going to Paris."—"Mind

the shop, I say."—"Very well, them peas are eighteen pence a peck, ma'am."—"You might get there for a little more, and as we are yearning a good livelihood—no salary to-day ma'am—and as we are getting up in the world—fine season for mushrooms, ma'am—but you have no *pluck*—try those kidneys ma'am—or you'd get knighted like your friend Sir Jeremy Treacle, and make a lady on me."—"That's no such easy matter, I can tell you."—"How do you do, Mrs. Button, pray are you going to France?"—"No, I'm going to Paris!"—"Aye! I wish you'd go."—"I should forget all my English in a week."—"Should you, I am sure that's a very desirable object."—"Here, Bill, go and book two places, your mother says she shall forget her English."

Hey then, away, for Paris is the only place,
This very day, with spirits light and gay.

Passing along the Strand, I found the same rage every where. At the corner of a street a yelling Ballad Singer, and his infant pupil, were characteristically and vociferously chaunting the following ditty:—

[*Sung in imitation of a male and female street singer.*

City dames the rage inflames,
They know how to time it;
Mrs. Sims is full of whims,
And hates our foggy climate.
Mrs. Grill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her,
Unless she sees the *Tullerees*,
And waddles through the *Louver*.
For London now is out of town,
Who in England tarries;
Who can bear to linger there,
When all the world's at Paris.

Shortly afterwards I met my tailor's journeyman—"What's the reason, Mr. Snip, your master has'nt sent home my Cossac trowsers?—"Not at home, sir, send them home the moment he returns."—"What's he out—at Merchant

Tailors' Hall, I suppose?—"No sir, he's gone to Paris." "Mr. Heelpiece, why are my boots not sent home?"—"Sir, master's gone to Paris."—"Mrs. Strap, your husband did'nt call to turn my hair this morning?"—"My husband, sir, is gone to Paris." Alarmed at this general migration, and the appearance of new faces in every direction, I turn'd into Exeter Change, hoping to see some of my old friends, but the mania had also extended here; and as I glanced right and left new faces were ranged in every compartment, a whole army of substitutes were ranged in order over waiters' trays, tea-caddies, ribbons, whips, spurs, razors, spectacles, pincushions, gaiters, true lovers' knots, buttons, toys, &c. &c. &c. even the very beef-eater, that used to invite the passers by, with "*Valk up ladies and gemmen, and see the beastesses,*" even he was expatriated, and a new stentor occupied his cap and halbert, and I verily believe, if I had walked up stairs and enquired for any of the said *beastesses,* I should have been told that the Lions and Kangaroos were dancing a Quadrille at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Elephant dancing the tight rope at Paris; so passing through the gate I hailed a coach, and was accosted with "*here we are, all ready, this way your honour, No. 745, pull up here, Bill, it's all right, the gemman's waiting: this way your honour.*" "Oh, Waterman!" "Sir," "Allow me to ask you a question?" "Yes, certainly, sir, what is it?" "Eh! pray waterman, do you love *etymologists*?" "Can't say I ever eat any, sir." "I believe you do not exactly understand me; because if you are not fond of Etymologists, I am: Pray can you tell me the reason why they call you Waterman?"—"The very question I axed Joe Atkins last Thursday was a week, at the Blue Lasts. Joe, says I, can you tell me what's the reason they calls us *Vatermen!*"—"Vhy, you fool, says he, it's because we opens the coach doors."—"Aye, says I, I confess that never struck me before."

Shortly afterwards I met a friend, who immediately asked me if I had been to Paris—"No," I replied,—"No, really."—"Really, why dont you go?"—"I dont know, "Your friends won't speak to you."—"Won't they?"—"They'll all cut you."—"Will they?"—"You can get there in four days."—"Can I?"—"You might do it in

three. —' Might I ?"—" You would be delighted!"—" Should I ?"—" You could make something of it."—" Could I ?"—" You should go."—" Should I ?"—" You ought to go."—" Ought I."—" Why then if I might, could, should, and ought, I shall set off immediately."

SONG.

Come don't be so silly,
Ascend the French Dilly,
Black Bear Piccadilly,
The weather is bright;
Cut, stop, and turn over,
The Packet from Dover,
Will scud with you over,
Before it is light.
Old age and phthisiness,
All folks cut business,
They presto for Paris
As other folks do.

When they're at their fooleries,
Visit the Thulleries,
Other tomfooleries,
And such things are there.
The Hottentot farmer,
The hog in gold armor,
The coffee-house charmer,
The coach drawn by fleas;
And while with both sockets,
You gaze at the rockets,
Take care of your pockets,
As other folks do.

Of France, brag eternal,
Call England infernal,
Then publish your journal
A quarto of prate.
With these sort of touches,
I cry'd to the duchess,
The mania much is,
The fashion of late.

When the French cry to you,
Payez, vite, vite mon dieu,
Why then answer with poo,
As other folks do.

And when a stage goddess,
Assumes hat or boddice,
Whose shape you think oddish.
Show what Briton dares.
Before the whole theatre,
Instantly be at her,
Commenting on her,
Loud as the players.
Ye gigs, I'll quiz at her,
I've paid to stare at her,
And damme I'll chatter
As other Johns do.

When poor as old Homer,
The rhino won't flow more,
And Henry Hase no more,
Promise to pay.
Then home melancholy
Succeeds former folly.
With beef steak at Dolly,
This is the way.
With face rather paler,
Ye cynical railor,
Sneak back to Long Acre,
And tick with your tailor,
As other folks do.

What can carry everybody to Paris? Is it curiosity?—No.—Is it fashion?—That certainly draws the unfashionable part of the visitors; but what can be the motive that draws the motley group to Paris—the Peer from St. James's and the Gingerbread-baker from St. Giles's, wafts them across the channel, and lands them safe in the gardens of the Thulleries, where they alight and stare at each other as if they had both dropped from the clouds! I thought I had solved this question, when a train of thoughts carried me to Margate. Margate! 'how are

the mighty fallen?' Formerly all was rank and fashion at Margate—once the favourite resort of the Bon Ton—until in an evil hour Sir Simon Sugarloaf, the rich grocer, determined on a trip to Margate, to forsake his rural retreat at Hackney, and take a trip to the Isle of Thanet. Sir Simon and Lady Sugarloaf at Margate, they were followed by Mr. Deputy Marrowfat, and his fat fubsy wife; the consequence is, the stars and garters, mixing with vulgarity, find it a bore, evacuate the town, make an orderly retreat, leave the colony to the new settlers, and take possession of Ramsgate. Lord Hildebrand Dablincourt, a nobleman, who bears in his veins the identical blood that came over with the conqueror, being obliged to mix with vulgarity, whose blood was not older than the wine in his cellar, and consequently not worth more than one penny per gallon, summonses a council of Peers, and Margate is voted low, vulgar, and plebeian, and scouted accordingly by all the stars and garters, who leave it in disgust. The consequence is, the next season the society you meet at Margate resembles very much the society you left behind you at Billingsgate; they go from Margate to Ramsgate, from Ramsgate to Tunbridge, from Tunbridge to Harrowgate, from Harrowgate to Cheltenham, from Cheltenham to Brighton; thus they follow in regular sequence, each class following the class above it, until they have run through all the towns that are coastwise—each low life class endeavouring to mix with the high life class above it, and each high life class endeavouring to avoid the low life class below it. At last; What is low life and vulgarity, and where does it exist? For instance, Lord Slangtown, who drives his own coachman, calls Mr. Steady, the rich grocer, low life, because he lets his coachman drive him. Steady, calls Jenkins, of Swallow-street, low life, because he *retails* grocery. Jenkins of Swallow-street, calls Clipall, the tailor, low life; who calls Serge, of Seven-dials, whom he patronizes for silks, needles, tapes, buckram, &c. low life. Thus we see that however low a man may be, he lays the standard of low life at a degree or two still lower than himself. At St. James's, low life is in Mincing-lane; in Mincing-lane, at Clare-market; in Clare-market, at St. Giles's; and at St. Giles's they will send you still farther. I remember an anecdote of the late celebrated Jonas Hanway, who

addressed a little sooty-faced fellow, who had been sweeping his chimney one morning, with—"Harkee, my little lad, what would you say if I was to give you a nice bob-wig to wear on May-day?" "O, sir (says young soot-O), we never goes out on May-day."—"No! why not?"—"Why, master says it is so low life!"—And I myself once recollect hearing a brewer's dray-man say to a coal-heaver —"Come, Dick, come away; we can't sit here drinking with such a low life fellow as a dustman."

Thus every person considers his consequence in Society, and imagines himself as good if not better than his neighbour—therefore if Mrs. A. thought it fashionable to be sent to Botany Bay, Mrs. B. wouldn't be satisfied unless she was transported.

Finding that all the world was going to Paris, I thought it a sufficient reason that I should go; and as I wished to escape that horrid bore of being quizz'd as the only one of my acquaintance who had not been there, and wishing at the same time to please all parties, I determined upon proceeding immediately. Like Sterne, I look'd at the sleeve of my coat, and pronounced it good enough for my journey; *like* Sterne, I put up a couple of shirts into my portmanteau, but as I determined my journey should be any thing but a sentimental one, *unlike* Sterne I left my black silk breeches behind me—book'd myself in the Dover Mail, and at the very witching time of night, I found myself properly equipped and ready for exportation in the Angel-Inn yard, at the back of St. Clements. A mail-coach, —but as every body knows what a mail-coach is, and, as the Dover Mail differs not from any other, except in the road it happens to take, I shall pass it over as a matter irrevelant to, unconnected with, and uncall'd for by, the matter in question.

The *four* horses being *too*, and the porters having stamp'd and strapp'd the regular quarter of an hour's load, which is done, I suppose, to prepare those who have the hardihood to sit it out, for a sea-sickness, I determined on taking my place. Sleep, great nature's second course, balm of hurt minds, &c. &c.—but our immortal bard has lavished such high encomiums on sleep, that I should be almost afraid to mention one of the great inconveniences attending it, but

that it has escaped the observation of that great observer of nature, as well as our poets in general, not one of which have touched upon it, I shall therefore venture to make one remark. Sleep, then, is a mortal foe to conversation: this is a great blemish to your lovers of small talk: once delivered over to the arms of Morpheus, and conversation is at an end. This, it must be allowed, is a terrible drawback to all its other merits; for I will contend, that the nonsense uttered by some people in their sleep, is no more to be considered as conversation, than the nonsense uttered by some people when awake: as I always find it difficult to sleep in a mail coach, I make it a rule to keep all my companions awake by talking; as conversation is certainly considered a more rational amusement than sleep, particularly by those who cannot sleep.

On stepping into the coach, I was surprised at not meeting with the usual salutations—all as still as midnight; I therefore concluded I was the only inhabitant; conceive then my horror at passing the night alone, and without conversation. I soon, however, discovered I had fellow passengers, all of whom, unmindful of the cracking of the wheels, and the guard's horn at starting, "*death to my hopes,*" were sound asleep. As I found all means to awaken them ineffectual, I determined to sleep the greater part of the journey; and as I kept my promise, it is not to be expected I can repeat any thing that happened, until we came within a mile of Dover, when I awakened, and was complimented on my sleeping so well; "Never saw any one sleep so charmingly. I had been fast asleep all the morning." This certainly came with a singularly good grace from those who had been asleep all the night. "Very fine morning, I had lost a great deal: couldn't tell what I'd lost." At last I was accosted by an old gentleman who sat rubbing his eyes in the opposite corner of the coach.—"Good morning, sir; going to Paris?—So are we; wife and *daater*, here they be, sir; *daater* speaks French!"—"Is it possible!"—"Yes, sir, she speaks astonishing."—"Astonishing I dare say."—"Yes, she learnt it of a German, that learnt it at Dunkirk; talk Polly, talk; ax the gentleman if he's going to Paris, in proper French?"—"La, Pa, don't be so disagreeable, how can you be so."—

"Talk I say, talk, Polly, what's the use of my laying out sich a sight of money in your hedication if you won't show it; talk, Polly—talk, I insist upon it:"—"La, Pa! how you go on."—"Talk I say?"—"*Only vous poor Parie*, mounseer."—"There, sir, that's what I call French; that'll do I think."—"Yes, sir, she'll astonish the *natives!*"—"I think so too."—"Aye, sir, she speaks it *mathematically!*"—"La, Pa, you do go on, *gramatically* you mean."—"Well, what then, *gramatically* or *mathematically*, it's all one 'ant it, sir?"—"Precisely, sir," I replied, "in the present instance."—"Pray, sir," says his fat wife from the other side of the coach, "is the sea-bathing good at Paris?"—"La, Ma! how you talk; mother will be always showing her ignorance; there's no sea-bathing there; why don't you know all the *jography* books tells you Paris is in land!"—"There now you will be talking and exposing yourself when there's no occasion, you always will, you know."—"Why there is but one river at Paris, and that is called the Louver."

The coachman and guard here informed us we had arrived at the Ship Inn at Dover, where, on alighting, I was immediately surrounded by the usual hosts of supplicants, with "Going across, your honour?"—"Going over, sir?"—Keep back. "Here's the Pretty Peggy, sir, sails to-morrow."—"Here's Thomas and Sally, sir, sails to-day."—"Dover Lass, sir, the prettiest vessel in the service," I was here accosted by a Frenchman. "Sare, if you sall go widg dat man, you sall be drowned in de sea; if you go widg me in my ship you sall get to Paris before nothing at all." "What is the name of your vessel, monsieur?"—"*La Maitresse de la Terre:* dat is in Englise, de, de, de *Terrente of de Mistress.*"—"Well, I shall go with you, monsieur."—"Hold your jabber, mounseer, what's the use of deceiving the gentleman: you know you can't sail to-day, the wind's slap in your teeth."—"*Mauvais sujet*—de wind in my teeth. Ha! ha! I am Frenchman: my vessel no care for de wind." Considering the quarrelsome rabble that surround you, I escaped tolerably well, with the loss of only one skirt of my coat, and three breast buttons, received one blow on the back from the "Dover Lass," another on the head from "Thomas and Sally," which I was assured was meant for "Pretty Peggy." The

vessel being on the point of sailing, I was summoned on board, and now the thought of quitting one's native shore for the first time, to wander on a foreign strand, to take a voyage to sea, a voyage of twenty miles, as far as the eye can carry you, it raises our mind above common prose, and elevates us at once to the seventh heaven of poetry. I shall therefore invoke the tuneful nine in strains worthy of the occasion—mount my Pegasus, and proceed—

SONG.

WHO'S FOR CALAIS.

Who's for Calais, the packets just starting, now,
  Come be brisk or you'll all be too late;
Pray make haste, there is no time for parting, now,
  Jump on board or you'll all be too late.
With hearts light and merry, the wind and tides ready,
  Both high and low, belle and beau, off they all go;
It's only like crossing at Twickenham ferry,
  Is the passage from Dover to Calais I vow.

(*Spoken*) Calais, a-hoy! who's for Calais?—Now, sir, if you meau to go you must come, for were off like a shot. "Well I'll be shot then if I shall have time to get my lunch." "Never mind your lunch, sir, you'll soon forget it;"—"Oh, I hope there's no fear, captain?"—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not the least danger."—(*Old woman*)—"Law, if the captain shouldn't know his way, we shall all be lost and drown'd to a dead certainty"—(*conceitedly*) "Pray, captain, how's the wind?"—"Pretty well, sir, I thank you, how are you?"—"Hollo! stand clear there, I want to make a tack."—"I hope, sir, you'll make no a-tack while the ladies are on board."—"I say, Daddy, is the vater always salt ven its in the sea you know—aye, daddy?"—"La! what a pretty innocent remark now."—"There, there, the captain's going the wrong way; don't you see we are all a-going backwards."—"Well, you needn't mind, sir, you're forward enough, I'm sure."—"What makes you think so, Mr. Sharp-shins?"—"Why, you're half-seas over already, sir."—"Lord, Pa! look at that there funny!"—"It's a

werry, my dear!"—"Well, come, that's werry funny."—"Excuse me, sir, that's bad—you'll never make a pun-stir.

It's only like crossing at Twickenham ferry,
Is the passage from Dover to Calais I vow.

At length our sea-breezes beginning to quicken,
Our cocknies were instantly seized with dismay;
The ladies poor creatures began now to sicken,
O dear Mr. Captain, go back again pray;
I feel uncommon queer—I shall be ill I fear,
Oh what a qualm my dear, hold up your head;
I'll take care not to come more in salt water here,
Oh that I once more was safe in my bed.

(*Spoken.*)—"Oh my dear Jim, do come and hold up my head; oh I am so bad."—"Serve you right, you would come a pleasuring; now you've got plenty of it, you see."—"Dash my vigs! if ever I was in such a woeful plight as this, since my name was Theophilus Twizzle; I'll take care never to leave Mutton-hill, and go to France by water again, I'll go all the vay by dry land the next time"—(*A Dandy speaks*)—"Bless me, what a singular sensation! Oh, oh! I'm dreadfully apprehensive I shall be violently sick, captain."—"Oh, very well, sir;—here, Tom, bring over a pail, and a mop for the gentleman."—"A pail and a mop!—Oh, horrid idea! What now would any of their ladyships think to see me in such an odious ungenteel situation."—"I say, Twizzle, do you twig the Dandy there?"—"Oh dear yes, sir, and I dare say he twigs me too."—"Why, aye, you seem to be hard at it there, aye."—"Oh sir! I'm going down every moment."—"Can I bring any thing up for you, sir?"—"Molly! Molly! where's my servant?—Oh, I'm dying!"—"Well, so am I, ma'am, and I can't come."—"Well I'm sure, there's impudence!—How dare you be sick, Molly, when I want you?"—"Ay, lassie, take awa your head, you're casting up your accounts in my pocket here, among my provision."—"Oh confound it! shall I never get rid of this detestable pail again?"—(*old woman*)—"Here, Mary, pray bring me the brandy bottle,

oh, I'm going to go."—"Hollo! look out—there's a wale afloat!"—"Where, where! I'd give a hundred guineas to see a whale."—"Oh, it's a wile mispronouncement—sir, its only my wife's veil here, that's all."—"Oh, is that all—ha, ha, ha!"

It's only like crossing at Twickenham ferry,
Is the passage from Dover to Calais I vow.

The pier now of Calais in sight just appearing,
Began all our company's spirits to cheer;
They thought no more dangers were now to be fearing,
But soon found they had to encounter one near,
For the tide it was very low, here was a pretty go;
Dear Mr. Captain, oh pray gain the pier,
For how can we get to shore, through all this mud, you know,
Oh that I ever left town to come here.

(Spoken)—Dear me, captain, can't you possibly make the pier of Calais, and land us there?—"Why yes, sir, and possibly I can run foul of the bar too."—"Oh then, by all means bar that, sir."—"Well, but how the deuce is my wife and young one to get ashore here?"—"Why, you must first go over that ere board, sir;"—"La, daddy! vy it is'nt broader than a three-penny ribbond." "Oh my good gracious! I'm as giddy as a goose." "Then I'd have you take care ma'am you do'nt make a duck of it."—"Now who's made that villainous pun at this time of danger? They ought to be sent to the Poultry Compter for it."—"I say, Bob, do you twig that fat lady on the two fellows' backs, there, wading through the mud?—There's a pair of legs!"—"Legs! mill-posts, you mean.—Well, at all events, she don't stand upon trifles, it seems."—"Dash my vig! vat a posse of vomen in the vater there; vell, I vonder now if they are a specimen of the French ladies now—Oh, my heart alive! there's the dandy gentleman slipped off the board, and stuck up to his knees in the mud there."—"Here, captain! captain! will nobody assist me out of this dreadful dilemma! here's a horrid place I'm in! Oh, I cant possibly survive it."—"Here, tip us your hand, sir—now for it—there you are, you see."

—" Aye! but where are my pumps? where are both my pumps?"—" Oh, never mind your pumps lad: dinna you see, you've a nice pair of high boots there in exchange—ha, ha, ha!"

> Oh, it's only like crossing at Twickenham ferry,
> Is the passage from Dover to Calais I vow.

Behold me now, safe landed on the pier at Calais—surrounded by a host of supplicants; but I must do them the justice to say, much more polite than my friends I left behind on the other side the water; for the moment I signified to them that I declined their services, they offered me free passage, and permitted me to retain the remainder of my coat, and as many buttons as I had been able to bring over with me. " Hotel Meuria, monsieur." " Hotel D'Angleterre." " Lion D'Argent, monsieur."—" Please to whaut de little boy to carry your box, sare?" " Permittez moi de porter votre portmanteau, monsieur." " Ah, ah, monsieur—you wante de barbiere, de perriquiere, to curle de hair, to frizze de *tale*."—" Ah, monsieur, avec vous besoin d'un taileure—to make de habit—de coat of de first fashion, mi lor!" " No—no—messieurs, sorry I am not able to enjoy your civil attentions. I have fixed on my hotel—I don't want a coat, and monsieur perriquiere, I have not a tail—I have the honour to be a crop, and can therefore dispense with your service." I was here accosted by a civil decently dressed man, who wished to have the supreme felicity of carrying my portmanteau, and the inexpressible delight of seeing it safe through the Custom House—I made him a very low bow, and confessed myself much obliged—I immediately addressed myself to a very respectable officer-like person, habited in green uniform, with a sword by his side, and inquired who that civil gentleman was—" Monsieur le commissaire"—was his reply. Commissioner! I immediately thought of the various functionaries we have of that name, on my own side of the water—such as commssioner of excise, commissioner of customs—commissioner of taxes—not one of which I could suppose him to be; and while I was wondering on crossing the grand place, a little ragged boy, in a blue jacket, with his hair powdered, and a large cocked

hat on, came running, and exclaimed—" Ah, monsieur, le " commissaire—le commissaire—le commissaire!"—" Oh," says I, somewhat surprized, " are you a commissaire too!" " Oui—oui—oui—oui, monsieur." And I had yet to learn that commissaire meant nothing more in all the world than an errand boy,—indeed it is not at all uncommon for the French to bestow grand names on the most trifling avocations.

There is one thing, which I cannot help expressing my surprize at, and which indeed strikes every traveller, on his landing in France, with a momentary astonishment; a circumstance in itself so perfectly natural, yet the effect on the ear is so odd and ludicrous, so perfectly outre, that I never yet met any one who did not wonder, or any one who did not like to impeach his own good sense by confessing he had; it is hearing little children speak French so very well; but that they should speak their own language correctly is not to be wondered at. Wonder, as defined by Dr. Johnson, is the effect of novelty on ignorance, and whatever odium it may cast upon me, I still go on wondering, and who does not wonder at a French diligence rolling down the narrow streets, and looking like one quarter of the town upon wheels. O, sacra! smack! crack! clitter clatter! depechez! donc! and the number of discordant sounds issuing from it, drawn by five ragged, stupid-looking horses, scattered about at a most unsociable distance,—all pulling different ways as if unsettled as to their point of destination, fixed by ropes and chains, like a drove of oxen; it moves slowly and laboriously on four large waggon wheels—inside of this moving penitentiary, are six, seven, and sometmes nine of our suffering fellow creatures: in the front of this is the cabriolet, something like our covered tax-cart, with two more victims, and the conducteaur in a green jacket and fur cap, whose province it is to feed the horses, take care of the luggage, pay the postillions, and dine with his unhappy prisoners. Why this dashing set out, this notable machine, was called the diligence, I cannot guess, unless it be that it travels at the wondrous pace of four miles an hour—it is the wonder of every traveller, and excites the wonder of a Frenchman, but his wonder is excited at the surprizing perfection travelling is brought to in " de Grand Nation." One of

them said to me—" Monsieur, le diligence ne s'en reverse jamais !" The diligence is never overturned, " No more is the York *waggon !*" said I —But as I shall have occasion, in the course of the evening, to give occular demonstration of this amazing machine, I shall say no more on the subject at pretent. Alarmed at this mode of travelling through the country, I determined to travel post; by the bye, travelling post in France, means, that you go five miles an hour instead of four, and by this conveyance, I arrived at Boulogne. The inhabitants of Boulogne are a very civil, good sort of people, to whom the English confess themselves *very much indebted.* From Boulogne I proceeded to Nampont; from Nampont to Montrieulle. I must not pass over Nampont—Sterne's Nampont, a little dirty town, which is much more indebted for its celebrity to one dead ass, than many cities are for thousands of living ones. At Abbeville I resolved to pass the night: on entering the public room I perceived two persons at the farther end quarrelling. These were Mr. Rogers, a countryman of my own, in a sickly state of health, and was travelling to Calais by easy stages, who was advised by his physicians by all means to avoid all quarrels, and causes of irritation; the other was Mons. Denise, who, out of pure friendship, had accompanied him all the way from Paris, and was to return the next day to deliver a course of lectures on England and its language. They had a sincere regard for each other, and the only cause of disagreement between them was, Mr. Rogers's entire disregard of the French language. Denise, whose idea of the French pronunciation led him continually to correct the errors of his friend; and as he was continually at it, it had become a regular system. Mr. Rogers, from his bad state of health, was so little able to bear an irritation of temper, or, as we say, a wearing of the spirits, that it had come to an open rupture; and as I entered the room, they were just upon the point of reconciliation, after a suitable concession on the part of Mons. Denise. As I entered the room, Rogers had given him his hand, and was addressing him thus—" There! its all over now —don't be at it any more—never mind—what does it matter now, whether I say—u, or eu?—How can you do so! why do you perpetually torment me with—u and e-se"

"Mais, Monsieur *Rogere*, my dear frien, Mons. Rogere, voulez vous avoir la delicatisse de Parler comme il faut—dites ens, pas-use, la delicatisse."—"Delicate fiddlestick! now how can you expect me to go about all day twisting my mouth up as if I was blowing in a fife? You'll be the death of me, with your infernal ouse and eas. Now do drop the subject!"—The conversation continued about an hour, during which time Mr. Rogers barbarously murdered several French words. Denise sat riding on his chair, with most heroic fortitude, suppressing his critical propensities; at last, Mr. Rogers had occasion to mention a person who was well known, which he pronouced Cano, at which Denise rising from the chair, "Oh sacra! I bear great deal, but dat is too much. Oh, my dear frien, Mons. Rogere, I promise not to correct you any more, you say Cano.—Ah voulez vous, you should say *Bien Cannue*, enf, e-n-f—enf. Mousieur *Rogere*, dat is forty-eight mistakes you make since you leave Paris." "Devil take it! there you are at it again! you are determined to be the death of me; and if you come to that you should'nt call me Rogere, when my name is Rogers." Denise drew a paper from his pocket, and began to enumerate and expatiate on the enormity of the other forty-seven. Rogers, gaining strength from despair, seized a candlestick in one hand and his friend's hand in the other, saying—"Aye, I see you are bent upon killing me—good night, I'm going to bed;—you'll be on your journey back to Paris in the morning before I rise; good bye, we shall not see each other for a long time again; perhaps never. Let's part friends, good night!"—"Ah, Monsieur Rogers, my dear frien, *bon voyage*, Monsieur, adieu Monsieur *Rogere*." "ADIU DENIS!" replied Rogers, and immediately left the room. Denise, at this pronunciation, walked backwards and forwards, groaning most piteously, exclaiming, "*O sacra nom de Dieu!*" On enquiring for a bed, I was informed the only one to spare was in a double-bedded room, occupied by my countryman, Rogers. There was no alternative, and I was obliged to accept it. About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the door. "Who is there?"—"Pardonnez moi, Messieurs!—Ah, ah! Monsieur Rogere! (*knocking*). "Who's there?—what do you want?"

"It is not you I want, Sare, go to your sleep. Go to your sleep, Sare, it is my friend Monsieur Rogere I want. Where de Devil shall I find him? it is as dark as de pitch." *(still knocking.)* "Your friend, Mr. Rogers, is in this room, shall I wake him?" "No, Sare, do not give yourself de trouble to wake, I shall wake him myself. *(still knocking.)* Go to your sleep: I have wake seven gentlemen this night, not one of which shall be him." At this Rogers got out of bed and opened the door, saying, "Holloa! what's the matter! who's there?",—"Ah, Monsieur Rogere!"—what it's you, is it? what the Devil can you want at this time of night, aye." "Ah, Monsieur Rogere, my dear frien, last night you say to me, *Adiu Denis!* Voulez vous should say, Adi-e-u Denise! i-s-e, a-d-i-e-u D-e-u-i-s-e!" "Oh the Devil, what are you at it again? Am I to be deprived of my natural rest for your infernal o-u-s-e, and e-s-e?" "Ah, Monsieur Rogere, my dear frien, I promise not to correct you any more; but I could not get a wink in my sleep, for fear you should forget this is the forty-nine mistake you make since you left Paris. Adieu, Monsieur Rogere, adieu my dear frien, adieu! bon voyage."—Poor Denise having eased his mind of the burden that had oppressed him during the early part of the night, now took his leave, and I determined in the morning to follow his example.

There were other English friends in the house who spent the evening in endeavouring to make themselves as jolly as possible—I joined them, and in order to make myself agreeable sang my favorite song,

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Now we are all met together,
In spite of wind and weather.
  To moisten well our clay;
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin,
  Where's the waiter! ring away.
Bring the glees and the catches,
The tobacco-pipes and matches,
  And plenty of brown stout;

Yet, the glasses, 'ere we start 'em,
Let's proceed secundum artem,
Let the clerk all the names read out.

(Spoken)—Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names :—Farmer Scroggins ! Why, I be here.—Doctor Horseleach ! Here.—Parson Paunch ? Here ! —Taylor Tit ! Here. So he goes on, for about twenty. At last, you hear—Are you all assembled ! All, all, all.

So, here's to you, Mister Wiggins,
Here's to you, Master Figgins,
So, put the beer about.

Come tell us what the news is,
Who wins, sir, and who loses,
Of the times, what do people say ?
Hard, hard the landlord racks us,
Then we've such a load of taxes,
Indeed, well, and how goes hay ?
Why, now, there's Master Wiseman,
He told the exciseman,
The cause of this pother and rout—
Order, order and sobriety,
The rules of this Society,
Let the secretary read 'em out.

(Spoken)—Every member of this society that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this society that singes his neighbour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this society that refuses to laugh at a good joke, shall forfeit two-pence. Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes, shall forfeit two-pence. Mr. President, I move that this forfeit be a shilling. And I second the motion. Are you all agreed ? I am unanimously. A noble resolution. D'ye think so ?

Why, then, here's to you, Mr. Figgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
So, put the beer about.

And now the potent liquor
Not even spares the vicar,
  But all in their noddles mount;
While among this set of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
  Each his favorite tale recounts—
The soldier talks of battles,
The grazier sells his cattle,
  Conversation to provoke;
Till the juice of the barrel,
Begets some curious quarrel,
  While the company is lost in smoke.

(Spoken)—Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife; it was all in the way of business—Nay, but doctor, 'twere a cursed unneighbourly thing of you; not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a body to sitch an expense.—Why, you do'nt tell me so! killed fifteen with your own hand! —Fifteen, by my laurels.—D'ye hear that butcher?—Hear it, yes; but I'll lay un what he dares he has not killed so many as I have, by hundreds, Powder my whiskers!—Come, come, gentlemen, says the bellows-maker, no breezes!—Let me exhort you to temperance, says the parson—Amen, says the clerk.—That's right, says the undertaker, let us bury all animosity.—Now that's what I like, said the fiddler; I like to see harmony restored.—D'ye, though? you like to see harmony restored? Why, then,

Here's to you, Mr. Figgins,
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,
  So put the beer about.

After we had supped, I went to bed, and should have enjoyed a tolerable night's rest, had it not been for a Frenchman, who was on his way to Dover, and who had put up in the same house till the next morning,—but in order to save time, having put the circumstance into verse, I will recite it.

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
Passing through Abbeville quite late at night,
A neat inviting inn he soon did spy,
And being rather tired, as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.

He enters; Hollo! Garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetle bit of bread and cheese;
And, hollo! garçon, a pot of porter too, he said,
Which I shall take, and then myself to bed.

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crep't
To wish'd-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero, now undress'd, popp'd out the light,
Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began,
At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
And, while at this they all regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap:
Who, half awake, cried out 'Hollo, Hollo!
What is dat nibbel at my pillow so?
Ah! 'tis one Got dam rat!
What de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
That he on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
Hollo! Maison! Garçon, I say!
Bring me de bill for what I hav to pay?

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge—he scarce believes his eyes;
With eager haste, he runs it o'er,
And every time he view'd it, thought it more.

'Why, zounds, and dam! (he cries) I sall no pay;
What, charge ten shelangs for what I hav mangé?
A leetel sup of porter, dis vile bed
Where all de rats do run about my head?'
'Oh, curse those rats, the landlord muttered out,
I wish to heaven that I could make 'em scout,
I'll pay him well that can'—'What's dat you say?'
"I'll pay him well that can'—'Attend to me, I pray:"
Will you this charge forego, what I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?'
'With all my heart!' the eager host replies,
'E contez donc, ami; (the Frenchman cries,)
'First, den,—regarder, if you please,
Bring to this spot a little bread and cheese,
Eh, bien! a pot of porter too,
And den invite de rats to sup wid you:
And after—no matter dey be willing,
For what dey eat you charge dem just ten shilling;
And I am sure, when dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house and never come no more.'

After which I left the Inn, and I shall suppose you to behold me now changing horses at St. Denis, for the last time. St. Denis, which takes its name from its patron saint, who was beheaded at Paris, and afterwards walked with his head under his arm, to this place, and a cathedral erected on the spot. And let me remark to those who do not put such faith in this as the French, that it is but five miles, and the road is very pleasant and agreeable. I entered Paris by the noble Barrier St. Denis; by the dirty Rue St. Denis, by the truly magnificent Ponte St. Denis, by the nasty Fauxbourg St. Denis. Thus alternating from filthiness to splendour, I could form an itinerary of the noble, dirty, elegant, nasty city of Paris. I once said to a French gentleman, 'considering you have no pavements, I wonder you have not more accidents

happen to foot passengers.' 'Oh,' he repiled, 'it is all owing to our excellent police. De driver of de cabriolet mus ony guard before he knock you down; derefore if he cry guard first, it is your own fault, if he knock you down.' 'But,' said I, 'what would become of your excellent police, if he should knock you down and forget to cry guard?' 'O! O! den dat is de same ting, Messieur; den he must, he must cry guard afterwards!' Behold me now at Maurice's hotel, it is also called the City of London, and very well it may. This is a French hotel, I exclaimed, in the very heart of Paris, where every thing is English; English customs, English manners, English folly, and English cookery: A man might live here for twelve months and know no more of France, or the French language, than if he never stirred from Dolly's chop-house, yet how many of our countrymen on returning, brandish their newly-acquired knowledge on continental affairs, on the strength of a fortnight's visit to France, over their more untravelled acquaintance. Every traveller, on his arrival, quickly provides himself with a valet de place, to shew him every thing that is to be seen, at what time it is to be seen, where it is to be seen. In a little narrow street, I found a register office, in front of which was a blue board with gold letters, as follows:—"*Here they shall find, for all the world, the domestic of the every where.*" I had scarcely entered the shop when I was accosted by a tall stout youth, who jumped from under the counter, with an arch countenance, a ragged green coat, a huge shillelagh under his arm, and a shamrock in his hat. 'Och! Monsieur, here's Larry O'Vocative, formerly Latin usher to Father O'Diddle'em, of Pig-trough-alley, Donoughadee: fait, sir, he's hoon to votre sarvent, hire me, and you'll have no cause to repent at all, at all; my coat's out at elbows, and I am out of place, I hope we shall both soon get in again.' This Anglo-Gallican-Hibernian address, I own at first rather startled me. 'You want a place, said I.'—'As sure as the Liffy's the Liffy, Larry O'Vocative knows his way from one end of Paris to the other blindfolded, speaks French like a nabob, your honour.' 'Well, your address proves you master of three languages, English, Irish, and

French.' 'Leave alone the Latin, Sir?' 'O! What Latin too?' Yes, sir, Larry O'Vocative formerly Latin usher to Father O'Diddle'em, of Pig-trough alley, that is '*Jecta il-y-a.*' 'Well, well, I suppose Larry you can show me the lions.' 'Is it the lions you're *maning* sir; yes, and the tygers and the elephants into the bargain.' 'Well, you'll serve to amuse, if not to instruct me, so consider yourself hired, there's my card, call upon me to-morrow morning at twelve.'

My first visit was to the garden of the Thuilleries—on my entering, two of my senses were astonished, it appeared like fairy land, every thing I saw reminded me of Paris, while all I heard, if it were not for a stray *superb*, here and there, of the dull routine of St. James's Park. Imagine the astonishment a person must experience, who having rubbed up all his friends for the occasion, meets with the following sounds. 'How do, Tommy? How are you? Can you tell me where I can get change? I have got plenty of Bank notes, but not one Napoleon, but where are you?' 'At Killewack's! That coat won't do, snuff colour is quite out, now, pea green's the word,—chocolate trowsers—too long a waist, horrid fit, who's the smider?' 'Never saw you so out of taste in all my life.' 'How do, sir,' 'one good stare deserves another'—'how be ye, snip.'—'Ah! my dear Bill, I thought I left you fast asleep at Donarlson's library,' 'Yes, so you did, but Sir J. brought me over in his yacht, and cursed sick I was of him and his yacht too, before I got here.' 'How do you do, sir, I am glad to see you.' 'Sir, I believe you have the advantage of me.' 'Have I? then by the powers I'll keep it.' 'Ha! Miss Jemima, how do you do, where are you at, pray?' 'Why we are at Morice's.' 'Indeed, and who are you with?' 'The Curriers.' 'And who are the Curriers?' 'Them in the leather line, in Tooley-street.' 'How do you do; Mr. Simier, I believe, of Addle-hill!' 'Are you still with your uncle, in Simmery-Axe?' 'Hush, don't talk so loud, people quizzes so here.' 'Yes sir, I am still with the old gentleman.' 'Indeed! well and how is he?' 'Quite hearty, thank'ee; but like the rest on us, he is gone on his travels.' 'Indeed, and where is the old soap-boiler gone to, aye?' 'Gone to the Greek Islands.' 'To the Greek Islands? a soap-boiler in

Greece? Well, that's very good!' Presently afterwards, I saw two persons in an altercation; one was a short fat man, in a brown bob wig, black calimanco small-clothes, short gaiters, and blue coat; the other, a tall masculine woman, with a large quarto book under her arm, and I saw by her manner the lady wished to address me!—'Don't ax him,' says her companion, 'you'll be quizzed, I tell you he's not an Englishman, look it out o 'dictionary.' 'Well, I am sure he is an Englishman!' 'I tell you he an't, look at his legs, too long and thin.' The lady here addressed me, 'Pray sir, can you tell me what's the French for 'to have.' 'Avoir, ma'am.' 'Then if I say to a French gentleman, I want, I must say, 'Nous avoir.' 'No, ma'am, nous avous.' 'Dear me, it is very difficult, what a deal we have to learn when we come to foreign parts; put that down in your pocket-book, Mr. Finsbury,—no, I'll set it down myself, N-e-ws-a-v-o-u-g. Now, sir, the French for no,' 'non;' 'thankee, sir,—the French for nothing?' 'non chose.' 'Now, Mr. Finsbury, you shall hear me speak to that beggar that has been following us down the walk, in proper French.' *(Beggar)*—'Messieurs! Madame!' 'News avong, non chose. There! that's as much as to say, we have got no small change.' Mr. Finsbury himself then addressed me, who I immediately discovered to be a Yorkshire-man. 'Thankee, sir, for what you told my wife— very much obliged to you, sir, for setting she to rights: you must know, sir, folks told I, and so they told my wife, we should *parle voo* vary weel, if shoo carried dictionary and I carried grammar; we had nothing to do but look out words, as we wanted them; but I find out that won't do, they speak it so damned fast, and through the nose wi' sic a twang, sa I gets into terrible scrapes, when I come to *Killewax*, I think they call him. When I gat up at morning I wanted some cold water, for they had'n't put na into room, sa I didn't kna what to call for. I recollected a friend of mine in caffee-room, called out *Garson*, so up came a boy, who was waiter; sa I went a-top o'stairs, and called out *Garsong! Garsong!* I found that would'nt do, for up came an old man, I'm sure he was sixty, and I said he's no boy, I'll take my oath: sa I found that war wrong, it war chamber-

maid I wanted, sa I looked it out o' dictionary, and I called out *Garsong feminine!* and they laaf'd at me. I looked into dictionary for water, and I found it war O. So I got at top of stairs, and called out O! O! O! when my wife came out and thought I war taken ill, sa up cam chambermaid, and I guessed by her looks she wanted to know whether I wanted warm or cold. So she said '*Old chose,*' sa I looked into dictionary and found it was Roma; so I said no, *Old chose Roma.* When a friend of mine told me a Frenchman might as well ax in London for water with a cough. Next day I got into another scrape; I war quite as badly off, for I wanted to go on next stage, sa I looked it out and found it was Lon-g-gowil-le, sa I said to driver—'*Ary go long de Long-go-wil-le,*' sa pig-tail burst out a laafing, and grinning like the head of a bass viol, and told me it was *Long Veal.* 'Well,' said I, 'Long Veal or Long Beef, damme if you catch me here again, for I get fleeced at every turn and corner.' On my return, I found two gentleman and a lady very busily decyphering a hand-bill of a LECTURE OF CRANIOLOGY, but as I had formed a sort of watering-place acquaintance with them, it may be as well to give you a slight sketch of their characters.—First, there was Mr. Daniel Dowgate, of a round substantial form, rather corpulent, with a wide coat, large hat and short trowsers, all very *outre* in Paris. Mr. Dowgate prided himself very much upon being a regular John Bull, and came on purpose to make comparisons between Paris and London, and always in favour of the latter. His companion was decidedly the reverse; Mr. Marmaduke Manikin, junior, partner in a pin manufactory, and was known by the name of the Little Pin Dandy, and affecting to hate every thing English, althoug he knew nothing of the world west of Temple Bar, or east of the Tower of London. The widow Loquax, if the words, as Pope says, "are as leaves" the widow may boast as fine foliage as Windsor Great Park. On reading the bill, the widow observed, she hated all lectures, they were, generally speaking, so dull, and the lecturer had all the talk to himself—no such thing as getting a word in edgeways, which was very disagreeable. Mr. Manikin said, he was exceeding fond of lectures; he attended one once in London, on the art of memory, all done by rule;

if you recollect the rules, you have no occasion to forget any thing else, 'Aye,' said Dowgate, 'a very useful science—very valuable information: and pray, sir, what may be the name of the gentleman that gave this lecture?' 'His name, O,—his name was Mr.—Mr. Thinguinee, dear me, it's very odd, it's Mr.—Mr.—I really cannot recollect his name; but his rules were excellent.' 'Well, sir,' said Dowgate, 'you can, perhaps, tell us something of the rules.' 'The rules—O, the rules—there it is you see—the rules are so devilish difficult to recollect, if you can but remember the rules, you cannot forget any thing else, in the world.' 'Aye, sir, that's a very classical, correct, explanation; a clear, happy, and methodical account. Perhaps, sir, you may know what Craniology is?—Catch the idea!' 'Why no, Sir, Craniology! can't say I ever heard of it, sir.' 'Perhaps the gentleman can tell us,' said the widow, 'what Craniology is?' 'Craniology, Madam,' said I, 'is a science by which the character, disposition, and propensity of persons, are indicated by certain lumps and bumps, in various parts of the skull.' 'Lumps and bumps,' replied the widow, 'what is craniology nothing but lumps and bumps? I never heard such nonsense in all my life; I thought phisionomy absurd enough.' 'Pray, madam,' said Dowgate, 'will you explain what physionomy is? for I want an explanation of something.' 'O yes, sir, nothing's plainer than physionomy. If you look at a person's physionomy, and if you are a physionomist, you see what their physionomy is, and then you know their physionomy, sir, and that's physionomy, sir.' 'A very clear account indeed,' said Dowgate, 'and very satisfactory.' 'Now craniology, madam,' said I, 'is exactly the reverse.' This naturally led us to talk of the catacombs, that depository of human skulls; a party was proposed and made, to which I was invited; and as I wished to see the effect it would have on the individuals of the party, I was determined to attend. 'O that will be charming!' said the widow, 'as the gentleman understands craniology, he can tell us the history and anecdotes of the persons who belonged to the skulls,' I ordered Larry to attend me in the morning at ten, to be our guide, and he was punctual. 'Larry,' said I, 'Larry O'Vocative,' 'Vocative! O, that's me!' said Larry, 'when I am

here, I am Larry O'Vocative; and when I am not here, I am Vocative Cary.' 'You know your way to the catacombs, Larry,' said I; 'Sure, and I do,' said the fearless Hibernian, 'as well as St. Denis knew his way across the Liffey with his head in his mouth.' 'Oh you nasty fellow! talking of having his head in his mouth; declare he makes me quite sick.' We entered the carriage, and Larry got up behind; the motion of the vehicle made the widow's tongue swing like the pendulum of a clock. She was delighted with every thing she saw: 'What a charming place Paris is! what long loaves! what large melons!' Dowgate complained and found fault with every thing he saw. The widow continued, 'What a nice place Vendome is!' 'Damn bad Hanover-square, madam.' 'What a long street Honore is!' 'Damn bad Strand, madam.' 'Then Montmatre, sir!' 'Damn bad Primrose Hill, madam.' We now came to a bridge. 'Dear me,' said the widow, 'Is this one of their boasted bridges? well! I am quite disappointed, it is not broader than Lea-bridge.' 'Wide enough, ma'am, for the river,' said Dowgate. 'And pray what's the name of the river, sir?' 'Fleet ditch, I should think, ma'am—catch the idea.' 'The river, ma'am,' said I, 'is called the Seine.' 'The *Sane!* and pray, sir, why is it called the *Sane?*' 'To distinguish it ma'am from the *in-sane* who dwell upon its banks—catch the idea.' 'Larry,' said I, 'what's the name of this bridge?' 'AUSTERLITZ, sir,' said Larry; but I saw by his countenance this was a haphazard solution, so I called to the driver, 'What's the name of this bridge, my lad?' 'Oui, Messieurs, it is de Pont-neuf.' 'There, Larry,' said I, 'you see you were wrong.' 'Fait, sir, and *aint* Pont-neuf French for Austerlitz? but *Propria qui Maribus dicas*, as Pliny says, in his memoirs of the French Revolution.' I prevailed upon them to stop at the Luxemburg, to see Ruben's celebrated picture of the Birth and Marriage of Mary de Medicis, but was told they were removed to the Louvre. 'Sorry for it,' said I; 'this was her palace, and I should consider it the fittest place for her pictures; I am no friend to such unnecessary changes.' 'The very words,' said Dowgate, 'I said at our ward dinner, last Plow Monday, my very words,—Mr. President, said I,

I am an enemy to all unnecessary changes; its exactly what they have done to Gog and Magog, in Guildhall; they used to stand facing you when you went in, but now they are stuck at the other end—the old idea of their coming down when the clock strikes, is now quite ridiculous, for they can't hear it—catch the idea.' We had now arrived at the Barrier *ou fo*, and shortly afterwards entered the Catacombs, seven flights of stone stairs, long galleries, large rooms, all lined round with human bones and skulls. The horror at first sight, struck a momentary silence on the whole party, even the widow could not articulate a word; Dowgate, who recovered his speech first, said, 'O! what, this is the Catacombs, is it? A regular humbug, St. Martin's bone-house multiplied by twelve.' 'But you must allow,' said Manikin, 'you never saw such handsome skulls in England.' 'There,' said our guide, who understood just enough of English to make himself understood, 'there is seven millions of skulls.' 'Did ever count them?' said Larry. 'But I have,' said a gentleman, who seemed very busily employed. 'Why, what's he about?' said Dowgate. 'He's putting them to rights!' said the guide. 'Putting them to rights! why they seem in a debtor and creditor sort of order; all regular, like the buckets in our vestry—catch the idea.' 'He is arranging them according to their different appetites and disposition of dead skulls. I never heard such nonsense in all my life.' 'Dat's all owing to your ignorance,' said a grave, philosophical-looking person, who now came forward and said, 'You never heard my lecture; stand around and make a circle, and I will deliver it to you.'——I left my friends to enjoy their lecture, while I bent my course another way.

On one of those evenings when there is no public amusement, which happens I believe about six times in the year, I was dining solus, as Larry expressed it, with three or four friends, when I was invited by a family of my acquaintance, to spend the evening at Meurices; on my

arrival, and as I entered the room, I was struck with surprise at seeing a very old lady—a very old acquaintance. An old Scotch lady, who was sitting between two gentlemen, one who had been singing, and the other was preparing to sing: she immediately recognised me, and goodnaturedly reproached me with telling a story that made the folks laugh, in a mail coach, on a former occasion; she should now take her revenge, by telling me a story that nobody should laugh at. An opportunity soon occurred, when she related the following little anecdote,—*(Dresses himself like an old Scotch woman.)* I canna sufficiently apologise to the company, for attempting to entertain them after the many excellent songs and anecdotes they have heard during the evening; but as I am just called up, I canna very weel resist adding my mite to the conviviality of the evening—its na worth the telling—it's merely a little anecdote which really happened to my poor, dear, dead husband, who is dead and gone; he was the minister of the kirk, and was a mon universally respected, not only by his parishioners, but by the public at large. There had been a week of *vary* dripping wet, it was *vary* wet, and my poor, dear, honest mon, was vary badly wi a cauld, vary badly indeed; and he was vary fractious, vary fractious indeed, and gave me a deal of trouble; and Doctor Henry happened to call in to see my poor, dear, honest mon, for he was a vary good feeling body; it was that Dr. Henry that used to distribute good books, and I wish they were more read by the rising generation: and says he to him, that is, says Doctor Henry to my poor, dear, honest mon—its vary dripping weather; and says my poor, dear, honest mon to Doctor Henry, my worthy colleague, I wish thee would gi' the word for me at kirk next Sunday forenoon, for you'll mind this, they took the sarvice between them time and time about—forenoon and afternoon—diet by diet; and it was my poor, dear, honest mon's turn to gi the word that forenoon, and he said, he wish'd he'd gi the word for him, and he said he would, and I was vary much obliged to him, for Dr. Henry was a vary good natured body, and I thanked him, for I was very thankful; and Sunday was another vary dripping day —vary wet, vary wet indeed; and Doctor Henry called on

my poor, dear, honest mon on his way to the kirk, and says he to him, that is, says Doctor Henry to my poor, dear, honest mon, I wish thee may tak' na cauld again, for its vary wet. And he dripp'd the rain off his coat, and dodded the rain from his hat, for he was extraordinary wet, poor mon he was vary wet, for mind this, there was no umbrellas in those days; and said Doctor Henry, said he, I wish I was dry again. Now mind this, for this is the point of the story; upon which, my poor, dear, honest mon says, though in fact he was not much given to joking, yet he could not vary well resist the opportunity; so says my poor worthy mon, now mind this, for its the point of the story, when the Doctor said he wished he was dry again; my poor, honest body, oh, the wag, said to his worthy coadjutor, 'gang thy ways up into the pulpit, and thee'll be dry enough there I warrant.'

After I left the old Scotch lady, I began to think of returning to England, to which end I made preparations; but my friends, who were too fond of France to leave it in a hurry, determined to remain there sometime longer, and out of respect, true respect to me, a grand rout was given, where, being supposed to have a little knowledge in Theatrical matters, was questioned about Theatres and Theatricals in England, whereupon I gave them the following picture of a Theatre, which I trust will not be considered too highly coloured:—

SONG.

Of a playhouse, in a playhouse, a playhouse I sing,
'Tis my subject, my pride, and my judge;
For having exhausted each theme you can bring,
Now to laugh at ourselves we don't grudge.

We'll suppose you arriv'd at the box or pit entry,
Ten hands are thrust into your coach;
After the jostle's so great between the police and SENTRY,
'Tis a CENTURY before you approach.

(*Spoken in different voices*)—Choice fruit, or a bill of the play.—Buy a bill of a poor boy, sir, you'll want one when you get into the house.—Where are you squeezing

to ?—Take care of this lady, will you ?—I'm sure I can't help it, while they keep crowding behind.—Bless me, sir, how sharp your elbows are !—Excuse me, ma'am, but it's you're so very fat, that's the reason.—Box tickets for six shillings ; take two in the pit, and save a shilling.—I say, you Bill, where have you got to ?—Oh ! I'm under this here fat gentleman's legs, papa.—Gallery tickets for eighteen-pence ; if you have more tickets than you want, sir, I'll buy them of you.—Sare, you will hav de goodness to inform me if dis is Drury Lane, or de Garden Common. —This is Covent Garden, sir, Drury Lane is moved into Brydges-Street : Drury Lane used to be in the Strand.—I remember Drury Lane in the Haymarket.—Ha, ha ! there's a bull !—A bull ! bless me, where ?—What a shame to let those mad creatures run about the street.—Come, come along, Mary ! where are you ?—I've lost my shoes !—Shoo, shoo ! never mind that ; push on, there's plenty of room.—Where ?—In my pockets, for you've got both your hands there.—How dreadful hot it is !—Back, back there ! the pit's full !—Ah ! that's always the case at this house : they fill the pit before the doors are opened.—Well, then, where are you driving to ?—Oh,

I'm going to the play,
Where, with spirits so gay,
Wit, music and harmony mingle.

'Ere the boxes are fill'd, in the lobbies you meet,
Where e'en ladies themselves bear the brunt ;
And squeezing thro' numbers, to get a good seat,
Are crowded all round to the front.

The pit parties ramble all over the place,
Till they're seated at ease, great and small,
While the gallery guests fill the benches apace,
And with discord for harmony bawl.

(Spoken)—Halloo ! you catgut scrapers ! strike up there, will you ?—Rule Britannia.—Moll in the Wad.—Down, Down !—Hats off !—Silence !—Down in front !—That fellow, now, bawling out silence, makes more noise

than all the rest of them.—Apples, pears, oranges, nuts, cakes, bill of the performances, book of the songs.—Come get up there, sir, that's my seat.—I say it's not your seat.—Yes, it is; I was sitting next to that there lady with the brandy bottle; I've only been out to get a drop of aniseed.—Any seat?—I tell you there's no seat here.—Sir, I'll be very much obliged to you, if you will let my little girl stand up, she never was at a play before; there, my dear, take care you don't tumble over into the pit.—Law! mamma, is it full of water?—Pretty dear! what an innocent remark!—Mrs. Fillagree's places; five young ladies, and their mamma!—Dear me, ma', if there an't two young gentlemen got our seats!—Well, I declare, that's vastly ungenteel, after I came all the way myself, yesterday, to take places.—Permit me ma'am, to speak to them?—I'm sure sir you're vastly polite.—Come out of that, then, will you?—What do you mean, sir? Come out of this, then!—Out of this, and out of that; I don't understand you?—Och! then I must be after making a taylor of my fist, and taking measure of you for a black eye.—I'm keeping this seat for a gentleman, and I shant give it up.—First act over!—There, sir, the first act's over; you can't keep seats any longer; you must give it up.—Must I?—Yes, you must.—Then, like some others, I'll resign when I am obliged to turn out.—Move that shawl!—I shall not.—Take away that tippet.—I'll tip it to you, if you do.—These are puns I suppose: a man that would make a pun, would pick a pocket; what do you think?—Why, sir, I dont know what to think, I am taken exceedingly ill, I should like to get out.—What did you pay for coming in?—Seven shillings, sir.—Offer them half a guinea, I dare say they'll let you go out.—shut that box door.—I can't come in, and I'm sure I shant go out.—Boxkeeper, shut the door: take away this man, and bring me a gentleman. Why don't you do as I ordered you? bring me a gentleman.—Sir, I've been all round the lobby, and I can't find one.—What vulgarity! I remember Mr. Garrick; in his time there was some ORDER in the house!—Sir, if you were to ask the managers, you'd find they had ORDERS enough in the house now.—What's the play? Blue Devils, sir.—Oh, we have plenty of them at home.—

Devil among the Taylors. Sir, that's a personal reflection. —Sir, how should I know you were a taylor?—Sir, there's my card: come, no shuffling; Chalk Farm!—Chalk faces!—Leave off that noise, will you? its very odd that some people will talk and disturb other people, who come to hear what the people say upon the stage.—What did you come for?—Come for!—why,

I came to see the play,
Where with spirits so gay,
Wit, music, and harmony mingle.

The performances done, with smiles and with laughter,
Each countenance is sure to be lit up;
For, if haply the first piece is tragic, the after
Is sure to change grief to a tit-up.

And now, one by one, all our lights cease to burn,
While the company they go out too;
Yet, like stars, we must hope, they go out to return,
For, to us, there are no stars like you.

(Spoken)—Coach to the City.—Coach unhired.—Four shillings to Hyde Park Corner.—Three and sixpence to Tattenham Court Road.—Want a coach, your honour?—Yes.—What number?—One, to be sure; that's enough at once.—Coach to St. MARY AXE.—Are you hired?—Ax about.—Take that fellow's number; take his number; he is the most impertinent fellow under all the P—H's.—Take my number! you may take my name, too, if you like; I'm Saucy Dick, used to drive the long Isleworth.—Remember the poor link-boy, your grace.—Out of the way, you graceless dog!—Pray my lord duke!—There's twopence for you.—You a duke? you're a rum duke, then!—Drive to DUKE's Place.—Well, Thomas, have you got a coach?—No, sir: I've been all down the Strand, and up to Charing Cross, and can't get one.—Bless me, I shall catch my death of cold, only got thin shoes, and no shawl!—Well, well, its your own fault; all pride ought to dress for the weather.—I'm very sorry to say, my lady,

your carriage is broke, the pannels drove in, and your arms—Oh, dear! my arms destroyed, my lord; think of that!—Never mind; make use of mine, my lady.—Well, ma'am, how have you been entertained?—Very well, sir, thank you: and my dear little girl has been quite pleased; never was at a playhouse before!—Did you like it, my love?—Oh, yes sir, very much indeed.—She'll have it all off to-morrow morning, quite perfect, every word.—And what did you see, my dear?—Oh, sir, there was a gentleman, 'sung a song so bad, they made him sing it all over again —Infantine simplicity! what a pretty remark! —And pray, which did you like best?—Oh, sir, the song.—

What, the song about the play,
Where with spirits so gay,
Wit, humour, and harmony mingle.

TRAVELS

IN

EARTH, AIR, AND WATER.

BEING anxious to rise in the world, I knew it was necessary to hit upon a plan to aid me in my purpose—and my reason for so doing was, because I have been advised to drop my amusements or they would drop me. The cry was, there is nothing new—all authors agreed upon this point, therefore, I at length determined to strike out something new myself, and, if possible, keep up my credit with those who have so long fostered me with their kindness and applause.

My friend, Mr. Guffin, who frequently visits me at Highgate, was one of the number who was continually arguing about the necessity of procuring something very uncommon, or he could certainly foretel that I should one day descend.

'Aye aye,' says I 'Mr. Guffin, I shall descend to a certainty, but it will not be to rise no more.'

'Why what do you mean to do, man?' was his exclamation.

I mean to take a voyage—in a balloon, Mr. Guffin.—Upon which he turned up his spectacles, and gazed at me as if he thought I was mad; and his daughter, the amiable Miss Guffin, with many other friends, endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose, but all without effect; for, knowing some little of the world, its misfortunes and little troubles, I was well aware that there were but few methods of gaining ascendancy in this transitory life, and felt perfectly assured that the only way in which I could effectually rise in life, was to go up in a Balloon.

All was prepared—the Balloon was in order, and enclosed from the gaze of the surrounding populace.

SONG.

I ONCE did trot, but now do not,
  Long spurs and pantaloouing—
But since I've got a proper spot
  To fly my air-balloon in,
I now will make my pony wait
At Charing Cross, or Grosvenor Gate—
  Once in the air, they gape and stare
And much astound, for miles around,
  The folks with air-ballooning.

One Matthews drives men, maids, and wives,
  To town or village soon in,
In safety-coach, but can't approach
  My plan of air-ballooning—
Would he like me in ether roam,
But I'm a sylph, and he's a gnome—
See! there they are—upset's their car!
Above par, the Russian are,
  Huzza! for air-ballooning!

To Brighton if you sail by steam,
  The ocean you soon dip in;
And if you like in coach to hike,
  The Devil's Dike you're soon in:
But if in my balloon you share,
The people stare, you gather there,
The boiler bursts, upsets the beam,
And spills you out like scalded cream—
  Oh joyful air-ballooning!

  Polito's men have got a den
To keep a large baboon in,
  And I have seen a large machine
To travel to the moon in—

The devil on two crutches rid
Above the steeples of Madrid—
What care I what the devil did,
Unfurling flag, I fly zigzag—
Huzza! for air-ballooning!

If you look o'er your tailor's score,
That came last Wednesday noon in,
And find it run up to a sum
That almost sets you swooning,
Come take in air, a Margate trip,
And have your snieder on the hip,
You very much astonish snip,
As up you go and leave below,
Poor Johnny Doe and Richard Roe,
Too slow for air-ballooning!

All was prepared—all in readiness for the ascension, but ceremony would not allow me to depart so soon as I expected, for however anxious a body may feel, one don't like to be thought ill-natured when we are going to rise in the world.

I was soon agreeably surprised by the appearance of a little army of friends—the plot thickening, and the balloon beginning to inflate, I made signals to the attendants to prepare the little *dejeuné a la fourchette* I had provided in a snug corner of the inclosure. Mr. Guffin led the way, a worthy man, but no conjuror, who had retired from the bustle of city-life to enjoy his rural seclusion at Stockwell. There he has established himself in a yellow clay tenement, which he calls *The Hermitage*, with a brass knocker and a number on the door, a lamp at the gate, and his own name in gilt letters on black looking-glass, corroborating, as he calls it, with the direction to ring the bell on the opposite entrance. There he dwells, an amateur receiver of the Surrey dust; for so close to the roadside is his house, that the servant-maid is obliged every morning to brush his laurels as she does his baize, to keep them green. Here dwells also the partner of his dust and solitude, his amiable daughter, Miss Lavinia Guffin, who having gone the length of a

cockney boarding-school education, fancies herself a sage and a wit, apes the manners of learned ladies, and when she enters her own little circle, mounts her pedestal to be worshipped with as much ease and assurance as the *bluest* of the *blues* of London. Mr. Guffin introduced me to his daughter, who rallied me pleasantly enough on my love of *acoustics*, as she was pleased to call aerostation: and she introduced me to a friend of hers, one Mrs. Damper, a teller of unpleasant truths with an angelic countenance, who pursed up her mouth at every word she uttered like the aperture of a poor's box, and cast up her eyes with a benignity truly seraphic. 'How do you do?' 'Very well, madam, I thank you,' said I. 'What can make you risk yourself so? however, that's your business you know.' 'No particular risk, ma'am.' 'I thought there was a great deal, but you are the best judge.' 'There's risk in every thing,' I replied. 'Yes, wish you may come down safe—cords are but cords, silk is but silk—seem to be in such spirits too.' 'I never heard of any particular accident happening to a balloon,' said I. 'Not many, to be sure—I don't wish to put you out of spirits.' 'So I perceive, ma'am.' 'No, but there was Rosiere dashed to pieces at Boulogne, and poor Montgolfier shared the same fate—but that's a long time ago now.' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'And there was poor Madame Blanchard—she was dashed to pieces; but that's no reason why you should, you know.' 'No ma'am.' ''Twas a beautiful day, just such a day as this.' 'But that was a long time ago, you know, ma'am.' 'Yes, but then there was poor Madame Garnerin went up a few months ago, and has not been heard of since—don't wish to put you out of spirits—pray how's your wife? your widow I should have said, for she will be to-morrow I dare say—have you made your will?' 'Yes ma'am, and have appointed you.' 'What?' '*One of Job's comforters*.' 'Indeed! that's very good—and in such spirits too, considering!' 'What can induce you,' said all the ladies at once, 'to risk yourself in this manner?' 'Really,' said I, 'ladies, I cannot tell; I have a particular wish to *rise* in the world—I thought it would be *highly* amusing—that it would be *above* every thing agreeable on earth—and that I might then exclaim with some of our cockney Macheaths, 'How

happy could I be with *ether*;'—and that you might say, with some truth, there was not such another man *upon earth*.'

SONG.

Once a breakfast at most, was tea, coffee, and toast,
With some honey and raspberry jam,
But now they include, beef, roasted and stewed,
Macaroni, mock turtle, lamb, chicken, and ham;
At about four we get,
Our *de la fourchette*,
For those who begin to grow thinner;
It would puzzle the pride
Of the devil to decide,
Whether meant for a breakfast or dinner.

(Spoken)—'How do? glad to see you.' 'Fine day.' Remarkably pleasant weather.' 'Sophia and Matilda, take my advice, and sit down, there'll be such *scrouging* by-and-by.' 'La! Pa, shan't we have a walk to get an *appetite* for our breakfast.' 'Pshaw! you had better get a seat while you can, and get a *breakfast* for your appetite.' 'Look at that miserly old fellow—old *Shave-an-egg*; what brought him here? I wonder who treats him! I'm sure he doesn't pay.' 'He's immensely rich.' 'Yes.' 'I'm told he intends to give £10,000 with his daughter.' 'Indeed! have at him, save him a £1000—ah! how do, *Shave-an-egg?*' 'Hush, ha! ha!' 'What!' 'Mus'nt call him *Shave-an-egg*, it's a nickname.' 'Well, you told me, it is all your fault, a—Mr.—a—they tell me you intend giving your daughter £10,000.' 'Well, sir, and what then?' 'I'll save you a thousand, and take her with nine." 'Who's that?' 'Oh! that's Twizzle, the punster.' 'I hope you will not let us have any of your puns yet; now I shall make one rule with you; no puns till the cloth is removed.' 'Who's that?' 'Mr. Omnium, the stockbroker. They tell me he waddled last week.' 'Mr. Omnium, allow me to help you to a little duck.' 'That's personal I declare.' 'Who's that?' 'That's Sir Simon Daub, the amateur artist.' 'How did he come?' 'In his own coach and four horses, afraid he should not be here in time.' 'I don't wonder at it, if his horses don't draw better than himself.' 'Who is that?' 'That's Mr. and Mrs. Cheese-

man, they are just married.' 'Happy couple, fine woman!' 'Charming!' 'What do you think of him?' 'I never saw such a goose in my life.' 'Miss Crotchet, will you favour us with a ditty?' 'After dinner, sir' 'What are those black fellows?' 'Oh! that's the band.' 'Now do Miss Crotchet, and perhaps the band will accompany you.' 'O! then that will be a *band-ditty*, you know.'

Thus hob and nobbing, tea, and wine,
With company combining;
In gay delight, from morn till night,
While breakfasting or dining.

Some tables are drawn out in front of the lawn,
To gain a good view of the river;
But gentlemen cry, very cold for July!
While the ladies so charmingly shiver.

Pray bring me my shawl,
Cries old Lady Squall,
While walking the terrace with her niece;
Though the east wind now chills,
By and by the Quadrilles
Will make you as hot as a furnace.

(*Spoken*)—'Will you allow me to help you?' 'You are very polite.' 'What part?' 'Any *part*, I am not *part*-icular.' 'Charming weather! quite a spring day.' 'Spring! I should think it was summer by the number of *swallows* that are present.' 'Miss Guffin, will you read a bit out of your Album? I see you are not eating.' 'It's not an Album sir, it's a cookery book.' 'What makes you carry a cookery-book?' 'How very odd!' 'Most extraordinary woman I ever heard of!' 'Why I'm very particular in what I eat, so I always look how things are drest.' 'I am sure she is very badly drest herself, if you come to that.' 'Very droll things in a cookery-book, Miss Guffin; will you allow me to look at your cookery-book, the phraseology is so droll, a—first split your head in two, (*reading*). 'Waiter, that's a very good joke for once, but the next time you come round with a tureen of soup, I'd thank you not to throw it down my back.' 'How is poor dear Lady

Neverwed?' 'Dressed all to rags; I never saw—' 'Who is that lady opposite? I wish to take some wine with her.' That's the widow Wedlove; she has been married three times.' 'Indeed!' 'Yes, I wonder how they do contrive to get so many husbands; for my part I can't get one, I can't think how they do it.' 'First catch your fish,' (*reading*). 'How very droll that came in.' 'Shall I trouble you, sir? 'The trouble's a pleasure ma'am.' 'The *trouble's* a *pleasure*—how elegant, how vastly new! I would have given the world to have said that, the *trouble's* a *pleasure*.' 'Mr. Puddefat, how do you find yourself?' 'Oh! very low, quite depressed in spirits; I wish you could find me a remedy.—(*Reading*) Put your head in scalding water, cut your liver into small slices, and put a lemon in your mouth. 'Look at that *Shave-an-egg*, did you ever see any person eat so much?' 'Never, how much do you think he will drink?' 'Any *given* quantity.'

Thus hobbing, nobbing, tea and wine,
With company combining;
From morn till night, with gay delight,
Whether breakfasting or dining.

The dejeuné done, away the folks run,
To get back to London by seven;
And mourn their hard lot, and not knowing what
To do with themselves till eleven.
Some carelessly drop, into Colnaghi's shop,
Like so many hard-hearted sinners;
While others retreat, to the British to eat,
In one day a couple of dinners.

(*Spoken*)—'Waiter, two glasses of wine, white, one of which shall be port.' 'How are the three per cents?' 'Very tough.' 'Miss Brisket, how do you do? is mamma here?' No sir, she is at home nursing a cold.' 'Indeed! why not put it out to nurse? I always do.' 'Does Miss Guffin rouge?' 'I'll ask her.' 'No, no!' 'Yes, bless you! I can say any thing to her: Miss Guffin, excuse me, do you rouge?' 'How particularly rude!' 'I beg your pardon, how do you contrive to look so lovely?' 'Singe all the hair off your head, and lay your eyes upon a plate. (*reading*)—

'How does the alderman get onin the house?' 'A little less tongue and more brains, if you please?' 'There's old Prolix.' 'He's very old, ant he?' 'Yes, quite in his *anecdotage*.' 'How do Horner? how's your wife?' 'How's yours, if you go to that?' 'Expect any one down by the steamer?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Son, sir?' 'No, sir.' 'Daughter, sir?' No, sir.' 'Who then, sir?' 'Why my wife, if you must know; very inquisitive! who the devil is he? pray sir do I know you?' 'You have the advantage of me, sir.' 'Have I? then I'll keep it.' 'Poor Dismal! they tell me he is dead; poor fellow! he was to have dined here to day; what was his complaint?' 'A deviled gizzard, *(reading)* Pray sir, has he left any *hair*?' 'Hair! no ma'am, he died bald.' 'I beg pardon, sir, that is not what I mean; did he leave much money?' 'No, ma'am, he died insolvent.' 'No sir, I beg your pardon, he died in Middlesex, to my certain knowledge.' 'There's one comfort, he had the very best of advice, every thing that could be done, was done.' 'I beg your pardon, sir, the pork griskin wasn't half done.'

Thus hobbing, nobbing, tea and wine,
With company combining;
From morn till night, with gay delight,
Whether breakfasting or dining.

My anxiety began to increase—but what was I to do under existing circumstances—I am naturally of a diffident disposition, and am as easily led as my lady's lap-dog; and if there is any trait in my character which may be construed into respect, it is my unwillingness, at all times, to forsake my female friends and acquaintance.

After our hasty repast, I remarked a sort of fidgetty solicitousness about Miss Guffin, who smiled and looked what she thought uncommonly interesting—it grew rather particular, and I smiled and nodded in return, with a sort of enquiring countenance. At last, she pointed to a book under her arm, significantly smiling, and said, 'I wish you would—do—' 'What do you mean?' said I. 'I have such a favour to beg of you.' 'I don't understand,' said I. 'My Album, given to me by a friend—I always carry it about me—the clasp is gold, and the leaves are gold, and

the chain is gold that fastens it round my neck every night when I go to bed. I am a great collector of Autographs of remarkable persons, Epitaphs, and Original Poetry. I collect whatever is remarkable or interesting—I put nothing into it that is not entirely original. If you would favour me by writing your name in it before you go up.' 'Aye, pray do,' says Mrs. Damper, with one of her excruciating smiles—'for if you should be killed, you know, it will be so interesting, as the last thing you put to paper in this world.' 'Allow me to look at your Album, Miss Guffin,' said I. I opened the book at Collection of Original Poetry, as she called it; the first that struck my sight was the following

EPITAPHS.

'Affliction sore, long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain.'

'I think I have met with that before,' said I. 'O no, quite impossible!' replied Miss Guffin: 'quite original, I assure you—I never gave a copy away—I only had it on condition that I promised never to part with it. I had it from a gentleman's sister, that had it of the author.' 'I am sorry,' I replied, 'for the prohibition.' On looking a little further, I saw

'Quite well at ten, had a few friends to sup wi' me,
At twelve taken ill, and at one all was up wi' me,'

'The body of John Palfreeman lieth here,
Aged twenty four years;
Near this place his mother lies,
Also his father when he dies.'

'Here's one much better, Miss Guffin. Do let me set it down.'

'Here lies the body of Sir John Jolly,
Our late Lord Mayor,
Who has left this here world, and gone to that there:
He never lived at other man's expense,
So Honi soit qui mal y pense.'

'Here lies in dust, alas! the more's the pity,
The body of Nicholas New City:'

N. B.—His name was Newtown, but that would not rhyme.

ORIGINAL LINES BY LORD BYRON.

'My name d'ye see's Tom Tough,
I've een a little sarvice—'

The following

ORIGINAL POETRY BY THE CELEBRATED SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

'I'm a brisk and lively lad,
And just come home from sea, Sir.'

Upon turning the next leaf I found the following—

THREE LINES BY BISHOP WARBURTON.

'Amo Amas,
I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender.'

I now looked with some anxiety for the Autographs, and found in a choice leaf, one line of which was destined for myself to my great surprise, to contain the following four interesting names —*William Hickathrift*—— *Charles Stump*—*Peter Higginbottom*, and *Solomon Snodgrass*. 'Pray,' said I, 'Miss Guffin, who are these persons? I never heard of them before—who are they?' 'No person very particular,' said she, 'but they are all original communicutions, I assure you. *Snodgrass* is a stock-broker—*Hickathrift* is next door neighbour to my father at the Hermitage —*Peter Higginbottom* is usher at the school at Camberwell —*Charles Stump* is a very remarkable person; he is the man who walked from London to Brighton, 51 miles in 34 hours.' 'Indeed, a very extraordinary undertaking truly,' said I.

'Come, my boy,' said the Major, 'up we go— who's afraid? all's ready——balloon——parachute——don't know where we shall go—don't care—safety valve—ballast—bags of sand—all ready.' 'Why you seem to know all about it, Major,' said I. 'Know all about it, to be sure

I do—went up myself with Rosiere and Romaine from Boulogne, forty years ago—Montgolfier balloon—fire as large as the kitchen fire at the Thatched House tavern—three miles high took fire—there was a blaze—all Paris saw us—down we came slap-bang, like a cannon-ball, 2840 yards high, French measure—down we came like a thunderbolt—Rosiere and Romaine, they both killed on the spot, I not hurt a bit—40 years ago—not a bit older now—Pon my life its true—what will you lay its a lie?—there's muscle—feel me all over, hard as iron.' 'Hav'nt time to lay wagers now, Major.' 'Talking of wagers,' said he, 'I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll lay you what you like, go where you will, I'll follow you on horseback, and be with you at your descent.'

Monsieur Arc-en-ciel now advanced, and delivered the following address:

'Messieurs—Madame—

'I vill to say someting to you of the construction and utility of de grand balloon—dere never sall be any ting so surprising, so beautiful yet found out on de face of de globe, as to make de little man, de big man, de tomping man, de every sort of man, should be cappebel of to swim in de air, like de big bird, de eagle, de roc—*oui* de littel bird, de cock of de robin—he fly in de air for why? eh! eh! you cannot tell, eh!—because he have de fins. If you look at de big fish, de littel fish, he swim about in de water—for why? eh!—because de have de wing, *mais*, But for de gentleman and de lady, dat have not de wings, nor de fins, dis beautiful science; I have invented for him de ballance on de *sheepes*—de *sheepes*—for why you smile when I say *sheepes*, eh?—hecause you do not understand me, eh? *mais*, When I say *sheepes*, I must explain to you what I should signify to mean—when I say *sheepes*, I do not mean *sheepes* (cheap) which is not dear—I do not mean *sheepes* (sheep) of de mutton—I do not mean de *sheepes* (shape) of de human figure—I do not mean de *sheepes* (chips) of wood—it is not de *sheepes* (shape) of which de ladies make de *chapeau*; *mais*, When I say *sheepes*, I say *she-e-pes*—it is of no consequence, *prenez vous*, you know what I mean; that is to say in English, *Ce'e:t a' dire une vaiseseau atrois mats*—dat is vat I mean, adieu! adieu! Messieurs, Madame, adieu my good Jeany Bull—*sui tronquit*

my good Jean Bull. Shut your mouthes, hold your teethes, if you what you call make no noise hold your tongue, very much, by and by you shall see me go up! up! up!—afterwards if you look very well, you shall see me go round and round—'*apres cela*,' you shall see me no more as nothing at all.'

By this time, the enclosure where the balloon stood was completely surrounded to view the wonderful ascension—my friends were all anxiety for my welfare, and the gazing multitude were all anxiety for the gratification of their eye-sight.

For my part, I was never more easy in all my life, for my mind was made up, and had all the inhabitants of Europe assembled with petitions to disuade me from my enterprize, I really think, so strong was my resolution, that I should have allowed them to pass by me as the idle wind.

The first person who appeared in the enclosure was Major Longbow, the most poetical proser of the day, a complete egotist; his subject, himself; his maxim, I by myself I; and was called by his friends, the Modern Munchausen; and had been, as he said, in every battle, from the taking of Seringapatam to the O. P. war at Covent Garden Theatre. But his maxims are not to be told, let him speak for himself.' 'How do, major? 'How do I do, how should I do, eh? Better than any man living—there's muscle—strongest man living—How do I do—pho!—no man so well as I am—I am reckoned the finest piece of anatomy that was ever sent upon the face of the earth. Upon my life its true; what will you lay its a lie? Hit me with a sledge hammer, if you like, can't hurt me, there's muscle.'—'Are you inclined to go up, Major?' said I. 'Up! What in that thingumy, a balloon? why I can walk up higher than you'll go in that thing. When I was in India I walked up an inaccessible mountain: walked for five days running, four hours every day; took me seven days coming down, run the whole of the last day, and danced at the Governor's ball at night. Upon my life its true; what will you lay its a lie?' 'But now, Major, you have an opportunity of purchasing notoriety at prime

cost.' 'Prime cost—trouble you not to mention prime cost.' 'Why?' 'I'll tell you what: a few weeks ago I bought a tilbury at prime cost. As I was driving through the streets of London a beautiful blood mare down Hay Hill—'—'Sire Munchausen, I suppose,' said I. 'Poh, don't be foolish: well, sir, I was driving at the rate of nine and twenty miles an hour.' 'Nine and twenty? surely, Major.'—'Damme, do you doubt me. I repeat it, sir, *nine and thirty* miles an hour. Well, sir, as I say, I was driving at the rate of *nine and forty* miles an hour, my usual pace, I met an infernal coal-cart, seven horses in a string, all as fat as Falstaff, crash goes my wheel against the coal cart; up-set me, and away went poor prime cost into a million of shivers; up spins I, made three summersets in the air, came feet foremost through the bow window of the pastry-cook's shop, corner of Berkley-street, flat upon my feet, and said with the utmost coolness to Mrs. Gunter, who was seated behind her own counter, Madam, your most obedient, how do you do? Never saw a woman more astonished——wasn't hurt a bit; there's muscle: upon my life its true; what will you lay its a lie?'

Of course I couldn't doubt what the Major said, nor had I witnesses to prove any thing against his veracity, therefore we got into the balloon, and were soon floating in the air to the admiration of surrounding thousands.

'Here we go, fifty miles an hour—don't know where, don't care—Mount Hecla—Bow Church Steeple—Doncaster Race Course—all the same to me.' The Major now took out his telescope to make his observations. 'There's a telescope—have a peep at every thing—Dolland's the boy—here we go—good bye—hold fast—killed if you fall—nothing hurts me—there's muscle, eh!—there, good bye, Westminster Hall—how droll—there's the King's Bench; how small the Rules are.' 'Aye, not bigger than *two foot* rules, Major.' 'There's St. John's Church, like an overturned tea-table with its four legs sprawling in the air—see the Opera House, rehearsal going on—see it all—pull out another joint—hear them—'pon my life its true; what will you lay its a lie?' 'Well Major,' I remarked, 'there has been innumerable tricks served up to the public; but it must be allowed, a balloon

is a much better feat than those practised by the Indian Jugglers.' 'Jugglers, what Jugglers?' 'Those that performed in Pall Mall.' 'Jugglers—bunglers you mean. Did I ever tell you what I saw a fellow do at Canton, eh?' 'No!' 'Tell it you now then. The Juggler took a ball of cotton-thread, wound one end of it curiously round the end of his little finger, threw the other up into the air, up it went, up, up, and settled in the clouds, like a little boy's kite—what do you think followed?' 'Came down again, I suppose.' 'No such thing, sir—himself, the Juggler.' 'The Juggler!' 'Yes, sir, I repeat it, the Juggler followed; took hold of the other end of the cotton, sir, up he scrambled, sir, like a monkey up a Maypole, till he settled in the clouds too—upon my life its true; what will you lay its a lie?'

As we first ascended, the atmosphere was colds— so very cold that I was obliged to have recourse to my brandy-bottle. The Major too had a glass or two, when I observed 'Major, you are fond of brandy?' 'Fond of brandy! aye—very fond of brandy, it will never hurt me. I was once in a vessel with a cargo of brandy on board, the Frenchmen boarded us, I killed the captain and one hundred men with my own hand. But they were too strong for us, all the crew surrendered but myself; and sooner than let them take the brandy, I drank two puncheons myself, and it never hurt me. Look here's muscle? Upon my soul its true, what will you lay its a lie?'

I nodded ascent, and we proceeded on our aeriel voyage, when instantaneously we were transported from cold to heat; upon which I took out my handkerchief, rubbed my forehead, and exclaimed, 'Zounds, Major, how very hot.' 'Hot, what d'ye mean by hot? pho! I have been in climates where salamanders have dropped down dead with the heat of the sun. I once dined with a gentleman and his wife, at CALLIHAMMA QUACK ADA LORE, near CUDDERAPOO; after dinner, as we were sitting drinking, a ray of the sun struck the lady, and she vanished from our sight, and nothing was left in her place but a heap of ashes. I was rather surprised, but my friend, who was used to these things, he called to his KIT-MA-GARS and CON-SU-MARS, HITHERATOO JUNTAA, which is in English, bring us clean glasses and sweep

away your mistress: upon my life its true, what will you lay its a lie?——talking of lying, I'll look at the berths, what a little ship this is—berth, pho! three of 'em won't hold me. I was born in a berth, suckled by the ship's cow until she broke her back in a storm, and then it was inconvenient for her to be wet-nurse any longer—never mind, nothing hurts me, there's muscle. I was once on the main-top for three weeks and never came down, upon my life its true. When I was in the West Indies, I fought a duel with Major O'Feathersplit, at Chillgillyput; the first fire, the ball grazed right between my eyes, bounced off at right angles like a tennis ball, killed a buffalo on the spot that was feeding 280 yards off—upon my life its true, what will you lay its a lie?'

After this we got into a dark cloud, and should have imagined ourselves in limbo, had we not been so much above it. Still, dark as it was, the Major said, he had been in places much darker, and swore—upon my soul its true, what will you lay its a lie?

The report of a musket from Wandsworth Common, excited our attention to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and presently two sportsmen hove in sight, whose garb and dialect evinced their residence to be by no means out of the ear-shot of Bow-bells; one of them was forcibly pulled forward by a large dog, tied, by means of two pocket-handkerchiefs from his collar to the leg of his sporting master. The wind setting our way, wafted the following dialogue:—'Twas your fa'ut.' 'Vy then, I say it varn't then.' 'And I say it vas then, and you'll pay for't.' 'Pho! my eye, a'nt a jack-daw game?' 'Vell, and suppose it is, 'twas a jack-ass you shot.' 'Vell, how could I help it, vas'nt possible to see through an NEDGE, how could I see vhat vas in the ditch—quiet Dido, will you? quiet I say; the dog'll pull me into the river presently. O, we'll appeal to this gentleman; beg pardon, sir, but pray, sir, isn't a jack-daw game?' 'Not *fair* game, sir, I replied, if we may judge from his colour.' 'Colour, O, aye, that's very vell for a joke; but that's not vhat I asked, sir: an't a jack-daw game? that's vhat I asked?' 'Why that,' said I, 'has been recently settled, I believe in the case, Flash *versus* Pan.' 'Vy, he's a lawyer, Kit. Pray, sir, an't you a lawyer!' 'Yes, said I, in what

Shakspeare calls 'a brief chronicle of the times.' 'Brief—O, I see, yes he is a lawyer, I tell you—brief—chronicle and times. What did you say, sir, about the *Chronicle* and *Times?*' 'To revert, sir, to the law case of Flash *versus* Pan; you will find in Blacklock upon Poaching, page 59, Chief Justice Ramrod ruled as follows, '*Quando, aimas, at Jack Dawem non licensed hittery Jack Assem.*' 'Ah! there, Kit, that's all on my side I can hear, *aimias—hitt-e-ry—non*—beg pardon, sir, say it once more, if you please, sir, and a little slower, I vas but six veeks at Marchant Taylor's school; Ma, took me avay, 'cause a big boy inked my finger von morning.' '*Quando, aimas, at Jack Dawem non licensed hitt-e-ry Jack Assem.*' 'There, did'nt I tell you, he that shoots *Jack Daw-um* is himself *Jack Ass-em*, that's the meaning on it, I know. Pray, Mr. —— I beg pardon, what's your name?' 'Cripplegate; there's my card, sir.' 'I see, CRIPPLEGATE AND CARRAWAY, *Grocers, &c. Bishopsgate Without, enquire within.*' 'Be quiet, Dido—damn the dog, be quiet, I say; he'll pull me into the river presently.' 'To be sure he will,' says the Major; 'tie him to my leg, see if he'll pull me in; a team of oxen couldn't pull me in; there's muscle; 'pon my life its true.' 'I am very anxious, sir, said I, for you to explain, why you have that dog tied to your leg; I have heard of tying tin cannisters to a dog's tail, but I never saw one tied to the leg of a sporting man before.' 'Why then I'll tell you all about it, sir, from the beginning, and then we shan't make no mistakes: you must know, sir, Tom Treacle and I, agreed to meet a t'other side of Blackfriars Bridge—no, this side—no, not on this side, t'other side—no, this here side was the other side yesterday, but now this side's t'other—no, no, if we were in London this would be t'other, consequently this would—vhy I am right, 'cause this is t'other side now we are here on this side—no—vell, sir, you know vhat I mean: vell, sir, Tom Treacle and I agreed to go into Surrey, 'cause it vould be no use to begin shooting a'fore you get a good way, cause the birds are nation wild, till you've passed the Circus; so just as we got over the bridge, I heard somebody say, There goes the Cocknies.—My eyes, Tom, says I, that's a slap at us. Presently I heard some one say again, There goes the Cocknies. So says Tom, says he to me;

says he, Shall we lick 'em. So says I to Tom, says I, that depends upon how big they is, says I.' 'There's a covey, a covey.' 'Where?' 'No, sir, no, he knows nothing of a covey, sir; that's only Mrs. Simpson's infant Academy taking an hairing.——Presently I heard some one say agen, There goes the Cocknies. Ven I looked up, sir, and vhat do you think it vas, it vas no more than old Axletree, the coachmaker's poll parrot, a corner of Vebber Row; so says I, blow me, but I'll have a slap at you, marm, says I, so just as I vas going to fire, and cocking my gun, and shutting my eyes for fear of the flash—Stop, says Tom, says he to me—What? says I.—Your ramrod's in your gun, says he: and so it vas; so I takes it out, and just as I vas agoing to fire agen—Hollo! says Tom, says he, what are you arter, says he to me, says he.—Be quiet, will you, says I to him, says I, you're always a baulking a one so, says I.—So says Tom to me, says he, don't you see the sarvant girl? and there she was sure enough, a giving poll some white o' *negg* for breakfast; so said I to her, said I, get out of the way, marm, says I, and put yourself in a safe place, says I. So said she to me, said she, I am in a safe place, says she, you fool; says she; a safe place, says she, is vhere you fires at, say she.—Did you ever hear such *himperance*? sir; but being a gentleman, I determined to act as *sich*, and not on no account not to say nothing to a lady.'—'Stop, sir, said I, what are you about? you will shoot us all: are you aware that your gun is upon the full cock?' 'What then, sir!' 'Now do turn it the other way, pray, towards the river; aye, that's better, if it should go off.' 'No it is'nt, *(says Mr. Twaddle)* it's a great deal worse.' 'Why so, sir!'—'Frighten the fish.' 'Pray, sir, did'nt you say my gun vas upon the full cock, and it vas wrong.' 'Certainly.' 'Vy then, sir, I'll maintain it's right; look here, sir, mustn't this here bit of flint hit this here iron thing over this brass pan afore it goes off.' 'Certainly.' 'Vy then, sir, look here, *(showing the gun)* if it is as close as that ere, it might go off of itself, vhen you least expect it; vereby if you pull it as far back as that, sir, it is twice as far as it vas afore, sir; and can't possibly go off at all.' 'That's admirable logic, said I, although I am not convinced; but you have not explained to me, why that dog is tied to your

leg.' 'Vhy sir, I'll tell you; all day yesterday she vould'nt do nothing, but run first and frighten the birds, and vhen she found any, she vas more frightened than the birds of the two; for the moment she saw 'em, she stopped dead still, and stood with one leg up so, sir, and her tail sticking out so stiff, just like the lion upon the top of Northumberland House; so you see, sir, she vasn't no use at all; so I tied her to my leg, that ve might have better sport than we had the first of last September.'

SONG.

Come listen, neighbours all, for I wish you to remember
What happen'd to three Cocknies, on the first of last September;
If qualified to shoot, you may then go tell your grandam,
I had it piping hot from a Cockney's memorandum.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Friday, first Septem', at Blackfriars met like shrew'd cocks,
From the Mills to Webber-row beat about for snipes and Woodcocks;
Took aim at seven sparrows, that was flying off to shirk us,
And hit a sandman' donkey that was trotting by the Circus.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

In a ditch at Brixton Causeway, heard a queerish kind of chuckle,
Beat a bramble-bush for snipes, hit a gipsey on the knuckle;
Took aim at something on the wing who wish'd it had been safer,
We thought it a cock-pheasant, but we found it a cock-chafer.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

At Stockwell met some boar-pigs, tried a bait to trap 'em.
Pigs squeak'd and run away, met with better sport at Clapham;

For opposite the seminary Wiggins keeps his daughter at,
Shot what we thought a hare, but it prov'd to be a water-rat.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Lock rusty—rubb'd it clean with a little bit of flannel;
Miss'd a drove of Norfolk turkies, but contriv'd to hit a spaniel;
At Wandsworth broke a ramrod, got it mended by a farrier,
And lodged a random-shot in the left leg of the terrier.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Took a snack at Balaam Hill, then took again to shooting,
Let fly at all we met, till we came to Lower Tooting;
All three took aim to kill a cat, that on a shed was lying,
But hit a paper-kite that a little boy was flying.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Tried to shut left eye, but could'n do't for winking,
Let fly at a chaffinch, that on a cart was thinking;
The shot it rattled round the leathern apron of the carter,
Who frighten'd us with roaring, Hollo! what the devil are you arter?
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Met a lad with bag of game—bid five shillings for 'em—got em—
Brought 'em safe to London Bridge, and meant to swear we'd shot 'em;
But when the bag was open'd, what dy'e think there was within it?
A horse's hoof, a crow, a pole-cat, and a linnet.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

At night went to sup with the club at Billy Beazants,
And told 'em lots of lies 'bout bagging lots of pheasants;
So it is no fault of mine, if they do not well remember
What happened to three Cocknies on the first of last September.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Being at Margate, reminds me of the letter H. Many of my city friends make sad mistakes in localising this letter, and are so used to making up averages, that they think if they leave it out of the beginning of one word, if they do but prefix it to another, it is all the same upon the *average*. Mr. and Mrs. Capsicum were at Margate during my stay there—Mr. Capsicum knew where to place the H, and Mrs. Capsicum where to displace it, as the following dialogue will evince. 'Upon my life, Mr. Capsicum, you are enough to tire the patience of Job—you are leading me such a life, always dinging in my ears that I cannot exasperate the *h*—its an *orrid huntruism*.' 'No, my dear, you cannot *exasperate* the *h*, as you call it—aspirate I suppose you mean.' 'Ah! I suppose by and by you'll tell me I can exasperate nothing.' 'No, my dear, there's one thing you can exasperate.' 'What's that?' 'Your husband, particularly when you kill your own child by your horrid mispronunciation.' 'How can you *hessert* such an *orrid huntruism*?' 'Why you know the child was ill with a violent cold, and had almost been starved into a recovery, and debarred from animal food, when he longed for a bit of *hare* that was roasting at the kitchen fire, when the doctor said you may give the child as much *hare* as he will eat, but on no account send it out into the open *air*, you reversed it all, and called out to the maid, you may give the child as much *air* as he likes, but not a bit of *hare*—so the poor child lost its dinner, and was exposed to a Margate north east—.' 'What an *orrid huntruism!*' 'Another time, when the child was just recovering, the doctor said it might go as far as the *arbour* in the garden, and you know you sent 'em out to the *harbour*, and they had almost got to the pier-head before I could overtake 'em. And didn't I overhear you learning the child his letters, you miscalled 'em all, and said *hell*, *hem*, *hen*, and the child looked up in your face and said, La, ma, its not *hen*—and didn't you mend it by saying, I don't mean an *en* that lays an *heg*, but the letter *hen*.' 'Will you give me an *earring?*' 'Why, you have a pair of gold ones in your ears.' 'I don't mean that—I want a change of *hair*.' 'Well, then, go to the wig-makers.' 'No, I want exercise—I want an *agg*—I want to take exercise upon a donkey.' 'Doey, ma'am.' All

this was said in the hearing of Barnaby Twack, the celebrated Margate donkey driver, who trumpetted forth his four-footed commodities as follows: 'Do you want a donkey, ma'am? there ar'n't better donkies in the whole Isle of Thanet, ma'am, than mine be. There's a nice 'un, ma'am—no, not he, t'other ma'am—he's too frisky for you, ma'am, seeing you be rather largset pattern, ma'am—there, that'll do for you, ma'am—no, not he, he in the brown bridle, ma'am—he's a tarnation good un, he is ma'am.' 'Why, he's kicking at me, the brute!' 'No, bless you, ma'am, not he; he's as gentle as a lamb—ha'n't a kick in him, playful lamb—he wouldn't hurt a fly if he know'd it. To be sure he did cast a young lady into the horsepond yesterday, but it was all in play, poor beast.' Just at this moment the long-eared quadruped kicked out most viciously, hit poor Barnaby on the ribs, and almost took away his breath; but he was so intent upon praising his commodities, that he cried out in the midst of his pain, at the same time rubbing his side, 'O playful lamb! playful lamb! wouldn't hurt a fly if he know'd it—ha'n't a kick in him.' Mrs. C. being mounted, and Barnaby flogging in the rear, her spouse walking after, as in duty bound, Mrs C. appeared so delighted with every thing she saw, that she praised every thing as she passed. There's a *happle!* there's a *olly edge.*' The *olly edge,* as she called it, ran for about half a mile in length on the land side of the road; the cliff presented a precipice on the sea side. Mrs. C. being rather timbersome, as she called it, was very anxious that Barnaby should drive as near as possible to the *hedge*; and as far as possible from the edge of the cliff; but, alas! what she called *hedge,* every body else called edge, and *vice versa*—so when she called out to Barnaby, 'Go close to the *edge,* you fool! go closer to the *edge,* you wretch! go near the *edge!* stupid ass, you are too near the *hedge,* I say. Oh, how you are a frightening me! But Barnaby, thinking she meant to improve her sea view, drove so close to the edge of the cliff, that the legs of the donkey absolutely slipped over; and had not Mr. Capsicum rushed forward and caught hold of his screaming spouse, she would have been qualified to sing the Horse and his Rider thrown into the sea at the next Oratorios. 'I'll take my *affidavy* you said close to the *edge*

—if ladies don't know their own mind, they should not ride donkeys.'

We now bent our course towards the library kept by Mr. Chickcherryclap, where, for fun, frolic, and every thing that is amusing, I imagine there is not a place in England to equal it. But in order to convince as well as recommend, I will endeavour to bring to your view the various scenes that occasionally take place at that elegant place of public resort.

SONG.

In Margate there's ne'er a toy-shop nor library
  Can equal Chickcherryclap's—there is my card—
I sell long bows and short bows, octavos and quartos,
  Black pins by the hundred, and lace by the yard :
The salt water dippers, in mouse-coloured slippers,
  All call as they back from the ses-side do roam,
If thinner or fatter, with me take a chatter,
  Before they go back to hot water and home.

(Spoken)—'Any new arrivals?' 'Lots, me'm, here's the book; Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins—' 'That's quite enough, shut the book; I wonder where they pick up such names; nothing but Wiggins and Spriggins, and Higgins, and Dickens: we scarcely ever see a name of three syllables in the book now.'' 'Look at Sir Noodle Numps, with only one stocking on.' 'Which is he?' 'That's him ma'am; here he comes.' 'Oh; Mr. Chickcherryclap, such a thing has happened, can I retire into one of your back rooms? I am in a most desperate situation indeed. Do you know I was standing on the shore intending to bathe, and as I was talking to myself, and saying, Yes I will, and no I won't, an infernal wave came up to my middle, washed my stockings to the next machine, and carried my small-clothes to the coast of France. I don't know how I shall get home.' 'Why you have only lost one stocking: if your leg bears it, why shouldn't you?' 'There's Sir Bottle Nose Blotch.' 'Where from?' 'Portsoken Ward, ma'am.' 'Peregrine Pimple, Esq. major of volunteers'. 'Where from?' 'Wine Office Court.' 'The Vicar of Venison.' 'Where from?'

Pudding Lane' 'Aurelia Crowsfoot, from Church Passage, Saint Bride's.' 'Ah! she has been in Church Passage these thirty years to my knowledge, and never got up to Saint Bride's yet.' 'Pray, Mr. Chickcherryclap, do they *let out* asses in Margate?' 'Yes, Sir Noodle.' 'Where?' 'Where you lodge.'

Then sir will you pop in, and ma'am will you hop in,
  And little miss stop in, and fol de rol lol!
Who wants some new satin, a shoe, or a patten,
  Will find them all ready in Chickcherry's shop.

At four all's in motion, on land or the ocean,
  Jackboots and jackasses now crowd on the pier;
Ice water in glasses, some ride on jackasses,
  And the ladies to tan their complexions do fear;
The donkies and cattle are all on the rattle,
  For a drive now at four, or a walk on the pier,
All talking together, they cry what hot weather,
  And take up a book in my green colonade.

(*Spoken*)—'Any new novels, Mr. Chickcherryclap?'—'Yes, ma'am, here are some—*The strangled Jew, or Jerusalem Artichokes.*'—'*Love at Baffin's Bay, or Musidora in an Iceberg.*'—'*Fee, Faw, Fum, or the Gormadizing Giant.*'—'*Delicate Distress, or the Frantic Fishwoman.*' 'Here is one, ma'am, said to be written by a young lady of fashion, called '*Go it my Hearty, or Dammee who's afraid?*'—'*Midnight horrors, or the Nun of St. Catamaran.*'—Here, Mary, pop the *Gormandizing Giant* into your muff, and take the *Midnight horrors* under your arm, and run home!'

Then sir will you pop in, and ma'am will you hop in,
  And little miss stop in, and fol de rol lol!
Who wants some new satin, a shoe, or a patten,
  Will find them all ready in Chickcherry's shop.

At night when a blazement illumines the casement,
  For toys and tetotums they all come to me;
And those who have money buy every thing funny,
  And folks who are ordered to bathe in the sea,

In numbers that baffle all here to the raffle,
  Till hard-hearted bankers remittances stop ;
Then all the gay railers sneak home by the steamers,
  And talk all the winter of Chickcherry's shop.

(Spoken)—'Now ladies, now ladies, to the auction in the back shop—the raffle here—the loo, ladies—now ladies patronize poor Chickcherryclap—one, two, three gone—four, five, six wanted.' 'I'll take six.' 'What name, ma'am?' 'Jeffery Muffincap.' *(Rattles the dice and throws)* 'Four, gone I and nobody by. Pray ladies don't desert poor Chickcherryclap. Six, eight, ten, king, Pam. *(dealing cards.)*—'There's Master Crotchet singing up in the corner; charming he sings.' 'Yes.' 'Mrs. Allspice, this is a pleasure; how are they all in Mark Lane?' 'Hush! here upon the grand—' 'What's that, Mark Lane did you say?' 'No, Captain, Park Lane; our house exactly faces Grosvenor Gate. There's an off-hand bounce for you.' 'One, two, three wanting; pray ladies patronize poor Chickcherryclap.' 'Give me one.' 'What name, ma'am?' 'Shuffleton.' 'Do pray Captain throw for me.'—*(Throws)* 'Trays.' 'The deuce take the trays.' 'No, ma'am, the tray always takes the duce.—*(Sings) Love has eyes, love has eyes, O yes believe*—nine, ten, Pam; ten shillings for Pam.—There, *(throws)* trays again; I can't get above all fours.' 'No, Captain, you are a regular Nebuchadnezzar.' 'Now for Chickcherryclap—four, five, six.—*(Boy singing)* '*Love has eyes, love has eyes.*'—Four, five, six, Pam; now ladies.' 'What a noise they make in that room; no hearing.'—*Love has eyes, love has*—' 'One, two, that's for you—diamonds—ten, Pam, there am I and nobody by.—*(Boy sings)*—'Charming he sings.' 'Yes.' 'Allow me to offer *(sells by auction)* an elegant pair of steel stays—at two pounds—at, guineas—at two pounds ten—your's sir. Mary, try them on the gentleman. Ladies, allow me to offer to your notice this elegant little Marmoset Monkey—going for two pounds ten—eleven—twelve, and a *haaf* in two places—three pounds—four, five, six—seven, and a *haaf* claimed in two places—not yet your's ma'am—at seven and a *haaf*—he is a perfect specimen of his species, ladies—take him round, porters.' 'Is he a gentleman?' 'Yes ma'am; if you mean his manners, they

are polished; quite an elegant little man of fashion, a perfect gentleman, ma'am.' 'I mean is he of the male species? Has he any vice, Mr. Chickcherryclap?' 'Not that I know of, ma'am; if he has never mind—

> "For if to his share some little errors fall,
> Look in his face, and you forget them all."

(*Boy sings*)—'Allow me to offer this pair of leather inexpressibles—going for, two pounds ten, eleven, twelve—yours, me'm.' 'Do you know I've got a book of birds and *beastes*, and last night I laid a wager with a gentleman at the Boarding House, that there was no English bird whose name begins with an A, and I've won it.' 'No, no, you have not sir.' 'But I'll lay you what you like I have, though.' 'I beg your pardon.' 'Sir, you have lost, there is one.' 'What is that, sir?' '*A tomtit.*'

Then sir will you pop in, and ma'am will you hop in.
And little miss stop in, and fol de rol lol!
Who wants some new satin, a shoe, or a patten,
Will find them all ready in Chichcherry's shop.

Many persons go to Margate for seclusion—and they generally choose the season when all their friends leave town for the same purpose. To meet an acquaintance therefore at Margate is certainly no miracle. Why then was I surprised at meeting Paul Pinnacle, Esquire? yet surprised I certainly was. Paul's great object in life, has been to get into what he calls good society; society has been the game he has pursued, but like all other games, in his estimation, it is never good unless it is high. I paused, doubting whether he would recognise me, for as Paul increases his stock of Lords he cuts his commons; however, as I had descended from the clouds, I was an object of attention as well as himself, and he was also in an extra good humour. 'Ah, Charles, my prime fellow, how do? happy to see you—glad to have met with you—did you come in the balloon?—strange fellow!' 'Very glad to see you, Mr. Pinnacle.' 'Mr. Pinnacle, eh! rather grand, why not Pinnacle or Paul? I like Paul best, it is short and neatest.' 'You will excuse me, Mr. Paul Pinnacle, but the last time I met you, you were very ceremonious.'

'Was I, eh? Oh! ah, I remember—but, my dear fellow, the place—recollect the place:—yes, the last time I met you it was at the corner of Abingdon Place, Piccadilly.' 'Well, what has that to do with it?' 'Every thing, my dear fellow; I was walking with a very great man—I was walking with Sir Harry Gossamer—he is a man of the first fashion, and moves in the very first circles; and he is very particular who he walks with.' 'How came he to walk with you, then?' 'With me! that's very neat, devilish neat; but the fact is, he had lost a trifle to me the night before at cards; he was devilish sharp set, and couldn't pay, therefore I made the agreement with him to take a turn with me from Devonshire House to Hyde Park Corner—I wanted fashion, and he wanted money.' 'So he walked off the debt.' 'Exactly so.' 'Its a pity it is not more common.' 'Its not uncommon.' 'I'm glad of it,' said I; 'then some of my Bond-street friends may as easily outwalk a debt, as they are used to outrun the constable; but what has that to do with your cutting me in Piccadilly?' 'Why, I'll tell you; while I was walking with Sir Harry Gossamer, I made a sort of vow with myself not to speak so any blackguards, or any one under a baronet; just as I had made my vow, you came across from the Green Park—not that I mean to say you are a blackguard, quite the reverse I assure you, for I don't think you are a blackguard; but, my dear fellow, the fact is, you are, a——.' 'I am not a baronet.' 'Exactly so: I know you'll say you saw me speak to Sir Charles Culverin, at the steps of the Gloster Coffee House, and he is only a knight, but he is a K. C. B. and that is something; I didn't wish to mortify him, so I said, How d'ye do? but it was done quite in a whisper—no one heard it.' 'That was very considerate.' 'I think it was; it all depends upon where a man meets a man; for depend upon it, every man in his life cuts somebody. Suppose I meet a good sort of fellow like yourself, without a title, at the corner of some shabby-genteel street in the Strand—Norfolk-street for instance—not that I mean to call Norfolk-street shabby, quite the reverse, I assure you—well, then I say, How do? delighted to see you; how's the little woman? how's the little ones? most happy to see you; make my compliments, good bye. That's at the corner of Norfolk-street:

but suppose I meet my friend at some shabby-genteel spot, King Charles I. statue at Charing Cross, for instance —not that I mean to call King Charles I. shabby-genteel, quite the reverse I assure you.' 'There I suppose you are civil, but distant.' 'That depends upon circumstances—I am very ceremonious. If I see the Duke's gate just opening, I am rather ceremonious until I see which way the horses' heads turn—no knowing what may happen—then I look down towards Parliament-street, to see if any of my particular friends, such as Judges, Field Officers, Counsellers, Secretaries of State, or Cabinet Ministers —then I look towards Pall Mall, and if I see no Marquis, Earls, and that concern, and no Peer on the pavement, and nothing about Charing Cross but porters, and barristers, and coal-heavers, and hackney-coachmen, and attorneys, and other old women, and all that sort of concern, then I say, How do? happy to see you; most delighted to have met you; good day.' 'But in Piccadilly?' 'That depends upon circumstances—in Piccadilly one scarce knows how to behave—Piccadilly varies. I have seen blackguards in Piccadilly; not that I mean to call Piccadilly blackguard, quite the reverse I assure you. On Sundays Piccadilly is decidedly vulgar; not that I mean to call Sunday vulgar, quite the reverse I assure you; but you know all those horrid people who make holyday in Hyde Park on a Sunday, go through Piccadilly. Imagine the whole stream of population carrying with it all the mud of Blackfriars, Austen Friars, and White Friars, and Grey Friars, and God knows how many more friars.' 'Well, but Piccadilly on a week-day?' 'Oh, then I am *aufait*, black neckcloth—grey nag—yellow barouche —sporting outriders—Duke in the corner—Marquis in the front, all that concern!' 'But if you meet a fellow you don't wish to speak to, how do you manage?' 'I cut him.' 'Cut him?' 'Not exactly so—no—yes, that is, I———' 'No, I know you do not exactly carve him with a knife.' 'No, I have three cuts on these occasions; where I meet a fellow with a sort of white coat and a long hanging collar, and his hat on one side, and a large stick in his hand, and a white neckcloth—not that I mean to call every man a blackguard that wears a white neckcloth, quite the reverse I assure you—I have seen very respect-

able persons in white neckcloths, but the fashion is black, all black—well, I meet a decided sort of blackguard, a sort of fellow one meets at bull-baits and cock-fights—not that I mean to call bull-baiting and cock-fighting vulgar, quite the reverse I assure you—then if I meet any of the aforesaid persons, and if I am with any of my own set, Lord George Squander, and the Marquis of Putney, and that concern, I say, Lord George, did you ever see so preposterous a chimney as that at No. 45?—up go their eyes—by this time blackguard has passed, then I shake the Marquis by the hand, adieu! adieu! But 'pon my honour I can't stop, because Lady Mary is waiting for me.' 'But,' said I. 'Mr. Pinnacle, you have not told me your system of cutting people.' 'Well, now I'll give you my three cuts, which are invaluable. Cut the first is the celestial: when you meet your dunning tailor, or story-telling uncle, or a respectable man with a shabby-drest wife, and a poodle dog, you are suddenly struck with the beauty of the heavens—what a magnificent structure—Herschell—Georgium Sidus—by that time your tailor is gone by, and you pursue your walk solus. The second is the cut infernal; this consists in casting your eyes suddenly down towards the gloomy abode of the inexorable Pluto:—in this case; you must suppose cuttee to be above, you a cockney in a goneby tilbury, or a respectable man outside the Clapham coach, rating the commissioners soundly for the irregularity of the pebbles: horridly they do pave London now—the same puddle that was here last week, I declare—Madam, will you allow me—by this time cuttee has passed, the Clapham coach gone by, and so being gone, I exclaim with Macbeth, I am a man again. Cut third and last, is the cut direct, and requires little more than downright impudence: in this case you must suppose cuttee to meet you full front:—meet his salute with elevated eyebrows, stare him full in the face, and pass on, as much as to say, who the devil are you? This is mostly practised by gentlemen who walk Bond-street; to them I dedicate it, to be taken every day between three and five. One cut is a dose.'

I had not wandered far before I met a very old acquaintance—his name was Muggins.—'Ha, Muggins,' says I, 'how do you do, Muggins?' 'Why, I'm tolerable,' was his

reply—'How do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you.' 'Fine day.' 'Very fine.' 'Any news?' 'No.' 'Are you still in the gospel line?' 'Oh, yes, I should die if I left it.' 'But you've been so long in it that you're sure to go to heaven.' 'Can't say—good morning.' 'I hope you may.' 'Amen,' he replied, 'good-day.' and as he broke off and left me after this entertaining dialogue, I'll tell you a story about Mr. Muggins:

From among the many droll and laughable stories extant of private individuals, it is hoped mine will not prove the least amusing. Mr. Muggins was clerk at a parish church in Derbyshire, near which was a well-known pleasant spot, called Mount Sion: here Mr. Muggins had several houses, that he was in the habit of letting out ready furnished; and as it was proverbially a healthy place, was seldom without tenants. However, if it so happened that one of them were unoccupied, he had a most laughable and singular habit of acquainting the congregation of the circumstance, by invariably giving from his desk, in a curious nasal tone, immediately before the Pslams, as follows: 'Let us sing to the Praise and Glory of——O, I had forgot——Mount Sion is a pleasant place.' It happened that he once let one of those houses to a Lady Pintweezel, whose favourite little dog, Shock, was very poorly. My Lady regularly attended church every Sunday, accompanied by Master Shock, who, although he could neither read, write, nor sing, yet when the congregation began to sing he also began to bow, wow, wow, in with them very prettily; which was considered such a nuisance, that at last one of the neighbours engaged to steal Master Shock; and i'faith, he was as good as his word. The following morning, as Mr. Muggins was comfortably seated by the fire, enjoying his breakfast, comes a rap so (*knocks*) at the door. 'Who's there?' says Muggins; when in came my Lady Pintweezel, with a face as long as my arm. 'Good morning to your ladyship,' said he; 'hope you are well.' 'Oh! oh! Mr. Muggins.' (*crying.*)—'God bless my soul, my Lady, why what is the matter? is the house on fire, or has it been broken open.' 'Oh! Mr. Muggins.' (*still crying*) worse than that, I have lost my dear little dog Shock.'—'(Upon my soul, I am very glad of it.) (*Aside.*) Sad thing indeed, my lady.' 'Well, Muggins, don't you

think you can find him for me?' 'Lauk! my Lady, I can't find your Shock.' 'Ah! but Muggins, if you will but contrive to give it out at church, as you do your houses, I'll give you a couple of guineas.' 'Oh! to be sure I will, my Lady (*that alters the case*). Poor little fellow, I hope he has got into good hands: but what shall I say, my Lady?' 'Oh! oh! give me a pen and ink, and I'll write it all down for you. Oh! dear, oh! let me see, (*wiping her eyes*). LOST, *Lady Pintweezel's little dog Shock, with a black spot on a white tail, and a black body, and a white back, with long ears, little mouth, and sore eyes.* There, there it is, oh, oh!' 'Very well, my Lady, I'll certainly give it out.' On the following Sunday morning early, Muggins took an opportunity of popping the description into his reading desk before church time; shortly afterwards, the parson, who was a humourous sort of a blade, passing down the aisle spied this paper curiously folded:—'Hey, what have we here,' said he, upon opening it; 'surely Mr. Clerk can't mean to give this out in church; however, if he does, I'll have a joke with him;' so taking out his penknife, he scratched out the S for SORE EYES, and put in an F, which made it read FORE (*four*) EYES, and then carefully replaced it as before. Soon after the service began, and went regularly on, until the Psalms, which Muggins gave out: '*Let us sing to the praise and glory of*—Oh! ah! I had forgot;' so recollecting himself, he proceeded—'A hem—LOST, *or strayed, stolen or mislaid, Lady Pintweezel's little dog Shock, with a black spot on a white tail, and a black body, and a white back, with long ears, little mouth, and* fo— fo— FOUR! FOUR! FOUR—yes it is, FOUR EYES, upon my soul;' but Muggins, suspecting something, turning round and looking up, said, Mr. Parson, Mr. Parson.' 'Well, Muggins,' said the parson, looking down upon him, 'Well Muggins, what's the matter?'—'I say, Mr. Parson, this is one of your tricks, never mind, only recollect, I am *one upon your Tibby*, for this, that's all.'

Now the parson wished his parishioners to believe, that he was a very learned and clever man, and that, although he had a book before him, it was, in fact, of little use to him, and that he generally delivered his discourses extempore, which, by the by, the clerk knew was no such thing;

for Mr. Parson had a secret nitch cut in his desk, into which he put his book. On the following Sunday, Muggins made a point of being at church first, and espying the parson's book in the old place, he made no bones of whipping out one of the leaves: shortly after the parson arrived, the service commenced, and went on as usual; the parson mounted his pulpit to deliver his sermon, and proceeded in his usual apparently inspired manner, till he came to the place where the leaf was torn out. 'And lo and behold, Moses——[*missing the leaf*] and behold Moses ——and, as I before said, and lo! and behold, Moses ——and—and behold Moses——[*scratching his head, and turning over the leaves of his book confusedly.*] I say, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk,' said the parson, looking down upon him; 'Mr. Clerk, what's become of my Moses?' 'Why, [*said Muggins, looking up archly at him,*] Why, he has got SORE EYES, and can't come to church to-day, sir.'

I next entered into conversation with my friend Mr. Guffin, whose sole theme was concerning his affairs at Stockwell, and the brilliancy of his daughter's mind. 'Fine creature—lovely girl—excellent understanding, in short, sir, her taste is superior to any thing I ever yet met with in woman.'

Miss Guffin now advanced, and said to her papa, 'Let's go to some place of amusement.' 'Well, I'm sure my dear I am as anxious as you are to go to some place of amusement, for being idle is very troublesome; I wish I had brought down my Day-book, or Ledger, or book of bad debts; but pray what place of amusement do you propose, my dear?' 'I want to go to the church-yard.' 'That's the oddest place of amusement—why in the name of the sexton what can you want there?' 'I want to get some new epitaphs for my book.' 'Well, I don't much like it, I don't—going to a church-yard on a working day, there's something wicked in it—but however, if you want to improve your Album I'll accompany you.' I accompanied Miss Guffin, who, on reaching the church-yard, took out her Album and pencil. 'Oh! here's one all wrapt up in one beautiful innocent little line!'

'Here I lays, killed by a chaise.'

'What simplicity! how interesting!'

'I lays in dust, because I must.'

'There, I think I never heard any thing so innocent and simple: Shakespear's Elegy in a country church-yard was nothing to it.' 'Here's one that will suit you, Miss Guffin,' said I.

'On the two wives of Jonathan Sexton,
Who, as a wife, has never vexed one,
I wish I could say as much for her at the next stone.'

Epitaph on William Wilkins, a dunning tailor.

'Here lies W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.'

'Here lies the bodies of two infants dear,
One lies buried in Margate Harbour, the other here.'

'O Reader, if thou cans't read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, death is a man
As never spareth none.'

'The Church was full, and would hold no more,
So here I lies outside the door.'

'Here I lies with my two daughters,
All along of the Cheltenham waters.'

'Here lies the body of John Tomkins, who
Departed this life, aged fifty-two,
After a long and painful illness, that
He bore with christian fortitude, tho' fat:
He died lamented deeply——by this Poem,
And all who had the happiness to know him.'

On returning up the high street from our ecclesiastical amusement, a letter was put into the hands of Mr. Guffin, which appeared to put him completely out of temper. 'What's the matter, sir?' said I. 'Oh! nothing—only an Attorney' bill, that's all—from my friend Mr. Waddle Whipup. *Whip-up* indeed! I have had a few bills in my time, and I have seen a good many, but this beats all I ever—but I'll read it to you.'

Attending and asking you how you did	6	8
Attending you afterwards when you said, Pretty well - - - - - - - - -	6	8
Attending you on the pier, when you desired me to look through a piece of smoked glass at an eclipse of the sun - - - - - - - - - - -	6	8
Attending and looking at ditto - - -	6	8
Returning you the piece of glass - - -	13	4
Rubbing my left eye, which watered -	13	4
Attending you at luncheon, when you praised the sandwiches, and asked me to take some - - - - - - -	6	8
Consulting and asking my opinion thereon, when I said, They were very good - - - - - - - - - - - -	13	4

'There, what d'ye think of that, eh! He says he will come to breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and receive the money if convenient—but he shan't—he'll charge me *six and eightpence* for eating my breakfast, I suppose. If he does, I'm resolved to strike him off my *rolls* and butter.'

Mr. Guffin felt very much offended with his attorney, and resolved never to employ him again; his wife was tremendous in her upbraidings against all lawyers, and particularly the man who could thus overcharge her husband, while I, too anxious to lose sight of my friends, must travel to seek new adventures for their amusement.

Near the pier-head at Margate, stands the Hoy Tavern; strolling one morning that way, I saw four men busily employed, beating a carpet in the Connaught fashion, that is, with a man in it. 'What in the name of patience are you doing with that unfortunate man?' said I.—'Nothing, sir,' said one of them; 'its only a bit of a lark, sir, that's all, you see that window there, sir, open, in that house up there?' 'Yes I do.' 'Well, sir, as we wur a shaking this carpet, sir, this man jumped out of that window there, sir, and we caught him in this carpet, sir, and wur giving him a little bit of a shake, sir, and that's all we know of the matter, sir.' 'Your honour,

your honour, you've saved my life, so you have; you never saw any man so kilt before.' 'For a dead man,' said I, 'you appear pretty lively.' 'Och! by the powers! and its no fault of theirs, your honour; I'm as good as dead, any how.' 'I think I've seen you before.' 'Troth and you may say that, Daniel O'Rourke, sir.' The first time I met Daniel was in Dublin; surprised that our second meeting should be in a carpet at Margate, I asked him to explain his situation. 'O, your honour, I've been draming and draming, and didn't your honour come in a drame.' 'Well, what did you dream, and how did you come into that carpet?' 'Plase your honour, I'll tell your honour all about it, I was bothered all day yesterday; and I dramed such a drame; och sure, and didn't your honour come through the clouds in a balloon? plase your honour, I'm steward of the Polly Packet; and every Monday in the week the Captain gives the sailors a treat; and the good mait and the good drink of the Captain's did'nt agree with me at all at all; I ate so much, that I would never desire to lave off; and when I was home and a bed, I was none the better of it; and when I went to sleep, the devil a wink of sleep could I get for draming all night. Och! I wish I may never drame such another!' 'What was your dream, Daniel?' 'Why, then saving your presence, I'll tell you; I was draming I was coming home from Molly Crinigan, the fairy woman, where I had been to get a charm for the cure of the braked heifer, that was bewitched; and I dramed I was coming across the Key of Ballanaskeugh, and I was looking up at the stars and blessing myself, when what did myself do, but I missed my footing, and fell into the water, that was very well—then I thought I was swimming away for the bare life of me, when I swimmed on shore on a desolate island, where there was water enough to drown Johnny Mac Glee, the Irish giant —that was very well, so I sot myself down, and set up a crying; and as I was setting there by myself, a lusty big black devil of an eagle came up to myself. Good morning, Daniel O'Rourke, says he. Good morning, sir, said I. God save you, Dan, said he. You also, sir, said I. What are you doing there, Dan? said he. Nothing at all, sir, said I, I was only wishing I was safe back again at Ballanaskeugh. Come, get a horseback

upon me, said he; and my life against yours, but I'll bring you safe home to Ballanaskeugh. Och! by my soul, sir, said I, here's persuading; I thank you, sir, said I, for the loan of your civility, sir, said I, and I'll accept your offer, sir, said I; so I got a horseback upon him, and away he flew with me, till we came close up to the moon; so then I thought to set him right, the cause why, I thought for sure he didn't know the right road to Ballanaskeugh: but I'll be civil to him, says I, for why, bekase he has me in his power: so says I, plase your honour's glory, sir, said I, I'm thinking you're not in the right road to Ballanaskeugh. Hold your tongue, Daniel, said he, and mind your own business, and don't interfere with the business of other people. May be not, sir, said I; so I said no more till we came to the moon itself. Take off me, Dan, said he, I'm tired. I will not, sir, said I. Take off me, said he. Indeed, and I won't, said I; bad enough, sir, said I, what will I do? Take off me, Dan, said he, while I rest me. Och, and is it to fall and be killed, sir, said I. Get upon the moon, while I rest myself, said he. And is that the way you'd be sarving me, sir, said I. Never-fear, Daniel, said he, don't you see a reaping hook sticking out of one side of it, said he? I do sir, said I. Take a gripe of it, said he; and you'll come to the ground like a flea in a blanket. I did so, when what did himself do, but turns about, and good by to you, Dan, says he. Is that all, you ugly old brute you, sir, says I: devil speed the traveller, says I: you are an unnatural baste, so you are: is that the way you'd be sarving me, sir, said I; well, that was very well; when out came the man of the moon himself.—Daniel O'Rourke, said he. The same, sir, said I. What are you doing with my reaping-hook, Dan, said he? No harm, sir, said I; only holding on, for fear I'd be falling off, sir, said I. Let go your gripe, Dan, said he. Indeed, and with your honour's lave, and I will not, sir, said I. Let go your gripe, Dan, said he, or else you'd better you had. Indeed, and I will not, sir, said I, and the more you bid me lave go, sir, said I, the more I won't, so I will. We'll see that, said he; and with that he goes in and fetches out a large hammer, and knocks off the handle of the reaping hook, and down myself falls, falls, falls, like a bird that would be flying; when it pleased

God to send a flock of wild geese by, from my own bog of Ballanaskeugh, or else how should they know me? Is this Daniel O'Rourke? says one of them: It is so, sir, said I. I think you are falling, Dan, said he. You may say that, with your own puddy mouth, sir, said I. Take a grip of me, Dan, said he, and I'll bring you to the ground in a way you won't fall and be killed. Sweet's your heart in a pot of honey, my jewel, says I. Immediately I saw a ship below under me. Halloo! stop the ship, stop the ship, said I. Why should we stop the ship, Daniel? said they, by the raison we don't know whether you're over it or not. Arrah! how shall we know that? says I. Drop your hat, Dan, said he, and if you drop it in the ship, you'll know you're over the ship, said he. I did so: when what does I do, but looks down, and I thought they held out a big blanket to catch me, when what does I do, but jumps off the goose's back, as I thought, but it was not off the eagle's back, or goose's back, or horse's back, but out of my own bed-room window I jumpt, your honour save, and so it was.'

Taking a walk one day on the fort, I met an old acquaintance who was very fond of theatricals, and naturally, we no sooner got together, than we brought all our ammunition into play.—I endeavoured to defend the new school as much as possible, but my worthy friend exploded it; and completely turned his back upon Kemble, Young, Kean, and all the puppets, in England (as he termed them). I endeavoured to show him the difference between the actors of the old and the new school, by introducing a few imitations, and the old gentleman smiled, and seemed gratified if one tone in my voice resembled any thing that Macklin ever did.

I gave him imitations of Kemble, of Kean, of Munden, of Incledon, and various others, but he was impenetrable, and still declared that all my endeavours would not convince him that the new school was at all equal to the old.

Of all the tragedians that ever tragedized, says my friend, he was the most *outré* in his own performance, whose satire made him the dread of every other theatrical

performer; I mean our late English Aristophanes, Mr. Foot. He was a great favourite with the town, and as a comic writer and a mimic, a most deserved one. But acting is to be considered on principles much more extensive.

His performance of Othello was such a masterpiece of burlesque, that it has never yet been forgotton by those who saw it. But however extravagantly *outré* this might have been, it could never equal the burlesque he displayed in Hamlet, which he performed for his own benefit at Bath.

When he came to the quarrel in the last act with Laertes, where the following lines occur:

> What is the reason that you use me thus?
> I loved thee ever—but 'tis no matter,
> Let Hercules himself do what he may,
> The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

Instead of this, he said in his usual way, What is the reason that you use me thus, I loved thee ever; but 'tis no matter, Let Hercules himself do what he may, the dog will mew! No, no, that's wrong; the cat will bark! Oh no, that's the dog; the dog will mew, no that's the cat. The cat will; no, that's the dog; again the cat, the dog; pshaw, pish, pox, 'tis something about barking, mewing, and caterwauling; but as I hope to be saved, Ladies and Gentlemen, I know no more about the matter.

Although performers, neglecting the study of their profession, deserve reprehension; yet I must exempt such from censure as have been neglectful from their endeavours proving unsuccessful. In this situation was the late facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lynn, in Norfolk. Having played there several nights to empty benches, he neglected to study the part of Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice, which he was to perform before the company left the town. He however bustled through it tolerably well, until he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica,

'In such a night as this, Leander swam the Hellespont, and braved the winds and waves for Hero's sake, &c. &c. Instead of which he began thus:

Oh! Jessica, in such a night as this, the man swam over the water, and he dived and he ducked, and he ducked and he dived—till he got to the other side, and there you know he met with his—his sweetheart— and there Jessica, you know, they met each other.

This was intolerable. The audience perceiving the cause, expressed their disapprobation by a general hiss from every part of the Theatre.

Stevens, greatly irritated by this, resolved to quit the town, as he termed it, in a blaze. He therefore took Jessica by the hand, and leading her forward addressed the audience thus;

Oh! Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've touched but half-a-crown;
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we longer stay they'll starve us quite—Damn me.

A gentleman troubled equally with a short memory came forward one night, to give out the play for the next evening, it being by particular desire, for the benefit of the box-keeper, and the last night of performing in Camberwell, that season; which he did as follows.

Ladies and gentlemen, above and below:—To morrow evening—no, that's a lie, to-morrow's Sunday—Ladies and Gentlemen: On Monday evening will be performed, the celebrated comedy of—of—the Tragedy of—of—no—no—the Opera of—of—Opera of—of—the Play of—of—the play-bills, to-morrow, will let you know all about it. To which will be added, the farce of the Pantomime—of the entertainment of—what's to be done after the Play—being by particular desire of the box-keeper—and for the benefit of the last season.

These instances of short memory in the servants of the public, remind me of a remarkable gentleman, whom I shall introduce to your notice, and whose ingenuity and retentive memory will be apparent in this introductory speech. This gentleman, who was a traveller, some short time back, arrived at a certain inn; and after alighting from his horse went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang

the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows:—'Waiter!' (the waiter replied Sir)—'I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house.—I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say.' (The waiter again replied, 'Yes, sir.') 'In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some sealing-wax, some wafers, and let me know what time the post goes out, Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room—send the boots, with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in—tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and that I want to be called at five o'clock in the morning—ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, as I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town.' The waiter answered, 'Yes, sir,' and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

Besides, says my friend, your actors of the present day are so methodical, and to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we have nothing but would-be actors, every where we go—for bakers, barbers, tailors, and butchers, are all trying to get upon the stage: and I'll convince you of that by the following story:—

Some few years ago, there was a character well-known in Bath by the name of the musical butcher; this man, whose name was Jenkins, was in the habit of frequenting clubs, public-houses, and other places of a similar description; and having a tolerable pretty voice, his company was much sought after. It happened one evening, that he fell into company with some performers belonging to the theatre one of whom, after hearing him, requested he

would sing for his benefit, which he promised to do: and accordingly sung for his benefit, and received a great deal of applause; which so elated him, that going home to his wife, he begins with, 'Vel vife! I shan't have any more of this butchering stuff; no, no, I'm a gentleman now.'—'Laud John!' says his wife (who thought he had been drinking) 'Laud John! why what do you mean?' 'Why, I'll tell you vat, vife; I does'nt intend to have any thing more to do with this here nasty, mean, greasy, fat, butchering business; I mean to turn another trade. And what do you think I intends to turn to?' 'Why, John, I can't think for the soul of me!' 'Vell then, I means to turn music-master.' 'Aye, John, that's a very genteel, pretty, musical, light kind of business.' Accordingly he called in an auctioneer, and sold every thing that looked in the least butchering, greasy or fat: he immediately took another shop, and furnished it with all new publications and instruments, such as Pianofortes, Violins, Hautboys, &c. On the first day of opening his shop, he dressed himself in a genteel suit of black, but so far forgot himself, that he also put on a blue apron and steel, and going outside his shop, he paraded backwards and forwards, crying, 'What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy? what d'ye buy?' Some people thought he was out of his mind, some thought it was a joke, but all agreed that he was most certainly out of his element: in the mean time one of his old customers came up, an elderly old gentleman; who, seeing him in the musical way, began with, 'Ah, what Jenkins! why you are a droll fellow, Jenkins, ha, ha, ha!' 'Good morning to you, sir! glad to see you; you used to deal largely with me for meat, and used generally to give me hansel—I han't took no money this morning yet.' 'Well, well, and I don't care if I do now, Jenkins, but this is very droll, Jenkins; very funny this musical freak of yours, ha, ha! I see you have a variety of instruments, aye?' 'Yes, sir, I have got every thing you can desire.' 'Well, (*looking round the shop*) what do you ask for that old fiddle?' 'What, that old one? why that must be four-pence halfpenny a pound.' 'Why, Jenkins, you have not forgot your old tricks yet, ha, ha, ha!' 'Beg pardon, sir, rather forgot myself, but you shall have that for one pound.' 'Why you know, Jenkins, you used to take off five shil-

lings in the pound for ready money. Why Jenkins, what a cursed ugly neck this fiddle has got; can't you do anything to it?' 'Yes, sir, I'll doctor it—here Tom, (he calls out to a boy that had served five years to the butchering trade, and now was to serve two years more to the musical business) here Tom, take this fiddle, chop off the chump end, and pop it into the tray, and run home with it.' Accordingly the boy got a cleaver, and putting the fiddle down on the top of a grand pianoforte, he not only chopped off the chump end, but he chopped the new piano clean through. 'Why, dam'me, Tom, you have spoiled that there box of music!' 'Beg your pardon, master, but I have not got into my new trade,' says Tom.

The next customer that came in, enquired—'Pray, sir, have you the Opera of Tamerlane and Bajazet?' 'Yes, sir, I have got it.' 'Aye! but I don't want the whole of it, I only want the catastrophe.' 'The what, sir?' 'Why the catastrophe, the close, the wind-up, the climax, the finish.' I say, Missus, clap that are down in the day-book; they are devilish good words to go to market with.' He however soon let his customer have what he wanted. It soon after happened that poor Mr. Jenkins was taken violently ill of a fever, when his wife went to market, and going to the very identical shop they had quitted, began, 'Well butcher, what do you ask for that bit of mutton and cut off the catastrophe?' 'Cut off what, ma'am?' 'I say, what do you ask for that bit of mutton, and cut off the catastrophe?' 'I say, Missus,' says the man, turning round to his Mistress, 'do you understand French or Jarman?' 'No, Bill, you must settle with the good woman as well as you can.' 'Laud! well I declare, these here butchers are the most vulgar, illittered people on the face of the universal yearth! What! do'nt you know that the catastrophe is the finish, the wind-up, the climax, the close, the tail?' 'Oh! the tail, you mean the tail, ma'am, do you?'—so he cut off the tail, and by so doing he also cut off our *tale*—short.

Now, says he, deny, if you can, that the profession is gradually declining—deny, if you can, that every apprentice boy is daily and hourly endeavouring to fill the place of Kemble, or laughing at the beauties of Kean.—

But I have another story which I will tell you before we part,—which ran thus in effect.

It is customary in general with managers, to teach their young performers to throw it out—-to keep it up—go through with it—and to make use of their arms and legs, and not stand like a tragedy tea-pot, with one hand stuck by his side like the handle, and the other thrown out in this manner, (*imitating*) like the spout, so that the actor is always in motion, as if he had got the St. Vitus's dance, and could not stand still for the soul of him.

Mr. Mossop, the once celebrated tragedian, was distinguished amongst the wags of the Green Room, by the appellation of the one-handed actor. Mr. Churchill, in his famous satirical poem of the 'Rosciad,' said his right hand was always labouring away whilst his left was totally inactive. But Mr. Garrick effected a cure upon this gentleman, by telling him a story of a one-handed actor, who had a wooden arm made, and disdaining that one hand should have all the labour, he would give the other a hearty slap, and set it in full swing, like the pendulum of a clock—for instance now, (*imitating*)

> I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
> And my soul's darling passion stands confessed.
> (*Bang goes Dummy*)
>
> Beyond myself or Virtue's sacred band—
> Beyond my life I prize my native land.
> (*Bang goes Dummy*)
>
> Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
> And die with pleasure for my country's good.
> (*Bang again goes Dummy*)

So bang bang, swing swang, dingle dangle, went the dead limb, and the poor actor was as proud of it as of his living one.

I began to feel the full force of my friend's remarks, when by way of winding the matter up, he says—'Mark me, were I to advise young actors, I should teach them the following lines as a lesson for their future improvement:

He who would act must think : for thought will find
The art, to form the body, by the mind.
Weigh, for example, these few maxims right,
And steer your course by the befriending light.
On the rais'd neck, oft mov'd, but ever straight,
Turn your unbending head with easy state ;
Shun rambling looks—fix your attention high
Pointed, earnestly meeting eye with eye.
Spread, be your opening breast ; oft chang'd your face,
Step, with a slow severity of grace,
Pausingly, warm (significantly) rise,
And affectation's empty swell despise.

Be what you seem—each pictur'd passion weigh,
Fill, first, your thoughts, with all your words must say,
Strong, yet distinguish'd, let expression paint,
Not straining mad, nor negligently faint.
On rising spirits, let your voice take wing,
And nerves elastic, into passion spring.
Let every joint keep time, each sinew bend,
And the shot soul, in every start, ascend

All my arguments were ineffectual with the old gentleman, whose name was Nicholas (so of course he was called Old Nick) and I afterwards understood his antipathy against innovation was entirely owing to the manner in which two of his sons were prepossessed in favor of acting.

I contended that, comparatively speaking, there were very few actors ; and the old gentleman, on the other hand, said, the devil had certainly possessed the major part of mankind ; for, says he, your parson acts, your doctor acts, your undertaker acts—and the only man that ever spoke truth, was our Immortal Bard, Billy Shakspeare.

He knew the world—understood human nature, and has convinced mankind that he was not writing for profit alone, but for the benefit of his country, and the cause of literature to the end of the world.

Mr. Mathews' Entertainment of Air, Earth, and Water, concludes with a scene on board the Polly packet, wherein he personates various characters, as follow:

Daniel O'Rourke,
Mrs. Tulip.
Monsieur Jeu Singe.
Major Longbow.
Mr. Theophilus Tulip.
And Isaac Tabinett.

The whole of which were so well sustained, that he kept the house in one continued roar of laughter.

Here his extraordinary powers were witnessed to much advantage, and the wonderful activity of his mind and body were brought into action so as to delight those who cannot but appreciate so excellent a performer.

In short, the rapidity with which he introduces us to the whole company on board a packet is incredible; one after another they appear, and the illusion is so great that many persons absolutely were in doubt as to the probability of one man assuming a task of such immense difficulty with such decided effect.

Every character is so marked—so truly delineated—so different in speech and action, and so satirically humourous, that a being, sinking under the subduing power of the blue devils, would find his risible muscles enlisted in the cause of Mirth, and be obliged to yield to the prepossessing touches of Wit and unequalled mimicry of this acknowledged British favourite.

Among the characters enumerated above, we have introduced our old friend, Daniel O'Rourke, an Irish steward on board the packet, who favours us with a melancholy strain called the Groves of Blarney, which is repeated (in part) with much effect.—Mr. Theophilus Tulip, the youth of five-and-twenty, an overgrown booby, continually calling for his mamma, is excellently conceived, and well represented by our actor, and drew down incessant peals of laughter and applause.—Mrs. Tulip, the mother of this amiable youth, is likewise introduced, and is discovered to be a tall widow, dressed in a riding habit, and whose

object appears to be to command both passengers and crew, and take the greatest care of her dear child, her delicate Theophilus.—Monsieur Jeu Singe, a Frenchman, is brought before us with great effect.—Major Longbow is busy on board, and keeps us alive with "pon my soul its true, what'll you lay its a lie?"—And last, though not least, we have Isaac Tabinett, a travelling Jew, and general dealer, with watches all up his pack pone, handkerchief stuffed in his poots, and one watch in his pocket, vot cosht him four poundsh, vat he can sell in Pond-street for eighty.—To conclude the last act of the piece, Mr. Mathews arrives in the cabin clad in a travelling cap and cloak, and by introducing himself first to the characters and then to the audience, concludes the third act of a very excellent entertainment.

On the last night of his performing the above-named Lecture on peculiarity, character, and manners, the house was full at an early hour with company of the highest rank and fashion in the empire—the Strand was crowded with noblemen and gentlemen's carriages, and a greater anxiety was evinced to enjoy the performances than ever. At the end of the last act, or the Polly Packet, (which, by the bye, has been frequently performed since) silence prevailed in every part of the Theatre, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to hear those expressions of gratitude from the lips of him whose life has been devoted to the service of the public,

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MR. MATHEWS' FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE,

JUNE 16, 1821.

After having completed his 160th night's performance, which was the last of playing for the season—he stepped forward, and addressed his audience to the following effect:——

Ladies and Gentlemen,

It has been said, and I believe truly, that every man, however gifted by talents and cultivated by learning, has some point in his character open to the attacks of flattery, and accessible to the assaults of vanity. To partake of

this weakness therefore, in common with the clever and the wise, is a disgrace to no man; be this as it may, I freely acknowledge myself, albeit neither learned nor wise, in the highest degree vain, and to the greatest extent susceptible of flattery. The flattery of which I speak, is your undiminished approbation and applause; and the vanity which I think so excusable as to make it my boast, arises from the belief, that no man, by his own single exertions, was ever so fortunate as to excite the public notice and attention for so long a period as I have had the happiness of exciting yours. This evening will close the 160th performance in which I have stood alone before you; and I may therefore with truth assert, what few in the world perhaps can assert so truly, that I have passed 160 evenings with unmixed pleasure, for I have seen nothing around me but cheerful friends and happy faces. If this world be indeed, as we are told it is, a world of trouble and care, how gratified should *he* feel, who (for a few hours at least) can banish those demons from the hearts of his friends; and believing, as my vanity (*pardonable* vanity I trust) induces me to believe, that I have been the means of accomplishing this desirable end, I confess my gratification will be unbounded and complete, provided you allow me the pleasure of anticipating as cheerful a meeting next year; and in the mean time accept, with gracious kindness, my heartfelt thanks and most respectful *farewell.*

This address was listened to with attention, and was certainly delivered with great effect—Mr. Mathews seemed to feel every syllable he had to utter, and no sooner had he finished his address and bowed to the audience, than all, ladies and gentlemen, with one spontaneous feeling, rose, handkerchiefs were seen waving in the boxes, and rapturous cheers issued from both pit and galleries, and every individual seemed to depart in sorrow, to think that parties so well pleased with each other were obliged to separate—indeed, hundreds remained standing at the stage-door, whose looks and actions said

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That we could say good-night until to-morrow.

A COLLECTION

OF

HUMOROUS SONGS

ATTRIBUTED TO

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

AMONG WHICH WILL BE FOUND

SOME OF THE

MOST POPULAR AND TRULY ECCENTRIC PRODUCTIONS
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

HUMOROUS SONGS, &c.

THE MILL. (*Anglice*, A FIGHT.)

Lords! how bright to-day, up before light to-day,
Where is the fight to-day? Down at the Hurst—
Drags from Westminster, Prads in their best mixture,
All were dress'd in their best or their worst.
Down the road—merry load—
Kingston hill—weary load—
Moulsey!—full ferry load—not a foot still—
Crowds to see duty done—which is the beauty one,
I'll bet you two to one, down at the mill

(*Spoken*)—Who's for *Moselee*? who's for the mill?—How much will you take to conduct me and my wife down to the scratch?—Ninepence, come jump up; here, your honour, going down?—How much?—A *hog* a-piece.—You lie, its only thruppence.—What do you mean by giving me the lie? I'll have satisfaction.—You lie, I didn't give you the lie.—Here, *Harleken* Billy, pull up and put his nose to the corn for a trifle of time, and we'll damp our mugs a-bit. —I say, saucy Ned, your lich pens is out.—Vell, *niver* mind, its used to it: it von't come off. Seven in a tax-cart von't spill easy.—I say, who's that in the *swell* tilbury and *lily benjaman?*—Vy, that's Lord Wicount Squinneyhat. —Ah! Caleb, how do; what'll you take?—'Don't care, any thing wet, *a drap o' heavy brown* with a dash *o' light blue* in't.—Ah! Mr. Isaacs, how are you? going down the road ay, how do you bet your blunt?—Vy, I'm six to four on the *dead* man.—Wy, I'm all for *Doughey* myself.—Vat, de baker!—Yes, I'm down upon the *Master of the Rolls*.—I saw

Doughey this morning.—Vell, how vas he ?—O, as merry as a grig upon a gridiron.—Here's five to four on the *Nonpareil.*—There go the four-in-hand *swells,* there's a *consarn,* blow my smock-frock, if ever I seed such a set out ; *twig* the *crawlers,* two *tumblers,* a *puffer,* and a *blinker,* three of 'em stands still while he whips the fourth ; vell, if I *driv* four, I voud have good'uns.—Why, my costermonger, you're tooling a rum'un yourself.—Yes, a rum'un to look at, but a good'un to go.—Ah! you never has no cattle, you never gives no price, you don't ; why don't you do as *I* does, go to Smithfield and give *five* and *forty* shillings, and have a good'un at once.—Come up, and so

CHORUS.

Push along, dash along, merrily chat along,
As we all trot along, down to the Hurst.
Ropes now are tight'ning, eyes now are bright'ning,
No fudge or fright'ning—look at the men—
Baker shows clever now—all's in a fever now—
Up goes the beaver now—answered again—
Pushing now—scrambling now—
Not a nag ambling now—
Prigs fingers rambling now—all are awake—
Jew lads are dealing now, all are ring feeling now—
Fighters are peeling, vith fifty's the stake.

(*Spoken*)—Sit down, will you ? if people in the front won't sit down, people behind can't see ; down there, will you !—I can't.—You'd better say you won't.—Vell then I von't.—Ay, you're a spoon and a half, good weight, you are.—Sit down, you with the *lily togs,* will you ?—Hit him on the hat with your *numbreller* : lay down will you ?—Vhat, Mr. James Timkins, with this new white coat on in the mud! no, *squeedge* me if I do.—They're at it, they're coming to the scratch ; the castors are up.—Look in good order.—Yes, they're peeling, they buff it well.—Yes.—They're at it already.—Ten to four on *Doughey,* and put it into the hands of this gentleman without a coat—Who'll keep time ?—I will ; no I can't.—What, don't your watch go ?—Its gone, sir.—You should always bring a stop-watch when you come to a fight.—Some person has deprived me of my East Indian silk handkerchief.—What,

have you lost your *sneezer*? I say Bill, here's a poor *creetur* lost his Bandanna *wipe*.—Sarves him right; I *niver* brings none, whereby I *niver* loses none.—The baker thinks *vell* of himself.—Pretty stop that!—That's a sweet hit!—He's *queered* his *optics*, floored him right down upon his *crupper bone*, there's a tickler on his *proboscis!* there's a *wap* on his *tater-trap!*—Ay, he made his box o' *dominoes* chatter.—Baker shows first *claret*, and a *graper*, he's taking measure of his eyes for a *suit of mourning*; there' another *wisit* to the *wittualling* office.—Bravo! Doughey *his sarving* out till he's piping like a *frog* in *convulsions*.—Stop my kiddy, not so fast, your *Master of the Rolls* has got his head into Chancery.—So

Push along, dash along, &c.

Milling is ended now—seconds are lending now
Eagerly brandy their spirits to cheer—
Finishing, punishing, makes the stake-money shine—
Sure its astonishing some that are here—
Turn about—early out—
Pockets cleaned—fairly out—
Flats turning sulky now, cleaned of their cash—
Crowds now returning, half the fancy's in mourning—
Raws are all learning now news from the flash.

(Spoken)—Well, how did you like it? pretty fight, war'nt it? not much claret spilt, should like to have seen a little more claret spilt.—Pretty well, I think, for moderate takers.—Ay, but the baker's a glutton, you know.—Neat fibbing in the fourth round.—Yes, I shouldn't like such a wisit to my bone shop.—Black George, here's room on the shafts.—Get down, ha'n't eight enough for a poney. Ah! Pat, how are you?—How do, honey?—Did you win your blunt?—O you may say that.—Pretty blow of your countryman's in the third round.—O, it was an elegant fight, by my soul! it was an illustrious fight—faith, I thought he'd have knock'd *doughey's* breath into the middle of next week, it was like a kick from a coach-horse.—Pray sir, can you tell me which has won the *wictory*?—Why, sir, they were both so *wapp'd*, I could'nt tell which had the wictory, but I believe the *dead* man's beat.—What's one kill'd?—No sir, but that's always the way with *haggra-*

uating Sam, the *dead* man means the baker, Sir.—Well, Mr. Steady, how did you like it?—Why, sir, I can only say this is the first time I ever witnessed an assemblage of this sort, and I will take care it shall be the last. I have been exceedingly disappointed, not to say disgusted; my person has experienced extreme inconvenience from the weather, my stomach has been deranged at the horrid exhibition, and I have been clandestinely deprived of my property by some adept at irregular appropriation.—I'd thank some gentleman to put that into English for me.—Why sir, the *conveyancers* have been busy.—I'm as much in the dark now as ever.—Why then, sir, I'll explain it to you: he means, there's been a *rum squeedge* at the spell, the *conveyancers* have been at work at the scratch. The prigs have been dipping their mauleys into that *swells grapus*, *nimmed* his *birds-eye wipe*, his gold *ticker*, three one pound *screens*, two *neds*, and his *reader*; but the beaks have sent their *traps arter* 'em, and if they are cotched, they'll show 'em the fall of the leaf, at *Tuck-up Fair*, or send 'em a board the *Floating Academy*, at Woolwich.—Well, by way of explanation, that certainly is the plainest thing I ever heard.—Well, I declare I never won't come no more; I would'nt tell my wife of it on any account; its the most *horridest—sanguinashionest* sight I ever seed. I am told one gentleman swallowed his teeth.—I can tell you worser than that—there was one gentleman had his eye knocked into his ear, I saw it peeping out.—Well Mr. Downright, what do you say to it?—Why, sir, I think in some measure, to keep up the national spirit in the lower orders of society, it may be tolerated; but when we see characters of the highest order, that might be better employed with their equals, hand in hand with the lowest of the low, and making friends of gamblers, ruffians, and black-legs, I deplore their total want of feeling, and blush for the morals of the age we live in.—Indeed, why then

Push along, dash along, &c.

KNOWING JERRY.

I was brought up at home with my mother and dad,
And an old maiden aunt too, so crusty:
The neighbours said I was a *main* pretty lad,
'Cause I was so good humour'd and lusty.
I could wrestle and jump, kiss the girls and all that,
And at mischief wan't wanting, no, never,
And at cards my old granny could queer too quite pat,
Aye, egad I was deucedly clever.

(*Spoken.*)—Aye, aye, Jerry was the lad for—

Crickets, quoits,
Flying kites,
Running races,
Blacking faces,
Knockers tie,
Cunning, sly,
Making posts
Like ghosts;

Ever ready for fun, always active and merry,
I was call'd by the folks Knowing Jerry.
Knowing Jerry, &c.

At twenty, my mother and dad chanc'd to die,
And my old maiden aunt a month after,
They left a large fortune, d'ye mind me to I,
Which cost me some tears, but more laughter.
Having heard talk of London, to town straight I went
And a lesson soon learnt of my betters,
That in fashion and frolic a something was meant,
Much better than learning one's letters.

(*Spoken.*)—So, d'ye see, I took sample, as a body may say, bought a prime equipage, mounted the box, squared my elbows, and drove along Rotten-Row *a la tantrum*, I think they call it; aye, and before I'd been in town six months, why egad I could

Cock my glass,
Quiz a lass,

Run against time,
Come in prime,
Spur in boot,
Pigeon shoot,
Run jokes,
Prime hoax,

Ever ready for fun, always active and merry,
I was called by the dons Knowing Jerry.
Knowing Jerry, &c.

Then I married Miss Prattle, a bundle of sweets,
The heiress, d'ye mind, of a grocer,
Who delighted in visiting balls, and grand fetes,
Spoke French, and quite all the go, sir;
Took a house near St. James's, not far from Hay-hill,
'Gaged coachmen, cooks, scullions by dozens,
Bade the tradesmen, d'ye mind me, put it all in their bill,
And gave routs to the world and its cousins.

(Spoken.)—Yes, yes, we contrived to keep it up in style yesterday,—aye,—yesterday we went to Lady Dashit's public breakfast; at one Lord Crotchet's musical party; at six enquired after my Lady Faddle's sick monkey; at seven dined with my Lord Epicure; at eight dropt in at the Opera; at eleven drove home to our rout and card party; at one, where we found—

Horses tearing,
Coachey swearing,
Pannels broke,
What a joke,
Ladies, Peers,
Coaches, chairs,
Grand swarm,
How warm.

In the round of delight ever active and merry,
Is my rib and her dear Knowing Jerry.

CALEB QUOTEM.

I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
  My name is Caleb Quotem—
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer,
  In short, I am factotum,
I make a watch, I mend the pumps—
  (For plumber's work my knack is)
I physic sell—I cure the mumps—
I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
  Of little school-boy Jackies.
    Geography is my delight—
    Ballads, epitaphs I write—
    Almanacks I can indite—
    Graves I dig compact and tight.
At night, by the fire, like a good jolly cook,
  When the day's work is done and all over,
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
  With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.
  With my amen, gaymen,
    Rum Quotem,
    Factotum;
    Putty and lead;
    Stumps, mumps,
    Bumps, rumps,
    Mortar he thumps;
    Joggamy, floggamy—
    Signy-post daubery—
    Split crow or strawbery—
    Chimery, rhymery—
    Liquorish, stickerish—
    Chizzle-tomb—
    Frizzle comb—
    Going, a-going!
    Squills—
    Pills—
    Songs inditing—
    Epitaph writing—
    Steeple sound
    Corpse to the ground—
    Windsor soap—
    Physic the pope—

Home hop—
Shut up shop—
Punch-bowl crockery,
Wind up clockery.
Many small articles make up a sum,
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum ;
And 'tis heigho for Caleb Quotem, O.

THE TORTOISE-SHELL TOM-CAT.

Oh, what a story the papers have been telling us,
About a little animal of mighty price,
And who ever thought but an Auctioneer of selling us,
For near *three hundred yellow boys*, a trap for mice ;
Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt he told them fine tales,
But for me, I should have soon have bought a cat of nine tails ;
I wouldn't give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee,
Not to save 'em from the catacombs or Catalani's catastrophe ;
Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalani,
Are every one
By Tom outdone,
As you shall hear.

(Spoken.)—We'll suppose Mr. *Cat's-eye*, the Auctioneer, with his catalogue in one hand, and a hammer like a Catapulta in the other, mounted in the rostrum at the great room in Cateaton-street.

'Hem! Leds and Gemmen—Cats are of two distinctions: Thomas and Tabby—This is of the former breed, and the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolized by a male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnificent mouser! meek though masculine! The curious concatenation of colour in that Cat, calls Categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price upon poor Pussey; consult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock him down.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going—
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.'

Next I shall tell ye, the company around him,
They emulously bade as if they were all wild;
Tom thought them mad, while they King of Kittens crown'd him.
And kiss'd, caress'd, and dandled him just like a child:
Lady Betty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha Griskin,
Prim Polly Pussey-love, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twiskin,
Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man yes had ever said,
Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Never-wed,
Crowding, squeezing, nodding, bidding, each for Puss so eager,

Have Tom they would,
By all that's good,
As you shall hear.

(Spoken in different voices.) *Irish Lady*—Och, the dear crater, how beautiful he looks when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed! He'd even lure the mice to look at him.

Auctioneer.—Forty-five guineas in twenty places——

By different Ladies.—Sixty-five!—Seventy!—Eighty!—Ninety!——

Auctioneer.—Go on, Ladies; nobody bid more? It's enough to make a Cat swear to think he should go for so little. If the Countess of Catamaran was here, she'd outbid ye all. Miss Grimalkin, you are a Connoiseur in Cats, what shall I say?——Ninety-five guineas, sir. *(In an old tremulous tone)*

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss.——Mem, it does not signify, you may bid as you will, but he shall be mine, if I bid all day. One hundred and twenty, Sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank ye, Lady Letty.—Take a long, last, lingering look, Ladies. What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he

twists his tail, and washes his whiskers! Tom, Tom, Tom! *(Cat mews.)* How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies?—One hundred and seventy guineas, sir.

Auctioneer.—Thank you, Miss Tabby, you'll not be made a cat's-paw of, depend on it.—(*Ladies laugh*) Glad to hear you laugh, Ladies: I see how the Cat jumps now; Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going,
Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you cant think dear.
Now louder and warmer the competition growing,
Politeness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas.
Two hundred—two hundred and thirty-three a-going—
Gone!—Never cat of talons met with such eclat:
Nay, nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught, as well
As ladies in their bidding for this purring piece of Tortoise-shell.
The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun was done,
And bells rung as if Whittington had been Lord Mayor of London.
Mice and rats flung up their hats, for joy that cats so scarce were,
And mouse-trap makers rais'd the price full cent per cent, I swear, sir.

NON TONG PAW.

John Bull, for pastime, took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.

Mounseer, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answered him in heathen greek
To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw
'Twas, Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.

John to the palace royal come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb ;
I say, whose house is that there here ?
Hessi, je vous n'entends pas, mounsieur.

What! nong tong paw again, cries John,
The fellow is some mighty don ;
No doubt has plenty for the maw,
I'll breakfast with this nong tong paw.

John saw Versailles from Marks's height,
And cried, astonished at the sight,
Whose fine estate is that there here ?
Stat, je vous n'entend pas, mounseer.

His! what the land and houses too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew,
On every side he lays his claw,
I should like to dine with this nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench was that there here ?
Ventch, je vous n'entends pas, mounseer.

What ! he again ! upon my life,
A palace, lands, and then a wife ;
Sir Joshua might delight to draw—
I should like to sup with this nong tong paw.

But hold, who's funeral's that, cries John,
Je zous, nen tends pas. What, is he gone ?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor nong tong paw then from the grave.

His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup ;
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good-night t'ye Mounseer nong tong paw.

SUCH A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

When I was a little boy,
Some sixteen years of age,
I was the pride of Mamma's heart,
She made me quite a a shew.
Such a beauty I did grow.

Strait hair I had, and goggle eyes,
And such a roguish leer ;
A broad flat nose, and mouth
Turn'd up from ear to ear.
Such a beauty I did grow.

My Mamma prais'd my wond'rous charms,
And when she did me fill,
Lest she should spoil my mouth with a spoon,
She fed me with a quill.
Such a beauty I did grow.

And when that I could run alone,
Stock still I never stood ;
For ducks were my companions,
For I waddled through the mud,
Such a beauty I did grow.

When first I went into the streets,
The folks turn'd up their eyes ;
For like an owl seen at noon day,
I struck them with surprise—
Such a beauty I did grow.

With mountebanks most numerous,
I beat them all quite hollow
I won the pretty gold-lac'd hat,
By grinning through a collar.
Such a beauty I did grow.

Then I learnt to be so musical,
I got off songs so pat;
I could groan bass like a bagpipe,
And squall treble like a cat,
Such a beauty I did grow.

Then I was sent to a dancing school
For to get a finish there;
And soon I could dance a minuet
As graceful as a bear,
Such a beauty I did grow.

My name is Jemmy Robinson,
As every body knows;
And they stuck me in a barley field
To fright away the crows,
Such a beauty I did grow.

BEGGARS AND BALLAD-SINGERS.

Merry Proteus of old, as by Ovid we're told,
Could vary his shape as he chose;
Then why should not he, my model be,
When in Charity's name I impose—impose.

(Spoken.)—You must know, good folks, that I belong to the honourable fraternity of beggars, ballad-singers, and show-folks: in begging, as in all other fashionable employments, a little well-timed, smooth-faced flattery goes a great way. For instance now: I address a very old maid (for I am sure to know them by their vinegar, crab-like countenances) by the title of the most beautiful lady; a raw, awkward fellow of a recruit, most noble captain: any person in a carriage, right honourable; and a poor country village curate, with his shirt seen at his elbows, by the title of the right reverend archbishop: for the love of him who made you, bestow something on a poor

Tol lol, &c.

There's a difference between a beggar and a queen,
And I'll tell you the reason why;
A queen cannot swagger, nor get drunk like a beggar,
Nor yet be so happy as I—as I.

(Spoken.)—Why, how the devil should they? you know they are obliged to support a kind of a dignified character; now, I can change mine as often as I please; for, like a juggler, I can deal in legerdemain; I am ambidexter, and can use both hands like an attorney; and as to honesty, that's an accomplishment that gets but little encouragement now a days, its a mere.

Tol lol, &c.

Like a sailor from the wars covered over with our scars,
When I choose in that character to beg;
My knuckles I hold flat, and with the t'other arm my hat,
And this way I hold up my leg—my leg.

(Spoken.)—Come my noble messmate, bestow your charity upon a poor, lam'd-in-the-service seaman; stump'd in the starboard gam, his knee-braces shot away, and turned out of the service without a smart ticket.

Tol lol, &c.

Now dash'd upon the billows,
Her opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stopp'd the dreadful leak:
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

(Spoken.)—'Here, my good fellow, there's something for you, you have been an honour to your country.' 'An honour, ma'am, to be sure I have; but, like most honourable gentlemen, my honour consists in my

Tol lol,' &c.

There is Dolly and I, as ballads we cry,
On a couple of stools see us stand ;
While she bawls aloud as the folks passes by,
I then take my fiddle in hand—in hand.

(Spoken.)—Come, neighbours and friends, here is an excellent new song, entitled and call'd, "I am a bold and a roving boy :" come, Dick, play up.'— 'Stop, Moll, let us rosin the bow a little first.'

I am a bold and a roving boy,
My lodging's in the Isle of Troy :
A roving boy although I be,
I'll leave them all and go with thee.

(Spoken.)—'That's a bad halfpenny you've taken, Moll.' 'It an't a bad halfpenny I've taken.' 'It is.' 'It an't.' 'O! mammy, mammy, mammy.' 'There, you jade, you've set the child a crying, I've a great mind to break my fiddle over your head.' 'You break your fiddle over my head! I don't care for you nor your fiddle neither; not as long as I can sing

Tol fol,' &c.

When the begging trade turns scarce,
I can substitute in place
A raree show with lingo so grand,
With a bell in my hand, and a box upon my back,
I address all the children around—around.
I address, &c.

(Spoken.)—'Come now, my pritties, and you shall see what you shall see; that you shall. There now, look into that glass, don't breathe upon it. First of all, you have a grand view of the Chinese convention, at the back of Common garden, in London, where the nobility are so much amus'd at the grandeur of the place, that they walk backwards and forwards, viewing two French ambassadors shaking hands with one another; is not that a pretty sight? I'm sure it is. Look to the right, and you see the battle of Bunker's Hill, with the red flag flying high upon

the garrison, and the smoke coming out at both cannons' ends, and small arms; isn't that a dreadful sight? I'm sure it is. There, again you see the British fleet, sailing out of the Channel: and its all for the glory of the British nation. Next you see the grand Emperor, Napoleon the First, ride upon a white horse; and you see the King of Italy, the King of Holland, the King of Spain, the King of Prussia, Emperor of Russia, the King of Bavaria, the King of Westphalia, the King of Wurtemberg, and thirty more kings, all with a hold of his horse's tail, because he was the grand Emperor. Last of all, you see sailor Jack and his sweetheart; that's worth all your money, though you see nothing else.

'When that expedient fails I've still another, and that is, Walk in—walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, now is your time to see the wonderful collection of birds and beasts, all alive. There you will see a most wonderful animal, that will travel at the rate of thirty miles a day, without the least refreshment or water: he's got a nose like a deer, lips like a cow, and his manner resembles that of a lion; he's got two humps on his back, the one a gristle and the other a bone: look at his feet, gemmen, they be soft as sponge,—come my boy, make the gemmen a bow—wow!

Tol lol,' &c.

To make the wretched blest, private charity is best,
These common beggars spurn at our laws;
Though reprobate the train, yet I mean to beg again,
To solicit your smiles and applause—applause.

(*Spoken.*)—'So you see, my good folks, if you do not condescend to smile upon me, I must e'en say, my begging and show trades are no better than my

Tol lol,' &c.

SHAKSPEAR'S SEVEN AGES.

Our immortal poet's page says that all the world's a stage,
And that men, with all their airs, are nothing more than players;
Each using skill and art, in his turn to play his part:
All to fill up this farcical scene, O.
Enter here, exit there, stand in view, mind your cue.
Hey down, ho down, derry, derry, down,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
First the infant on the lap, mewling, pewling for its pap,
Like the rabbit which we truss, is swaddled by its nurse,
Who to please the puppet tries, as he giggles and he cries,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

(The singer here imitates the crying of a child.)

Hush-a-by, wipe an eye, kiss a pretty, what a titty—

(Spoken.)—Ha, ha! it was none mamma's pretty pretty; and if he is a good boisey, poisey, he shall go a ridey, pidey, in a coachey, poachey—Ya! ya!
Hey down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace, with his shining morning face,
And his satchell on his back, to school, alas! must pack,
While like a snail he creeps, and for black Monday weeps,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
Book mislaid, truant play'd, rod in pickle, bum to tickle.

(Imitates schoolmaster and boy.)—'Come up, sirrah, and say your lesson.—What letter is that?'—'A.'—'Well, sir, what is the next?'—'That, sir.'—It is not that, sir—it is this, sir.—Now spell B-i-r-m-i-n-g-h-a-m.—Well, sir, what does that spell?'—'Birmingham.'—'Put out your hand, sir.—There *(slapping the boy's hand)*—It is Brummagum.'
And sing hey down, &c.

Then the lover next appears, soused over head and ears,
Like a lobster in the fire, sighing ready to expire,
With a deep hole in his heart, you might through it drive
a cart,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
Beauty spurns him, passion burns him, like a wizzard eats
his gizzard—

(Spoken.)—Oh, my most adorable Amelia, had I words sufficiently strong to express my admiration of your beauty, you would at once believe me your devoted lover, and complete my bliss by flying to his arms who must for ever pine for the possession of that angelic form.

Hey down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder, breathing slaughter,
blood, and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice, kicks a dust up in a trice;
Talks of nought but streaming veins, shattered limbs, and
scattered brains,
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
Fight or fly, run or die, pop or pelter, helter skelter.

(Spoken.)—Aye, I shall never forget the last battle I was in, such marching and countermarching,—up the hill and down the hill,—right and left, flank and rear.—Bless your heart, I have fought up to my knees in blood; and at the very last battle I fought in I had six horses shot under me—saw my comrades mown down like hay; and just as a twenty-four-pounder was coming towards me, I drew my broad-sword—cut it right in two—one half went up in the air, and the other half went—

Hey down, &c.

Then the justice in his chair, with his broad and vacant
stare;
His wig of formal cut, and belly like a but,
Well lined with turtle hash, callipee and callipash,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
Bawd and trull, pimp and cull, at his nod go to quod.

(Spoken.)—'Now, sirrah, what's your name?'—'John.'—'John what?'—'No, sir, not John What—John Thomas.'—'Well, John Thomas, what right had you to take liberties with that girl?'—I didn't take liberties with her; but I think she takes a great liberty with me, when she swears a child to me.'—'You must father it, sirrah.'—'I wont: let her father it herself.'—'What do you mean, sirrah, if you are saucy here, you must go

Hey down, &c.

Then the slipper'd pantaloon, in life's dull afternoon,
With spectacles on nose, shrunk shank in youthful hose,
His voice once big and round, now whistles in the sound.
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!
Vigour spent, body bent, shaking noddle, weddle waddle.—

(Spoken.)—Aye, times are altered now—old folks are laughed at, and boys are respected.—Oh, dear me, how my cough annoys me.—Ho! Ho! Ho! ha!

Hey down, &c.

Then to finish up the play, second childhood leads the way,
And like sheep that's got the rot, all our senses go to pot,
When death amongst us pops, and down the curtain drops.
All to fill up the farcical scene, O!
When the coffin we move off in, while the bell tolls the knell.

(Spoken.)—Aye, thus the scene finishes;—then while we are here, why shouldn't we enjoy life? and how can we do better than assemble as we have done here—enjoy a good song, and endeavour to make others happy by singing—

Hey down, &c.

DOCTOR LAST.

O, I am a physician snob,
Can cure every disease very fast;
There's no better a hand at a job,
Nor so clever a man at a last.
I'm the son of a seventh son; I, sirs,
Although in no chariot I rolls;
As a doctor, I'd cure up your bodies,
And as a cobbler I'd stitch up your soles.

(Spoken.)—If you were only to see me in my shop, with my awls and every thing so nice about me, and to see how finely I toss about and handle the

Tol lol, &c.

Your Warwick-lane bred up physicians,
Strut about and look wondersome big,
While all their knowledge and skill lies,
In a gold-headed cane and large wig.
As for me, I can cure all distempers,
However so great they may be;
But like most of my learned brothers,
No prescription without I've my fee.

(Spoken.)—No, no, no, there's nothing for nothing in my shop; I'll not give you the scraping of a gallipot or a pen'orth of ointment, without you come down handsomely: I'm always for touching the

Tol lol, &c.

My wife, a poor dropsical creature,
I thought it might be for her good,
She was so blown and so bloach'd up with water,
For to let a few ounces of blood.
My lance it was out of the way, sir,
But my awl did the business as well;
She died as a body may say, sir,
Tho' the reason I never could tell.

(Spoken.)—So, after her death, all her friends came to me, and began a weeping; but, says I, my good friends, what signifies our grief, we are all "grass and hay, here to morrow, and there to-day!" We must all die, from the king on the throne, to the pig on the dunghill. But that business makes me part with my

Tol lol, &c.

Tippy bobby, a crop of the age,
T'other day in great haste for me sent;
Lest death should cap him off the stage,
So strait to my gemman I went.
I tipp'd him my lotion for sleeping,
Which, in a little time after he'd ta'en,
It made him to sleep so sound, sir,
So sound that he ne'er wak'd again.

(Spoken.)—So, next day I called to see how my patient did: I met the girl at the bottom of the stairs, with a very long face; so, says she, walk in, Dr. Last; so in I goes: but what should I see, to my great surprize, but my old friend Bobby, lying on a table covered with a white sheet: Ho! ho, thinks I, there's no more use for the doctor here, I saw his brother standing at the window, as it might be; but, says I, my dear friend, keep up your spirits, for its the way we must all go, from the king on the throne, to the pig on the dunghill. Very true, doctor; but pray what is your bill? Oh! says I, never mind that just now. But, says he, the death of my unfortunate brother has made me extremely melancholy, and I wish to go to London to try to wear it off. Ho! ho, thinks I, if that's the case, I'll tip the gentleman my bill. So I tipp'd him the bill, and he came down genteelly, very genteelly indeed; and I came away wishing him a good morning, and saying, keep up your spirits, sir, for we are all mortals, "grass and hay, here to-morrow, and there to-day." But all that mummery was after I touch'd the

Tol lol, &c.

THE LAWYER.

A lawyer, quite famous for making a bill,
And who in good living delighted;
To dinner one day, with a hearty good will,
Was by a rich client invited.
But he charg'd six and eight-pence for going to dine,
Which the client he paid, though no ninny:
And in turn charg'd the lawyer for dinner and wine;
One a crown and the other a guinea!
But gossips you know, have a saying in store:
He who matches a lawyer has only one more,
And that is one lawyer the devil.

The lawyer he paid it, and took a receipt,
While the client star'd at him with wonder;
But gave to his friend with the produce a treat,
Though the lawyer soon made him knock under.
That his client sold wine, information he laid,
Without licence: and, spite of his storming,
The client a good thumping penalty paid,
And the lawyer got half for informing.
But gossips you know, &c.

Henceforth let all knavish attorney's take warning,
For old Nick is abroad every noon, night, and morning;
When the deeds of a man have been wicked and evil,
'Tis madness to think he can fly from the devil.
So from quirking and cheating let all men abstain,
And a good reputation always try to maintain.

THE RUSHLIGHT.

Sir Solomon Simons, when he first did wed,
Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,
The clock it struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in bed,
In the chimney a rushlight, a little farthing rushlight.
Fal de diddle de, a little farthing rushlight.

Sir Solomon gave his lady a nudge,
And cries he, Lady Simons, there's vastly too much light;
Then Sir Solomon, says she, to get up you can't grudge,
And blow out the rushlight, the little farthing rushlight.
Fal de diddle de, &c.

Sir Solomon he then out of bed pops his toes.
And vastly he swore, and very much did curse light;
And then to the chimney Sir Solomon he goes,
And he puff'd at the rushlight, the little farthing rushlight.
Fal de diddle de, &c.

Lady Simons then got up in her night-cap so neat,
And over the carpet my lady she brush'd light;
And there Sir Solomon she found in a heat,
A puffing at the rushlight, then she puff'd at the rushlight,
But neither of them both could blow out the rushlight.

Sir Solomon and lady, with their breath quite gone,
Rung the bell in a rage, they determin'd to crush light;
Half asleep, in his shirt, then up came John,
And he puff'd at the rushlight, the little farthing rushlight,
But neither of the three could blow out the rushlight.

Cook, coachee, men, maids, very near all in buff,
Came and swore, that in their lives, they never met with such a light:
And each of the family, by turns had a puff
At the little farthing rushlight, the cursed farthing rushlight.

(Spoken.)—First, the old cook said, 'let me try it, wind does wonders, I'll try and blow it out—*puff.*' Then Sir Solomon said, 'let me try it, I'll do it, I'll warrant.—*puff.*' Then Lady Simon said, 'Sir Solomon you can't do it,

please to let me try it, I'm long winded, I'll do it presently —*puff, puff.*' Then says John, (*yawning*) 'please, hand it to me, I'll blow it out; for I see you can't do it.— —*puff!*

But neither of the family could blow out the rushlight.

The watchman at last went by, crying—one,
Here, watchman, come up, than you we might on worse light:
Then up came the watchman, and the business was done,
For he turned down the rushlight, the little farthing rushlight.
Fal de diddle de, and he put out the rushlight.

LODGINGS TO LET.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen—Lodgings to Let—stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same; and the next; and the next!
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vext.
Week passed after week; till, by weekly succession,
His weekly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin 'like a lady's loose gown' hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cry'd like a ninny,
'I have lost many pounds: make me well; there's a guinea.'

The doctor look'd wise—'A slow fever;' he said;
Prescrib'd sudorifics, and going to bed;
'Sudorifics in bed (exclaimed Will) are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs.

Will kick'd out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So calling his host, he said, 'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago.

'Look'e, landlord, I think, (argued Will, with a grin)
That with honest intentions you first took me in;
But from the first night, and to say it I'm bold,
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.

Quoth the landlord, 'till now I ne'er had a dispute,
I've let lodgings these ten years, I'm a baker to boot:
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven?' says Will; says the host 'why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds' cries Will, in a taking,
'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his room: cried the host with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been going away half-a-year.
'Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel, (Will said)
But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread.'

A PLAYING WE WILL GO.

Old Shakspeare told us long ago,
From infancy to age,
That all mankind were players,
And that the world's a stage.
And a playing we will go, will go

Some people will in earnest play,
While others play in jest:
Some few will play a double part,
But fair play's always best.
Chorus.

A scolding wife plays hell on earth,
And storms, and rants, and teazes;
But a sweet-temper'd wife will play
Which part her husband pleases.
Chorus.

The heedless man who goes to law,
Oft plays on edged tool;
For whilst the lawyer plays the knave,
His client plays the fool.
Chorus.

Young soldiers play the hero's part,
And talk of damn'd hard duty:
Old statesmen boast economy,
But all the time play booty.
Chorus.

The wife will sometimes play the truant,
The husband play the scrub:
The scrub will play the gentleman,
And the gentleman the scrub.
Chorus.

Good Lord! how some mistake their parts,
By taking that for this;
For little Miss will play Mamma,
And flat Mamma play Miss—
Chorus.

The prude will play the hypocrite,
  The wanton the coquet:
Old maids will play a solo part,
  Brisk widows a duet.

Chorus.

Her husband died some time ago,
  His fortune was but small;
She has been courted, but cry'd, no!
  I'll marry none at all.

Chorus.

But now, behold! she's chang'd her mind,
  And sings another song:
'Because it is not good I find,
  For me to sleep alone.'

Chorus.

The fribble plays the monkey's part,
  While full of roar and revel;
While bucks and bloods, and jolly dogs,
  Will play the very devil.

Chorus.

The borrower often plays too loose,
  The lender plays too light;
The creditor would fain play sure,
  The debtor least in sight.

Chorus.

But when these trifling scenes are past,
  And life's last act is o'er;
Then death will let the curtain drop,
  And we shall play no more.

No more playing, &c

Then who play'd cobbler, who play'd king,
  Will not then be the jest;
The only question that will be,
  Who play'd his part the best.

No more playing, &c.

THE GENUINE GROCER.

Good folks I have set up an honest and fair house,
For genuine tea I have opened a warehouse,
With genuine cocoa, all other is poison,
And genuine bohea, and genuine hyson.
The Emperor Shong-Son, of Ko Ki, no Kansi,
Has taken to me Peter Pruin a fancy;
Then if you are sick of balderdash brewing,
Come buy half a pound of your friend Peter Pruin.

Then Ma'am will you walk in,
And fol de rol liddle;
And sir, will you stalk in,
And fol de rol liddle;
And little Miss pop in,
And fol de rol liddle;
And young Master hop in,
And fol de rol liddle.

This chocolate's genuine, Peter's no joker,
A genuine mixture of brick-dust and ochre;
This genuine sugar to pound in a caster,
Is hewn from a genuine stone alabaster;
These genuine beans, from Newmarket courses,
Make genuine coffee for genuine horses;
These genuine figs, that my shop is so rich in,
Are prettily sugar'd with sand from the kitchen.
Then, Ma'am will you, &c.

When genuine flats shall awhile hither flock it,
And put me a genuine plumb in my pocket,
I'll drink the amendment in genuine claret,
And dash through the streets in my genuine chariot.
My genuine merit, the people will know it,
The bubble will burst when I no longer blow it.
It's then you will know, my very good folks,
That my genuiue tea, is a genuine hoax.
Then, Ma'am, will you, &c.

PRETTY LITTLE DAMSELS HOW THEY CHAT.

Pretty little damsels how they chat,
Chit chat, &c.
All about their sweethearts and all that,
And chit chat, &c.
Up and down the city how the little damsels walk,
And of the beaux and the fashions how the little damsels talk,
And now and then a little bit of slander's no baulk,
To their chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels go to cheapen in the shops,
Chit chat, &c.
Pretty little bonnets and pretty little caps,
And chit chat, &c.
A little bit of rouge and a nice little fan,
A nice little minature of a nice little man,
Or any little nice thing of which they can
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels go to feast their eyes,
Chit chat, &c.
But the splendid Panorama cannot suffice,
Chit chat, &c.
And their pretty parasols to keep their pretty faces cool,
And their pretty little veils under which they play the fool,
And upon their pretty arm the pretty little reticule,
All for chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels how prettily they run,
Chit chat, &c.
For a little bit of flatt'ry and a little bit of fun,
Chit chat, &c.
The pretty little nose and the pretty little chin,
The pretty little mouth with a pretty little grin,
And the pretty little tongue to keep admirers in
Chit chat, &c.

Pretty little damsels when they're wed,
Hum dum, &c.
Their pretty little foibles all are fled,
Hum dum, &c.
Their pretty little airs so bewitchingly wild,
Evaporate so prettily and leave them so mild,
Then all their tittle tattle is about their little child,
Hum, dum, &c.

MISS BAILEY.

A captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,
Seduced a maid, who hang'd herself, one morning, in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him: he lost his stomach daily;
He took to drinking ratifia, and thought upon Miss Bailey.
Oh Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey.

One night, betimes, he went to rest, for he had caught a fever;
Says he 'I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver.'
His candle, just at twelve o'clock, began to burn quite palely;
A ghost stepp'd up to his bedside, and said, 'Behold Miss Bailey.'
Oh! Miss Bailey, &c.

'Avaunt, Miss Bailey!' then he cried, 'your face looks white and mealy,'
'Dear Captain Smith,' the ghost replied, 'you've us'd me ungenteelly,
The crowner's 'quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly,
And parson Biggs won't bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey.'
Oh! Miss Bailey! &c.

'Dear corpse,' says he, 'since you and I accounts must once for all close,
I've a one pound note in my regimental small clothes;
'Twill bribe the sexton for your grave;'—the ghost then vanish'd gaily,
Crying, 'bless you wicked Captain Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey.'

Oh! Miss Bailey! &c.

EPSOM RACES.

With spirits gay I mount the box, the tits up to their traces,
My elbows squar'd, my wrist turn'd down, dash off to Epsom races;
With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim, three chesnuts and a grey,
Well coupled up my leaders then, ya hip! we bowl away.
Some push along with four in hand, while others drive at random,
In whiskey, buggy, gig, or dog-cart, curricle, or tandem

(Spoken.)—Ya! ya! ya! hip! go along wi' ye. I say, Bill, if I hadn't turned the leader neatly over the old woman, we should have dash'd neck and crop into the china-shop.' 'Why don't you keep on that side of the road?' 'Where are you coming, Johnny Raw?' 'You be d—'d, who made you a coachman? Why didn't your servant take hold of the reins?' 'Where are you going now? Ya hip! bad all the Brighton flashmen in a long trot.—D—me that's prime!'

Some push along, &c.

Prime of life to go it, where's a place like London?
Four-in-hand to-day, the next you may be undone:
Where belles as well as beaux, to get the whip-hand strive,
And Mrs. Snip, the tailor's wife, can teach her spouse to drive.

So Jackey Snip, his wife, and all, to Dobbin's back are strapp'd on,
In one-*horse chay* to spend the day, with neighbour Snip, at Clapton.

(Spoken.)—'Master Snip, I desire you'll not be wulgar to-day.' 'Vell, I vont, if I can help it. Here, ostler, bring the horse a glass of gin and beer.—Landlord, bring me a *thimble-full* of brandy.' 'Who are you? Who learn'd you to drive?' 'What d'ye mean by that? I'm Richard Cipher, Esq. attorney and solicitor, belonging to the honourable *Neck or Nothing*, have gone through all the gradations of buggy, gig, and dog-cart, tandem, curricle, unicorn, and four-in-hand; neglected nothing, dash'd at every thing—*pegg'd at a Jervey—tool'd* a mail-coach, and now have attain'd the credit of being *bang up*.'

Some push along, &c.

Thus 'tis with all who in London are thriving,
Both high life and low life at something are driving;
A peer and a 'prentice now dress so much the same,
You cannot tell the difference except by the name:
On Epsom Downs, says Billy, zounds! that cannot be Lord Jackey,
Egad! but now I see it is—I took him for his lackey.

(Spoken.)—'Ya! ya hip! ya hip! prime work—kept the Bristol Mail at *long-trot*.' 'Why, these men havn't paid the toll.' 'Didn't I show you the ticket?' 'What's the number?' '281' 'Pay the man, or I'll knock your chops about.' 'You've got no money.' 'That's a queer half-crown, it won't do, it's a Frenchman.' 'You'd better give us three-penn'orth of *Brum'jim* ha'pence, than this French Emperor's money.' 'That's not what I gave you.' 'Yes it is, none of your smashing tricks here.' 'Why, zounds, this is a proper *cross and jostle!*' 'Spoonies, sawnies, come, be off'—thus

Some push along, &c.

THE PLEASURES OF BRIGHTON.

They may talk of their Margates and Ramsgates, so gay,
And such places some folks may delight in;
Where in summer each citizen dashes away,
As long as they have time, and their money to pay,
But none can compare to our Brighton!

'Tis there that our belles and our beaux always dash on,
For Brighton! dear Brighton! is always the fashion;
For life—Oh! to Brighton no one place approaches—
'Tis true we've no Hoy—but we've plenty of coaches:
So come, my fair ladies, to Brighton!

(*Spoken.*)—'La, Pa! vot a delightful place Brighton must be—do pray take places at the Golden Cross, in the flying coach, licensed to carry six inside, and sixteen out,' 'Nonsense, girl—I can't av'oord it—mind the shop.' 'Well, Mr. Splitfig, there is neighbour Goosequil ha' been there wi' his wife and da'ter.' 'There! there is somebody in the shop,—coming—coming.' 'Pray, my Lord, does the Prince go to Brighton?' 'I should think so, 'pon honor. Damme, who wouldn't go.' Then order the barouch, I'm off in a tangent.

Then the Gents and the Ladies,
Whatever their trade is,
Whether single or married,
To Brighton are carried.

Then slipping, and whipping, and squalling and bawling,
Each belle and each beaux to Brighton they go.
Oh! Oh! what a place is Brighton!
There full many a damsel we see with a whip,
The donkey's back try to sit tight on;
Every morning in salt water taking a dip,
Every night in the ball-room just taking a trip!
Oh! these are the pleasures ot Brighton!

And then there's our race-course, each jockey frequents,
Where the beaux lose their money as well as their sense:
Where gaiety, join'd with equality, cheers,
Duke's jostle with dustmen, pickpockets with peers.
Oh! these are the pleasures of Brighton!

(Spoken.)—'Oh, Lard—Mrs. Gun, I can't go in!'—'Pooh, pooh—Bet, don't keep the lady waiting—here—I'll give you a shove behind—there!' 'Oh!—oh—oh! I'm drow—drow—ow—ow--own'd, as sure as a gun.' 'Go along, naughty naked little boys—don't bathe here—don't you see the ladies coming on the donkeys,' 'Oh, never mind the poor little innocent creatures: I likes to see them in their natural state—here, young man, do give my donkey a slap behind—I shall never get to the races.' 'There, ma'am, now he'll go like a new one.' 'Lord bless me, he'll shake my inside out.' 'Hallo! ma'am, keep your neddy out of the way of my tits.' 'Here, who'll take Conqueror against the field?' 'Tom, do you ride the Duchess?' 'Yes, your honour.' 'Then I'll back her.' 'Hallo, there, clear the course—all weighed and mounted—ring the bell—off they go!

Then hustle and bustle, hurry and scurry,
Beating and cheating, swearing and tearing,
Poneys a running, winners a dunning,
Jockeys are betting, money is getting,
Ah! ah! what a place is Brighton,
Ah! ah! what a place, what a wonderful place,
What a wonderful place is Brighton!

THE KISS OF MY DEAR.

The sweet kiss of my dear is like musty old hay,
Fa ra la, &c.
She is lovely as morning, a morning that's grey,
Sing Fal la ral, &c.
Nature's sweet red and white in her countenance lies,
Fa ral la, &c.
For she's white in her lips, and she's red in her eyes,
Sing fal la, &c.

Your look is just that which is majesty styled,
Fal la ra, &c.
So awful, it frightens man, woman, and child;
Fal la, &c.
I'll wed you in church, just to show my regard,
Fal la, &c.
Then lovingly bury you in the church-yard.
Fal la, &c.

MANAGER STRUT.

Manager Strut was four feet high,
And look'd mighty droll when he cock'd his eye,
For he squinted just so—
And he waddled and he snuffled, with one arm so—
And t'other kimbo;
He look'd like a tea-kettle,
But could not sing half so well;
And yet in Macheath he was thought to excel.
'Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
'But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.'
And he had such a comical leer, O!
Who was so fit for a tragedy hero?
All the actors who played Rollo,
By Manager Strut were beaten hollow!
O rare Manager Strut!
What a fine actor was Manager Strut.

Now Mrs. Strut was very nigh,
Compar'd with Mister, twice as high;
When on her long leg—so—
But in walking she hobbled a little
First on one foot—so—
Then on her little toe—
With unequal'd grace advancing,
Was not she the thing for dancing.

And in the lively Columbine
She was most prodigious fine!
And she was no more than sixty-four:
Whene'er she sung,
The houses rung,
With—encore! encore! encore!
O rare Mrs. Strut!
Billington's nothing to Mrs. Strut!
O rare Mrs. Strut!
What a sweet mate has great Manager Strut!

Two charming babes had crown'd the loves
Of these two tender turtle doves;
The boy had just his daddy's fault—
He squinted a little;
The girl had learnt her mother's halt—
She hobbled a little.
And whether they spoke, or whether they sung,
They did it all in the Yorkshire tongue;
Yet oft the play-bills did let fly,
That they were two young Roscii—
(Imitates two children.)
O rare family Strut!
Happy, thrice happy, is Manager Strut!
O rare Manager Strut!
Happy, thrice happy, is Manager Strut!

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Four and twenty Lord Mayor's shows all of a row,
Four and twenty Lord Mayor's shows all of a row,

There was a man in armour, the twelve companies, sword bearer and common hunt, all in a bustle, with flags, banners, gowns, chains, and perriwigs, pretty girls perched in the windows, and dress'd so proud, to talk so loud, above the crowd, down below.

It was to see my Lord Mayor's show,
Therefore they would be merry.

Four and twenty Aldermen all in a row,
Four and twenty Aldermen all in a row,

There was 'Pray, Mr. Alderman, what time do you go to the ceremony, have you got ever another ticket for the ball, there'll be me and Mrs. Marrowfat, Miss Marrowfat, and Master Marrowfat; and my daughter's to dance a minuet with the man in armour, &c.

Four and twenty serjeants all in a row,
Four and twenty serjeants all in a row,

'Make way there—that gentleman in the black gown belongs to the law.' 'So do I, sir: we lawyers are men of consequence.' 'Very true, but the d——l will have you all at last, pray Mr. Alderman,' &c.

Four and twenty pickpockets all in a row,
Four and twenty pickpockets all in a row.

There they were at it with fobs, watches, and pocket-books. 'Stop that man, he looks like a rogue, take care of your pockets.' 'That gentleman in the black gown,' &c.

Four and twenty Tailors all in a row,
Four and twenty Tailors all in a row.

And there was a stitch in time, saves nine; nine tailors make a man; nine men may undo a tailor, and tailors are obliged to work very hard at cross-stitch, back-stitch, button-holes, fobs, watches, and pocket-books, &c.

Four and twenty Ladies all in a row.
Four and twenty Ladies all in a row.

There was 'Pray Ma'am what colour'd wig do you wear at the show?' 'That depends on the weather, ma'am; as my husband's in the military, perhaps I shall wear a light bob.' 'What do you think of a scratch?' 'Rather be excused there, ma'am, I thank you, in that way you're at home to a hair, besides you know, ma'am, a stitch in time saves nine,' &c.

Four and twenty Daggerwoods all in a row,
Four and twenty Daggerwoods all in a row,

There was Mrs. Dorinda Daggerwood, Master Apollo Daggerwood, and all the little Daggerwoods, headed by Silvester Dionysius Apollo Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June, being by particular desire of several persons of distinction, then the unbounded liberality of his friends will never be forgotten, while memory holds a seat in this delighted brain, brilliant boxes—powerful pit—thundering gallery, and then for applause, every thing went off swimmingly, with 'Pray, ma'am, what colour'd wig do you wear at the show?' 'Lord, ma'am, that depends on the weather, as my husband's in the military, perhaps I shall wear a light bob; what do you think of a scratch?'—'Rather be excused there, ma'am, I thank you, in that way your'e at home to a hair, besides, you know, ma'am, a stitch in time saves nine—nine tailors make a man, nine men may undo a tailor, and tailors are obliged to work very hard at cross stitch, back stitch, button holes, fobs, watches and pocket books, stop that man, he looks like a rogue, take care of your pockets, that there gemman in the black gown bolongs to the law.' 'So do I, sir—we lawyers are men of consequence.' 'Very true, but the d——l will have you at last.' 'Pray, Mr. Alderman, what time do you go to the ceremony? have you got ever another ticket for the ball? there'll be me and my dear Mrs. Marrowfat, Miss Marrowfat, and Master Marrowfat, and do you know my daughter's to dance a minuet with the man in armour, the twelve companies, sword bearer and common hunt, all in a bustle, with flags—banners—gowns—chains and perriwigs, pretty girls perched in the windows, and dress'd so proud, to talk so loud, above the crowd, down below,

Because it was my Lord Mayor's show.
Therefore let's all be merry.

FISHERMEN ALL.

The world's an ocean, in which all men fish,
They catch what they can, and they keep what they get:
The lawyer in general gets a large dish,
For every thing's fish that comes into his net.
Fishermen all, tol de rol.

The ladies all lovely from head to the heels,
Catch lovers by dozens, as children catch flies,
But there's no catching them, for they're slippery as eels,
Whilst they angle away, and all bait with their eyes.
Fishermen all, &c.

The poet for fame and for food often scrolls,
The doctors all fish for a large cane and wig;
'Tis the care of the parson, to angle for soles,
And he baits for a sermon, and hooks a tythe pig.
Fishermen all, &c.

The wise politician to mend matters wishes,
And, pro bono publico, offers his pelf;
But he's only watching the loaves and the fishes,
To shove others out, and to get in himself.
Fishermen all, &c.

WHEN A MAN WEDS.

When a man weds, he must make up his mind,
To bad, and good luck, to mishaps of all kind;
And shortly expect that the bright honey-moon,
Some woeful eclipse will obscure very soon.

Marry young wife,
Battle and strife,
Ladle'm cradle'm—sing song;
Widow wed,
Mind your bed,
Hornaby, cornaby—ding dong.

Wife rather old,
Scratch—scold,
Wrangle'm jangle'm—row row;
Lots of brats,
Dogs and cats,
Caudle'm daudle'm—bow wow.
Hobblede-hoys,
Girls, boys,
Battledore, rattledore—see saw.
Tumble down,
Crack their crown,
Bumble'm, grumble'm—fee faw;
Squaling, bawling,
Calling mauling,
Higgledy piggledy,
Jingle'm, tingle'm.
When a man weds, he must make up his mind,
To bad, and good luck, and mishaps of all kind:
Kitchen table,
Tower of Babel,
Flour'em scour'em,
Puff—huff
Wife frying, child crying,
Stuffing 'em, puffing 'em,
Huff—puff,
Crash—fie,
'Twasn't I:
Greasing 'em, squeezing 'em, splish, splash,
Dirty dog,
Bottom flog,
Jerking 'em, working 'em, dish dash!
Doctor's fee,
Can't agree,
Physic 'em tysic 'em so so—
Child dies,
Mother cries—Oh! oh!
Ladle'm, cradle'm, &c.

GALLOPING DREARY DUN.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
  Galloping dreary dun;
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
  With a hailyt gaily,
  Gambo raily,
  Giggling,
  Niggling,
Galloping, galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
  Galloping, &c.
I mounted my mule, and both rode away,
  With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along, until it grew dark,
  Galloping, &c.
The nightingale sang instead of the lark,
  With his haily, &c.

We met with a friar and ask'd him our way,
  Galloping, &c.
'By the lord,' says the friar, 'you're both gone astray,'
  With his haily, &c.

Our journey I fear will do us no good,
  Galloping, &c.
We wander alone like babes in the wood,
  With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
  Galloping, &c.
But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
  With my haily, &c.

SIMON SUPPLE.

In England, they tell us,
A land of queer fellows,
  A school-master dwelt, Simon Supple:
Being told that one wife
Would embitter his life,
  Says he, then I'll marry a couple.

His speech of (eight parts)
Won a couple of hearts,
  Though he was like me, rather tallish;
And his hair, as they say,
Was half black and half grey,
  So his noddle was mighty pie ballish.

His wife, Mary Ann,
Tho' she lov'd her good man,
  His grey hair detested, good lack;
And his other wife, Bridget,
Was all in a fidget,
  She'd such an aversion to black.

One morning in bed,
They propp'd up his head,
  And pull'd off his nightcap of woollen;
And then, well a day,
At his hair black and grey,
  They both began twitching and pulling.

Oh, what against two
Could our schoolmaster do?
  He screwed up his eyes with a grin:
'Till his head was as bare
On the outside of hair,
  As of brains it was barren within.

I think I am able,
To draw from my fable,
  One moral, pray cherish it dearly;
If you lead naughty lives,
With a couple of wives,
  They'll both comb your head most severely.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Some say what can a man do,
'Mongst fifty one cannot please two:
But tell me your taste, and your price,
And I will suit you in a trice.

Mutton and mullet,
Turkey and pullet,
Melon and calabash,
Calapee and calapash,
German sour crout,
Salmon and trout,
Cormorant, quail,
Woodcock and trail,
Oysters and widgeon,
Lobsters and pigeon,
Soy, parmesan,
Ketchup, cayenne,
Soup, vermicelli,
Cabbage and jelly,
Syllabub, mustard,
Kidneys and custard,
Mince pie,
Lambs' fry,
Toad in a hole,
Flounder and sole,
Giblet soup,
Died o' the roup,
Bubble and squeak
Garlick and leek.
Cakes,
Steaks.
Chops,
Slops,
Snipe,
Tripe,
Ducks,
Plucks,
Eel,
Veal,

Rice,
Spice,
Pease,
Cheese,
Salt, Malt.
Ham, Lamb.
Roast, toast,
Boil, broil,
Bears, hares,
Figs, pigs,
Quince,
Mince.

Busy at cookery, as crow in a rookery,
Old Madam Glass, was but an ass,
For Mingle's the man,
At tossing a pan.
Some say, &c.

TECHNICALS AT TABLE.

Four and twenty barbers sat 'em down to dine,
Knives sharp, plates hot, French bread, and napkins clean,
Like heads in a perfumer's shop, they look'd so smart and fine,
Their appetites, first whetted, were like razors keen.

(Spoken.)—'Mr. Friz, shall I help you to a head of hair?' 'Are the beards taken off these oysters?' 'Who's for a pig-tail?' 'Do you take trifle?' 'Trifle, I thought it was soap-suds!' 'Lather away, boys—here, waiter!' 'Shave you directly, gentlemen.'

Hob nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
Barber's blocks are not the only wooden heads made.

Four-and-twenty tailors sat 'em down to dine,
Bold men in buckram, with appetites fine drawn;
All the preparations were ordered superfine,
Among the rest beef-skirts and famous collared brawn.

(*Spoken.*)—'Mr. Snip, do you take turkey?' 'No, I always prefer goose.' 'Brother Clip, shall I help you to some cauliflower?' 'No, cabbage for me.' 'This beef is the real ingrain; shall I send you a slice?' 'Let it be ell-wide, then.' 'Give me a slice of that pudding—double-mill'd drab I declare, cuts like long-cloth!' 'Yes, but you'll soon make it short commons.' 'Here, waiter!' 'Sharp as a needle, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
Tailors a'n't the only folks whom cabbaging has made!

Four-and-twenty shoe-makers sat 'em down to dine,
Strap too, peg away; brush'd up and polish'd all;
The cook'ry was right cordovan, and black-strap was the wine,
And not a soul among 'em left a heel-tap e'er so small.

(*Spoken.*)—'This lamb's as hard as a lap-stone.' 'You've made an end of it, though.' 'I declare, this tripe's like leather.' 'You've got through it at last, though.' 'Shall I help you to a mealy potatoe?' 'No, I prefer wax.' 'Neighbour Brad, what are you doing?' 'Hammering away.' 'Shall I help you to a sole?' 'Yes, and a glass of brandy after it by way of upper leather.' 'Here, waiter!' 'Brisk as a bristle, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
Fortunes are by cobbling tricks in all professions made.

Four-and-twenty tallow-chandlers sat 'em down to dine;
Longs, shorts, middlings, of every sort and size;
All cottoning together; no wax-lights half so fine,
Good humour lighted up appear'd in all their sparkling eyes.

(*Spoken.*)—'Give me some short sixes?' 'I suppose you mean 'sparagus.' 'I'll take a dip in the soup-vat.' 'This mutton's of the right mould.' 'Mr. Wick, you look as fine as a flambeau.' 'Bless us, how your wit gutters.' 'Snuff him out.' 'Here, waiter!' 'Candles in a moment, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
And may illuminations for vict'ry oft be made.

Four-and-twenty music-masters sat 'em down to dine,
All beaux, each at dinner could first-fiddle play;
Their mouths all mov'd in merry time to what they might incline,
While they run up a pretty score and piper had to pay.

(*Spoken.*)—Gentlemen, are you all in tune?' 'I'm sharp set.' 'Who's for a solo on a sirloin?' 'I like a duet, beef and pudding.' 'Who'll take part in a glee; I mean a glass?' 'O, I'll rosin with all my heart.' 'Mr. Blowpipe, do you take strawberries?' 'O, no, hoboys for me.' 'What say you, gents. to the musical glasses?' 'Why we seem a little too flat.' 'I'll give you a toast, "*May all enemies to harmony finish in a common cord.*" 'Here, waiter!' 'Coming in a brace of shakes, gentlemen.'

Hob nob, what's the toast? here's success to trade;
And may all fortune's future scores in harmony be made.

Four-and-twenty dancing-masters sat 'em down to dine,
All cut and figur'd in; not one inclin'd to cross;
Each put his best foot foremost, their positions were all fine;
From pig and cow they'd toe and heel, and loads of caper sauce.

(*Spoken.*)—'Dear me, one might dance a hornpipe on this crust.' 'You're so impatient, I always eat in jig time.' 'Cast off one couple of fowls there.' 'How shall I cut this up?' 'Down the middle and back again.' 'Who takes wine?' 'All, right and left.' 'Here, waiter!' 'Set to in a moment, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
How many fortunes with all ranks by shuffling are made!

Four-and-twenty doctors sat 'em down to dine,
Pulses in unison, from hunger, tongues so, so;
Every thing in season, from the chicken to the chine,
The whole Materia Medica of Messrs. Glass and Co.

(*Spoken.*)—'The seasoning of this duck bites like a blister, and the peas are as big as boluses.' 'How is that tongue?' 'Pretty fair.' 'I don't like the look of it.'

'Let me prescribe rhubarb pie, then.' 'Dr. Pop'em, a glass of wine?' 'No objection to a black dose, doctor.' 'Here, waiter, more wine.' 'Repeat the dose immediately, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
Fortunes are by quackery in all professions made.

Four-and-twenty lawyers sat 'em down to dine,
Like red tales and latitats all awful in their looks;
All busy, as in term time, the cause-list full and fine,
The bill of fare as long as their's, their counsellors the cooks.

(Spoken.)—'Gentlemen, you have done that haunch justice.' 'Then I move for a new trial.' 'I move for a habeas to bring that John Dory to this end of the table.' 'Brother, will you take a rule?—bless me, I mean a rump-steak.' 'Brother Brief, help me to a client!' 'What do you mean?' 'A flat-fish, to be sure.' 'Can any gentleman show cause why we shouldn't take a glass of wine round?' 'Here, waiter! move the cloth.' 'Clear the court in a moment, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade,
Fortunes are by wiggery in all professions made!

Four-and-twenty painters sat 'em down to dine,
In colours gay as rainbows all set to in a trice;
The canvas for the dinner stretch'd on't a design,
For each was a good workman, and had a palate nice.

(Spoken.)—'Brother daub, give me some turbot for a first coat, and lobster sauce over it for a second.' 'I protest these fish are perfect pictures.' 'Yes, here are soals done in oil, and salmon in water.' 'That duck you've got is in famous keeping,' 'Yes, he means to keep it all to himself.' 'That pudding's too much in perspective.' 'Who is for a glass of red lake?' 'Waiter! draw some wine.' 'Brush in a moment, gentlemen.

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
May all our battle-pieces after Wellington be made.

Four-and-twenty actors sat 'em down to dine,
Such cutting and such hacking ne'er in tragedy you knew;
They came with comic phizzes some dress'd fancifully fine,
The singers all had op'ra hats, and all in merry cue.

(*Spoken.*)—'Waiter, remove the covers.' 'Yes, let's have a peep behind the curtain.' 'Will you have some of this fish?' 'O, yes, "I sigh for my beautiful maid." 'Mr Rant, shall I give you goose?' 'No, I have enough of that on the boards.' 'Has John Dory made his exit?' 'Yes, and enter John Grouse.' 'How they are fighting for the pease!' 'Only rehearsing the battle of hastings.' 'Do you take O.P. or P.S.?' 'What's that?' 'Old Port or Prime Sherry.' 'Mr. Prompter, will you wet your whistle with a glass of wine?' 'Here's a bumper to your benefit.' 'Ring for the call-boy.' 'Here, waiter! dessert and bill.' 'Fine fruit and a bill of the play, directly, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade?
May all the parts in nature's drama with applause be play'd.

Four-and-twenty Poets sat 'em down to dine,
Rare men, spare men, all hungry as could be;
All drest in their best clothes, though not very fine,
They sat 'em down in couplets, the dinner glad to see.

(*Spoken.*)—'Brother Fiction, this is better than feeding on fancy.' 'I fancy it is.' 'Do you never mean to take that porter-pot from your mouth?' 'O, the poet says, "Drink deep or taste not." 'Who'll have an L. E. G. of a fowl?' 'Mr. Pun, shall I give you a merry thought?' 'Brother Tag'rhyme, which of the ancient poets do you like best?' 'Chaucer at dinner time.' 'Ah! Joe Miller.' 'Here, waiter! all the porte's out of print.' 'A second edition immediately, gentlemen.'

Hob, nob, what's the toast? Here's success to trade;
May fortunes be if not by rhyme at least by reason made.

AS THE SNOW-DROP FAIR.

As the snow-drop fair was my lovely maid,
Her hair just like the curling *endive* played.
Oh, her fragrant breath sweet as *jassmine*,
And her pearly teeth were like the *kidney bean*!
Oh dear, oh!
Her teeth were like the kidney bean.

Her bright sparkling eyes like *daisies* in bloom,
And her panting breast like the white *mushroom*;
Her shape like the *poplar*, straight as a *fir*,
But her heart was as cold as a *cucumber!*
Oh dear, oh!
Her heart was cold as a *cucumber*.

THOMAS CLUTTERBUCK AND POLLY HIGGINBOTTOM.

In Chester town a man there dwelt,
Not rich as Crœsus, but a buck;
The pangs of love he clearly felt,
His name was *Thomas Clutterbuck*.
The lady he did most approve,
Most guineas gold had got them;
And Clutterbuck fell deep in love,
With *Polly Higginbottom*.
O, Thomas Clutterbuck!
And O, Polly Higginbottom.
I sing the love—the smiling love,
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

A little trip he did propose:
Upon the Dee they got 'em
The wind blew high, he blew his nose,
And sung to Polly Higginbottom.

The strain was sweet, the stream was deep,
He thought his notes had caught her;
But she, alas, fell fast—asleep,
And then fell in the—water.
O, Polly Higginbottom!
She went to the bottom;
I sing the death—the doleful death
Of pretty Polly Higginbottom.

Yet still he stretch'd his little throat,
To love he did invite her;
And never miss'd her till his boat,
He thought went rather lighter.
But when he found that she was lost,
The summum of his wishes—
He boldly paid the waterman,
And jump'd among the fishes.
Oh, Polly Higginbottom,
He comes to the bottom;
I sing the death—the double death
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

Round Chester stalk the river ghosts,
Of this young man and fair maid;
His head looks like a *salmon trout;*
Her tail is like a *mermaid!*

MORAL.

Learn this ye constant lovers all,
Who live on England's island—
The way to shun a watery death,
Is making love on dry land!!
O, Polly Higginbottom,
Who lies at the bottom!
So sing the ghosts—the water ghosts
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

HOW TO DELIVER A LETTER.

In the famed town of Cadiz,
Liv'd the fairest of ladies,
  Donna Louisa Isabella;
And she had a lover,
Who did his mind discover,
  And she thought him a charming fellow.

Now the fairest of ladies,
Had a father liv'd in Cadiz,
  And he locked her within a high tower;
And her lover coming thither,
He promis'd to be with her,
  At a certain appointed hour.

He was there at the time,
And he call'd out in ryhme,
  For his heart was consum'd to a cinder;
You have nothing now to fear,
Since your Phillip now is here:—
  Louisa pray come to the window.

The lady appears,
And quiets all his fears,
  For his boldness she likes him the better;
All I want, says he, to do,
Is to get conveyed to you,
  This very interesting letter.

SMOKERS.

There were four-and-twenty smokers all in a row,
Four-and-twenty smokers all in a row.

There were Sawney Silver, Jemmy Jumps, and little Dickey Gossip; and there was nothing but puff—puff—puff—give us another jorum to the health of our good king; here's success and prosperity attend his endeavours, whether up, up, up, or down below,

And may his sons' sons to the end of the chapter,
All come to be sovereigns in turns.

There were four-and-twenty auctioneers all in a row,
Four-and-twenty auctioneers all in a row.

There was—going—going—going—nobody says more for this most beautiful villa—what a heavenly residence for a new married couple.—Come, Mr. Younghusband, what shall I say for you?' *(Gruffly)* 'Why, my dear sir, I'd give ye an offer, but you see it's surrounded with such a deal of—puff—puff—puff—' 'Give us another jorum. Here's to our army and navy. May they long maintain their superiority, as hitherto, with honour to themselves and country, whether up—up—up, or down below,

For we've lather'd the French, we've blockaded the Yankies,
And now we may laugh at the Dey.

There were four-and-twenty lottery-office-keepers all in a row,
Four-and-twenty lottery-office-keepers all in a row.

There were not six blanks to a prize—the blanks all floating—Eyton's fortunate office *eating* all the unfortunate people's money.——Going, going—going—nobody bids more, &c.—Give us another jorum—may all their blanks turn up prizes, whether up—up—up, or down below.

For you'll be merry merry here,
And we'll be merry merry there,
But who can tell where we may dwell
To be merry another year.

There were four-and-twenty bachelors all in a row,
Four-and-twenty bachelors all in a row.

There was—'oh, my dear (pardon me for calling you *dear)* Miss Stiffrump, you look heavenly—let me paint a

seraph!' 'Ah, Mr. Buckram I hear you are going to be married.' (*languidly*) 'Oh, 'pon my honour, madam, (*conceitedly*) but here's Sir Toby—Mr. Buckram, Sir Toby.—Sir Toby, the world talks of your intended espousal.' (Sir T.) Ah, but then it's—Six blanks to a prize, &c. &c.—Give us another jorum—here's a scarcity of bachelors—old maids at seventeen—a speedy reverse of trade, with more *billet deux* and fewer *bills due*, whether up—up—up, or down below.

May those who are single have wives to their minds,
And those who are married live happy.

There were four-and-twenty footmen all in a row,
Four-and-twenty footmen all in a row,

There was rat, tat, tat tat, tat.—(*Spoken in different voices.*) 'Is Mr. Owen within?' 'N—O (*shrilly*) he's out.' 'Is Mrs. Owen at home?' 'No, she's not.' Are the little Owens in?' 'No, they're out.' 'Well, I'll come in to warm my hands, it's d—d cold.' 'Sir, the fire's out.' 'Well, my dear, light it up with the candle.' 'The candle's out.' 'Bless my soul, nothing to warm or comfort a fellow?' 'Why don't you get married?' 'Why, my dear, so I would, but it's six blanks to a prize, &c. &c.' Here's a jorum to the servants of our own livery, whether up—up—up, or down below,

For your fellow-servant, and my fellow servant,
Are all on a level, are all on a level.

There were four-and-twenty shew-folks all in a row,
Four-and-twenty shew-folks all in a row.

(*Spoken in different voices.*)—'Here is the terrible timber tyger —the Hottentot Idol, who devoured more men, women, and children, than *wouldn't* stand between here and Saint Paul's, although he's not alive; he still keeps *growing* every day.' 'Here is the *vonderful vonder*, the Cambridge giant, lights his pipe at a second floor window, and plays at leap-frog with the lamp *postesses*.' 'The *murder* of Pizarro, by Mr. Richardson's comic troop of

ladies and gentlemen, for that night only.' 'The Panorama of Waterloo *alive;* there you see the ever-to-be-regretted *dead* immortal Duke of Brunswick, and the *living* Walter Scott in the rear; only three-pence for you, Sir. Clear the steps, you boys.' 'Mr. O—N at home?' 'N—O, he's out.' 'My name is Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th June.' 'Why don't you get married?' 'Why, so I would, but "burnt children dread the fire," and in choosing a wife it is not quite—six blanks to a prize, &c. &c.—Give us another jorum.—Ladies and gents, I hope you will do honour to this toast;—off hats—here's ourselves—whether up—up—up, or down below.

With a hey down, ho down, derry derry down,
All to fill up this farcical scene, O.

GAWKEY SHANKS AND MOLLY MUMPS.

Poor Gawkey Shanks here born and bred,
Ri tol, &c.
He fell in love ears over head,
Fol de rol, &c.
With Molly Mumps, the sweetest maid,
Who such tricks and pranks poor Gawkey play'd,
That he, poor soul, went craz'd 'tis said,
Fol de rol, &c.

She with another went to church,
Ri tol, &c.
And left poor Gawkey in the lurch,
Fol de rol, &c.
He for a soldier straightway went,
On blood and murder fully bent,
All for to hide his discontent,
Fol de rol, &c.

When to the battle he did go,
Ri tol, &c.
The balls flew thick, the guns roar'd so,
Fol de rol, &c.
Poor Gawkey fought with might and main,
But soon was number'd with the slain,
For a bullet whipp'd his head off clean,
Fol de rol, &c.

One night when dreadful storms did roar,
Ri tol, &c.
And Mog beside her spouse did snore,
Fol de rol.
A hideous noise assail'd her ears,
When starting up, top full of fears,
A sight before her eyes appears,
A terrible sort of a—Fol de rol, &c.

Poor Gawkey stood beside her bed,
Ri tol, &c.
And in his hand he held his head,
Fol de rol, &c.
Behold! he cried, thou wicked one,
See what thy *parjury* has done;
Repent, for now thy glass is run,
Fol de rol, &c.

Grim Gawkey seiz'd her by the hair,
Ri tol, &c.
She look'd dismay, he grinn'd despair,
Fol de rol, &c.
But a dunghill laying by the way,
He was forc'd to drop her as they say
Where she was found quite dead next day.
Fol de rol.

TONEY THICKHEAD'S RAMBLE.

TUNE.—Gee ho, Dobbin.

My name's Toney Thickhead, fra' York I'ze come down,
For I'm told there be namesakes of mine in this town;
So in want of a wife, sirs, I came here to see
For some damsel with wisdom enough to wed me.
Oh, this Lunnun,
Wonderful Lunnun,
This Lunnun egad is a wonderful place.

Now the folks in this Lunnun are deep as can be,
And they thought to practise all their deepness on me;
But says I, I be'ze Yorkshire although you may'nt see't,
And if you cheats I, there's but one more to cheat—
Oh this Lunnun.

A wounded great swell, booted up to the throat,
Came to me t'other day, wanted change for a note,
When I gave him a Yorkshire one bad as could be,
But a thousand times worse than the one he gave me.
Oh this Lunnun.

He scarcely had gone when a sailor and Jew,
Came up with a watch which they warranted true,
They press'd me to buy it, I thought the joke rum,
And says I Mr. York, you shall bite them by gum—
Oh this Lunnun.

Thirty shillings they ask'd, still declaring it sound,
Says I, that wont do, I will give you a pound;
They snapp'd at the note, it was forg'd it is true,
While I snapp'd at the watch and bit sailor and Jew,—
Oh this Lunun.

Now in Lunnun the doctors seem up to a trick,
And the folks must have thought I look'd devilish sick;
For from Whitechapel church, sirs, all down to the
Strand,
They did nought but poke doctor's bills into my hand.
Oh this Lunnun.

Then a lady dress'd dapper and gay I declare,
Came up and ax'd me to kiss her if I dare;
Lord I felt such a twitter, knew not what to think,
For I'm dang'd but she ax'd me for summat to drink.
Oh this Lunnun.

T'other day too a gentleman dress'd nation fine,
Ax'd me if I'd go to a cookshop and dine;
I did—he went out, and I ne'er saw him more,
For he left me, and I had to settle his score.
Oh this Lunnun.

Then I went as a footman, but that didn't do,
For if I raised three dishes I always broke two;
But poor I was discharged, and sent out of the trade,
Through a little affair betwixt I and the maid.
Oh this Lunnun.

Now you'll not be surpris'd when I tells you as how,
I will go back to Yorkshire, to pigs and to cows.
And I'll ne'er come to Lunnun—I'm hang'd if I do.
Unless for the pleasure of singing to you.
Oh this Lunnun.

THE CHAPTER OF BLUSHES.

TUNE.—The Chapter of Kings.

How various the blushes that tint the cheek!
Some weakness, some shame, and some modesty speak;
And the cheek that a blush can never reveal,
Shews the head can't think, or the heart can't feel.
So exceptions all granted,
By gen'ral wanted,
We all of us blush in our turn.

English, Welch, Scotch, and Irish, tho' varied in name,
In essence are one, and all blush the same;
The blush it is red, and that's valour's hue,
And they make all their foes blush *black and blue.*

That lawyers don't blush, some assert so big,
But sometimes you can't see the blush for the *wig;*
If doctor's dont blush, it's a wonder to me,
They're so monstrously *modest* in taking *their fee.*

The blush of an actor is *rouge* and *rose pink;*
Authors blush *black and white* in their paper and ink;
The blush of a critic I never could mark,
For they, like *monopolists*, deal in the *dark.*

Some great folks with their "*blushing honours*" some stake,
Seldom blush—but that's cavilling for cavil's sake;
If *they* do not blush, they on "*their honour*" claim,
So their *honours* blush for 'em, and that's all the same.

May the *maiden's blush* ever from modesty flow,
The blush of the wife prove affection's glow;
May wealth never blush to own friends downcast,
Nor *we* e'er have reason to blush for the past.

A BUDGET OF JESTS.

Since jesting's quite common among great and small,
A song on that subject I'll sing to you all!
Though some may be false and some of 'em true,
I suppose if they're droll its no matter to you.
Tol de lol.

At a tavern, a doctor was once heard to say,
I have three fine daughters all charming and gay;
And when married, for each ten thousand's their due,
Cried a Pat, with your *lave*, by my soul I'll take two.
Tol de lol.

Once a Paddy was ask'd, by a son of his mother,
Which was the oldest—he or his brother?
I'm oldest, cried Pat, yet still I presage,
If we live a year longer we'll be both of an age.
Tol de lol.

At an auction one day, a Pat stood at his ease,
When he cried, Auctioneer, may I bid what I please;
Of course! replied he, come, sir, bid away,
Then, cried Pat, bowing low, I bid you a good day.
Tol de lol.

At Tyburn one morning, for forg'ry was hung,
A young man whose rog'ry had but a short run;
Cried a Paddy just by, who was shock'd at the sight,
Arrah! honey, this comes of *larning* to write.
Tol de lol.

Now I think that it's time my jesting should end,
Though the truth is at present no more than I've penn'd;
And *if* you are pleas'd with the ditty I've sung,
I expect your applause—but *if not*, hold your tongue.
Tol de lol.

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